R. Casemant & Co. Manufacturers of Tin, Sheet Iron, Stove Pipes, Etc. AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. Casemant & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 387. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 2, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—If would be a great convenience to the people of the back country, and would tend more than anything else to preserve the trade of the rear townships which Madoc is already losing, if a change were made in the postal arrangements between Madoc and Maynooth. Let the mail leave Madoc per stage in the morning in time to connect with the C. O. R., at Eldorado, it would arrive at Bathbun Station at 10.30 or 11.00, a. m., and could then be easily taken as far as Bancroft by a stage that would leave Bancroft in the morning, at say 6.30. A passenger from Madoc could thus be landed in Bancroft at about 3 p. m., and if necessary the distance from there to Maynooth could be easily made by another stage line, thus making the distance from Madoc to Maynooth in one day. If this is not done, another year will give Trenton nearly the whole of the northern trade now carried on by Madoc.

I remain, etc.,

POSTMASTER.

P.S.—If this is not done a direct mail to Trenton will be asked for and granted. P.M.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR.—During the time of the late Government the Tory party made considerable political capital by promising that if they were returned to power they would so arrange matters as to have the balance of trade in favour of the Dominion. They told us at that time that if the balance of trade was against us it was a sure sign that the country was going to ruin. Every Tory newspaper and stump-orator continually denounced the Government for allowing the imports to exceed the exports. Every man who reads the Mail, and believes it, knows all about political economy, and they were all unanimous in maintaining that if we imported more than we exported the difference between the two would be the exact amount of our loss. For instance, if we exported one hundred million dollars worth, and imported goods to the amount of one hundred and twenty millions, then they would say the country had lost just twenty million dollars, and that we were twenty million dollars poorer at the end of the year than at the beginning. Of course, if this theory were correct an annual adverse balance would soon reduce the country to beggary, and it was to prevent this calamity that the National Policy was instituted. If this famous "Policy" had done all that its friends said it was going to do Canada would by this time have been about the richest nation under the sun. We were told that we would manufacture nearly everything we used, so that our expenditure on foreign articles would be saved, and the money would be kept in the country. Coal from the mines in Nova Scotia was to be used in Toronto and Hamilton, and the ships that brought the coal were to take back return cargoes of Ontario flour. No more money was to be expended on foreign coal, or any manufactured articles, but everything that we required was to be produced at home, and everyone was to be prosperous and happy. How far these anticipations have been realized we can very easily see. The N.P. does not appear to have produced any of these effects that were promised by its advocates, but all I wish to refer to now is the balance of trade. The first year that the present government were in office there was a slight balance in our favour, and Conservative politicians boasted loudly of what they had done for the country, but this favourable balance only lasted for one year, and since that time things have been getting worse and worse from a protectionists point of view. The second year of the N. P. we bought abroad about eight million dollars worth more than we sold, and then Tory papers ceased talking about the balance of trade, and have ever since that time devoted their attention to abusing the Globe and Mr. Blake. During the year ending the 30th of June last, we bought from other countries goods to the value of about one hundred and eighteen million dollars, while we sold ninety one million dollars worth. If there is any truth in what the Tories told us before the election in 1878 then the country must have lost twenty-seven million dollars during the year. But about six million dollars of our exports consisted of American grain which merely passed through Canada on its way to Europe, so that the actual balance against us would be nearly thirty-three millions. Perhaps some of your Conservative readers will be kind enough to tell us whether the country is being ruined by this adverse balance. Seven years ago every man of them was positively sure that an adverse balance was bringing us to bankruptcy and ruin; what do they think about it now? It makes a great difference whose ox is gored, and that which was a sure sign of ruin under the Mackenzie government may be a sure sign of prosperity now. I must admit that among the Conservative leaders there are men of considerable ability, and we cannot suppose that they were foolish enough to believe that they would be able to produce the state of things that they promised, but their promises got them into office, and now they can afford to laugh at the silly dupes who believed them.

J. P.

The Army and Navy Gazette declares that it is the opinion of every man that knows the Nile, that the boats which have been ordered by the Government are useless and only fit for firewood.

Incidental to the Season.

The Autumn days are coming fast,
We'll soon be past September,
And shortly will the Wintry blast
Remind us of December.

Ah soon the sear, the yellow leaf,
Will fall beneath the trees,
And soon the house will echo with
The sound of one who sneezes.

And man will search the closets well,
For winter things he loses,
And ask his wife if she can tell
Where are his overshoeses!

And she will answer with a smile—
A smile that wont become her—
"She gave them to a pedler man
Quite early in the Summer."

One hundred and fifty-two babies have been found abandoned in New York's streets within the last year.

Once more the Keely motor is heard of. Experiments were made with the mysterious machine at Sandy Hook, on Saturday, which are claimed to have demonstrated its perfect success. Keely himself asserts that success is within his grasp; that motor would be completed within two months, and that then its wonderful powers will be exhibited to the public.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a Court will be held pursuant to the "Voters' List Act," by his Honour the Judge of the County Court of the County of Hastings, at the Town Hall, Marmora Village, on the 29th day of September, 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to hear and determine the several complaints of errors and omissions in the Voters' List of the municipality of Marmora and Lake for 1884.

All persons having business at the Court are required to attend at the said time and place.

HENRY M. JONES, M. D.,
Clerk the said Municipality.

Dated, Marmora, Sept. 13th, 1884.

In the Surrogate Court
Of the County of Hastings.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned will, twenty days after the publication of this notice, or as soon thereafter as Council can be heard, apply to the Judge of the Surrogate Court of the County of Hastings for the grant to him of letters of guardianship to the persons and property of William Somerville and Albert Somerville, infant children of the late James Somerville and Mary Ann Somerville, late of the Township of Elziver, in the County of Hastings.

IRWIN LOVE.

Dated, Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1884. 385-3

LAND FOR SALE.

THE following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

N ½	30	in 10th concession	Hungerford.
W ½	3	in 11th "	Huntingdon.
S ½	18	in 13th "	"
W ½	1	in 1st "	Madoc
E ½	8	in 1st "	"
E ½	13	in 1st "	"
W ½	16	in 1st "	"
	29	in 1st "	"
W ½	15	in 4th "	"
E ½	8	in 6th "	"
E ½	30	in 9th "	"
	29	in 2nd "	Marmora.
W ½	29	in 3rd "	"
W ½	29	in 4th "	"

For particulars apply to

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE,
No 179, I.O.O.F.
MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.
Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, Secretary. J. R. ORR, Noble Grand.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.
MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granary. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

L. WEISS,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Has opened business in the
SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.
First class stock, and good work.
TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

LUMBER.
BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,
(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, What-nots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.
Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	in 1st	concession	Madoc,
	29	5th	"	"
	29	7th	"	"
W ½	30	9th	"	"
N E ½	13	10th	"	Marmora,
	27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.
SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.
CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., adoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—First door north of A. F. Wood's.

E. GUSS PORTER,
BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.
Private money to loan at lowest rates.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1877

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Minera Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.
(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,
BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.
Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.
FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER.
Madoc, - Ontario.

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!
All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for
PEERLESS
AND OTHER
MACHINE OILS.
For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.
SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
23 Front St. East, Toronto.

AGRICULTURAL.

Foot Rot in Sheep.

Foot rot is of two kinds, common foot rot, and contagious foot rot, the latter being much more difficult to cure and requiring longer treatment. Mr. Steward in his Manual gives the following mixture as a dressing to be used after paring and washing with carbolic soap and water:

Oxide of Copper	4 ozs.
Arsenic	1 oz.
Acetic acid	8 ozs.
Honey	8 ozs.

To be applied by dipping tow or lint in the mixture and binding it around the tender parts, especially between the digits.

Another remedy is an ointment made of finely powdered blue vitrol one pound; verdigris, one half pound; linseed oil, one pint, and pine tar, one quart. This will dry on the foot and will not be as easily washed by the wet grass. In a recent number of the *American Agriculturist*, Dr. Thurber gives a method of treating sheep, which is quite popular in France, both for preventing the spread of foot rot and curing mild cases. Shallow tanks or trays are placed at the doors of the sheep barn, and the animals as they go out and in, bathe their feet in a liquid made by slacking quick lime in water. The tanks are ten feet long, and have slats nailed on the bottoms to prevent the sheep from slipping and falling all over into the caustic solution. The depth should be only enough to well cover the hoofs. Foot rot is much more common on damp soils where the shell of the hoof grows faster than it wears off. Paring must always be attended to in such localities.

Feed Growing Chicks Well.

In midsummer young chickens are growing more rapidly than at any other period in the year. They love the warm weather, if they are of the larger varieties, especially; and if they have roaming room they cannot well be overfed, because they find such a variety of insect and green food in the course of their daily journeys around the farm or country plat.

Their condition is quite different from that of adult or massurely-grown fowls. These may be overfed easily, and will put on fat eternally, to their discomfiture and detriment. But the young stock, in good thrift, convert what they eat into flesh, bone and muscle, and continue to thrive during the heated season upon all they will ordinarily pack away in their craws, particularly if allowed a variety of good provender.

Don't stint them, therefore, in feeding, but give them all they will eat up clean. Thus they will grow in stature and keep generally in good health. It is a mistake to underfeed the growing chickens. They require more solid food from the time they are three days old to three months of age, in proportion, than at any time before or afterward in their lives. This fact is worth observing and remembering by all who aim to have the "best birds" in the succeeding fall and winter, annually.—*Poultry Yard.*

Sow Now for Spring Flowers.

While our gardens present a much greater variety than did those of a half century ago, there are some plants in which the old-time gardeners excelled. We do not see such beds of Pansies, or of Rocket Larkspurs, as were then the pride of the gardeners. Success with Pansies is mainly due to sowing the seed in autumn. If the seed is sown in spring, by the time the plants begin to bloom hot weather comes, and the flowers become fewer and smaller. In order to have the flowers in spring, sow the seeds early this month. Make a spot of rich soil fine, and level the surface by pressing it with a board. Sow the seeds, sift a little soil over them, and press down firmly with the board. When the plants are an inch high, transplant them to the place they are to flower. The plants are quite hardy, and all the winter protection they need is a little brush to keep the snow from pressing too heavily upon them. The Rocket Larkspurs are, unlike the tall ones, annuals. A bed of them is as showy as one of Hyacinths. Sow in a well enriched bed this autumn, but leave them to flower where they were sown. The bed may be covered with brush during the winter, and if the plants are too much crowded in any part of the bed next spring, thin them by cutting out the surplus. They do not transplant satisfactorily.

Autumn Care of Meadow Land.

Meadows should not be closely grazed at any time, and especially not in the fall. They need to have fertilizing materials added to instead of taken from the soil. Young animals are much more injurious than mature ones, while full-grown stock that are being fattened, and are fed rich grain rations, may by their droppings add materially to the fertility of the soil. Young-growing stock withhold a large share of the potash, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen of the food to build up their bodies, leaving the manure comparatively poor. On the other hand mature fattening animals need very little of these three chief elements of soil fertility. Aside from the loss of plant-food, the close feeding of stock on meadow land does mechanical damage. If the soil is soft, the feet of the animals injure it, and the close grazing pulls much of the grass up by the roots. Meadows, like winter grains, are injured by freezing and thawing, and the plants need to be in a vigorous condition in late fall, with a good growth of of after-math for protection from the frosts, winds, etc. Well-rotted manure applied to the meadows as a top-dressing, will strengthen the plants and insure a fine crop the next season. This application is best when made soon after the hay is removed. Later in the season much of the soluble material is washed out of the soil by the fall rains. Quick acting manures should be used in the growing season, otherwise loss is sustained. Take good care of the meadows, for they suffer greatly if abused. They are easily and often injured by animals in late autumn.—*American Agriculturist.*

Buckwheat as a Farm Crop.

The albuminoids are less in buckwheat than in wheat; in fact, not much more than half as abundant, while there is a greater amount of starch and fat. Buckwheat is, therefore, shown by analysis to be more fattening and less strengthening than wheat. It makes an excellent feed for pigs and poultry. Many persons believe that buckwheat is not healthful, and causes skin eruptions. Several other members of the buckwheat family produce powerful vegetable principles, and this plant may possess one such, though it is probably not harmful.

New York and Pennsylvania produce sixty-eight per cent of the twelve million bushels of buckwheat now grown in the United States. Only twenty per cent is grown outside of New England and the Middle States. The great fertile prairies and the vast South with its warm climate, are not favorable for the growth of this crop. Buckwheat does well in the hilly regions, where the soil is light and thin. It, in short, flourishes at higher altitudes, with a lower temperature, and under a greater rainfall than other grains.

One great merit of buckwheat is its availability as a second crop, thus replacing another that has been destroyed by frost, drouth, insects, or otherwise. It is also valuable as a weed exterminator. The infested land may be tilled until mid-summer and sowed with buckwheat, which by growing rapidly smothers the weeds. Another use is that of a green manure. It grows well on moderately poor land, and makes a large growth of straw, which rots quickly when plowed under, thus adding much vegetable matter to the soil.

Raising Early Lambs for the Butcher.

So far as my experience goes, there is no more trouble in raising an early lamb than a late one. In fact, our earliest lambs are almost invariably our best lambs. I would rather have lambs come in January and February than in April and May, and if I could have them earlier, I should prefer it. Merino ewes will take the ram earlier in autumn than the English breeds of mutton sheep. For this reason, if for no other, in raising early lambs for the butcher, I should select common Merino ewes, or at any rate ewes having more or less Merino blood in them. There are other reasons why I should select such ewes. There are more of them in the country, and they can be obtained cheap. They are healthy, hardy, thoroughly acclimated, and will stand rougher treatment than the English mutton sheep. They are smaller, eat less, and occupy less room in winter quarters. They will bear crowding better than the large English sheep—or rather, they suffer less, for it is a mistake to keep any sheep in too close quarters. Common Merino ewes, like Jersey cows, when well-fed, give rich milk, and if you want early, fat lambs for the butcher, the mothers, no matter what breed you may select, must have plenty of nutritious food.

I do not say that common Merino ewe, are, in themselves, the best for raising early lambs. They are not. I have had grade ewes, the off spring of a mixed Merino ewes and a Cotswold ram, that would produce larger lambs, give more milk, and the lambs would fatten more rapidly, and mature sooner. But it is not always easy to find such ewes for sale. Those that you find in market are apt to be culls. The butcher, if he has a chance, gets the best lambs. A good plan is to go to some large market and buy a car load of sheep, or three or four times as many as you want. Bring them home, and pick out the best ewes, and then sell the other ewes and wethers to the butchers.—*American Agriculturist.*

When young men desire to enter college, they are obliged to pass an examination in grammar, algebra, geography, etc. Those elementary studies are not taught in colleges. The private or public school fits the student for college. In like manner, young men should be constrained to pass an examination in plowing, hoeing, sowing seeds, etc., before entering agricultural colleges. The farm should be to them the public or private school. Why should farmers' sons spend their time in learning in agricultural colleges what they can as well learn at home?

A Complicated Case.

A curious case is before the Tribunal in Paris. A gentleman was getting down from an omnibus in a crowded thoroughfare, when he missed his footing, nearly fell backward, and, to recover his balance, caught hold of another passenger. The latter, taken by surprise, also found himself in danger of falling, and, in his turn, caught hold of a woman with an infant in her arms, the upshot being that all four rolled together into the road. A heavy goods van was coming along behind which, had it not been for the prompt action of the omnibus conductor, who seized the horse's head, would have run over some of the prostrate forms. As it was, the gentleman who was the original cause of the accident escaped with a few trifling bruises; the other male passenger falling on him was not hurt at all, and the infant was equally fortunate; but its mother had her arm broken, and sustained other severe injuries. Which of the two gentleman should pay damages is the question—the one who caught hold of her or the one who caused him to do so by catching hold of him.

Hurt his Good Name.

"Yer mout offer me er $100 ter vote fur yer in de convenshun an' it wouldn't hab no finance wid me," said an old negro in reply to a candidate who had asked for his support.

"Oh, I wouldn't offer you money," rejoined the candidate. "I believe in conducting a campaign fairly and squarely. Corruption in office-seeking has cast a dark shadow over our institutions. I wouldn't think of offering you $100. I haven't that amount of money, anyway."

"Yer ain't? Well den dar ain't no use talkin' ter me. How much is yer got, nohow?"

"I've got $5."

"Uh, hum. no use talkin' ter me. I ain't gwine ter sell myself ter no white man."

"Of course not."

"Ceptin' heah, whut yer gwine ter do wid dat $5?"

"I'll make good use of it."

"Heah, lemme hab it. Dem folks thinks dat I'se dun sold out. I 'clare to goodness, white man, it hurts er pusson's good name to be seen er talkin' ter yer."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

"Oh, don't propose to me here!" exclaimed a young lady, whose lover was about to pour out his avowal as they were riding by a corn field. "The very corn has ears."

THE SOLEMNITY OF AUTUMN.

By Rev. James Hastie, Cornwall.

The beauty of autumn, the bounty of autumn, the beneficence of autumn, these topics have often been descanted upon, and worthily so; but there is a kindred theme too often overlooked, viz.: The Solemnity of Autumn.

Pre-eminently, autumn is a solemn season. Autumn's beauty is the beauty of death. Autumn's plenty can be had only at the price of dissolution. The gorgeous hues of the maple and beech are but the pictorial form of the lament "Ichabod," "the glory (of summer) is departed." From field, and forest, and fruit trees come the solemn reminder: "We all do fade as a leaf." "In the midst of life we are in death."

The change that comes over the face of nature between June and October is not greater than the change that comes over man between youth and old age. In both cases, trials play an important part in the transformation. Sun and wind, and biting frosts have much to do in beautifying the variegated leaf and fruit. And is not character ripened and beautified by providential trials? Happy those whose autumn of life is more conspicuous for the beauty of ripeness than for the deformity of decay; whose character glows with love and meekness and goodness, with faith and hope and charity; who are more humble, more pure, more Christlike as the winter of the graves draws near. But, happily, the solemnity of autumn is not a gloomy solemnity, but a gladsome. It contains the promise and potency of coming seasons. The fruit it matures as it passes away is embryonic fruit, and contains in germ springs and summers and autumns yet to be. And has not the Christian the best of ground to be gladsome and hopeful in the autumn of life? "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Yes, precisely so. "As the sowing so the harvest." "Glory, honor, immortality, eternal life"—this fruitage hereafter can only spring from Christ the crucified, believed in here and lived out in daily life. "As is the earthy such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." "He that has ears to hear let him hear" to profit this present preacher on its timely topic: "The Solemnity of Autumn."—*Presbyterian.*

How the Sultan goes to Prayers.

At one end of the main palace is a handsome cream colored mosque with two minarets. Around this, though kept at a respectable distance, were crowds of people. The street leading to the mosque was also lined with an expectant multitude. Men were sweeping the streets clean, and then sprinkling fresh gravel over it, to make the passage of the carriage easier. Presently everything was complete, and soon after the glitter of arms appeared in the distance. The escort of soldiery was an immense one, representing the very flower of the Turkish army. They are well-developed men, elegantly uniformed, and under thorough discipline, as was evidenced by the admirable style of the few evolutions performed incidentally.

When the soldiers had been distributed properly in phalanxes about the door I could get a view of the royal train. There were two carriages filled with favored members of the harem who did not alight. Next was one carriage containing the five princes of the royal household, scared looking little fellows, from 10 to perhaps 16 years of age. There was the Sultan's Cabinet and immediate staff on foot, directly in front of the Imperial barouche. There were two other men in the carriage with his Majesty, one of whom—a fine looking man—was Osman Pasha, I was told. The carriage halted, his Majesty alighted, and in company with a few of his intimates, ascended to the mosque, the head priest sweeping off the steps before him. As he did so the muezdin in the minaret balcony above sounded his sonorous call to prayer.

Of course I could not get a good view of the Sick Man owing to the tantalizing movements of the best. He is apparently of medium height, and, others who were present say, has an expressionless face, indicative of dissipation. Perhaps his sickness is not wholly political. He was dressed after the most approved French style, in a black suit, with frock coat, black tie, and the national fez as a headdress. The lappel of his coat was distinguished by two or three decorations, including, doubtless, the Star and Garter. I am told that his devotions consumed an hour.

A Nevada Fish Story.

It is asserted on the authority of persons who have recently visited Marlette Lake that the prodigious increase of trout in its waters has over stocked the lake. At times they can be seen massing themselves in the small streams which are tributary to the lake, and on these occasions they have been crowded out on the grass growing on the borders of the stream. Thousands could be thrown out with a pitchfork. A piece of bark thrown into the lake will cause a dozen or more of trout to leap for it. The coyotes have caught the knack of fishing and sit by the shore watching for leaves to fall into the water. The instant the leaf touches the water the fish rise, and like a flash the coyote bounds into the thick of the fish, and is certain to bring out one or two in his mouth. The coyotes are shot whenever any of the lumbermen see them, but by stealing up in the underbrush they manage to escape observation.

Origin of a Petticoat.

It was about the same date (1855 56) that our gracious queen set the fashion of wearing a scarlet under petticoat, an idea obtained from the milkmaids at Balmoral. It is said that the late Prince Consort, in admiring the effect of the red petticoat in the landscape, suggested that her majesty should adopt one also. This sealed the fate of white petticoats in England. They had been worn, previously to that, both in summer and winter, and, of course, in order to make sufficient warmth, several had to be put on, thus adding to the weight to be carried at the waist. Since the introduction of the scarlet skirt the fashion of the colored petticoat has been maintained, and the useful skirt lined with leather has also been introduced for walking in the country in muddy weather.

THE SALVATINN ARMY IN INDIA.

A War Between the Army and the Missionaries.

Here in Ahmedabad we from time to time hear of episodes in a comedy which is being played by the Salvation army and the missionaries. When Maj. Tucker with his "army" came up to Ahmedabad, the missionaries received them with open arms as brothers and fellow workers in the good cause, and lent Maj Tucker their schoolroom to lecture and hold meetings in; and I believe once or twice, when Maj. Tucker preached in the open air, Mr. Beatty translated into Gujarati for him. Things went on thus until the hot weather came, when the missionaries, as is their annual custom, betook themselves to the hills—this year to Pinto's hotel, Matheran. Maj. Tucker, however, stayed in Ahmedabad, spending many of his days under the shade of a tree by the roadside, talking to such as would hear. However, in some mischievous moment, he seems to have remembered that the missionaries had a little community of converts occupying the village of Shahawadi, about three miles south of Ahmedabad, which community was their particular pride and care. Maj. Tucker seems to have thought that these Christians must be in special need of salvation, for he proceeded to invade the village with tambourines, tamtams, banners, etc., and, after a little, succeeded in converting a large portion of the village, including the patel, to the "mukhtifani."

The news reached Mr. Beaty at Matheran that someone was poaching on his preserves, and he hastened to rescue his flock. In a state of holy anger and pious grief he reached Shadhawadi, and encountered Maj Tucker in full possession—banners, tambourines, tam-tams, and all. Mr. Beatty proceeded to expostulate, whereupon Maj. Tucker went down on his knees and prayed audibly for the salvation of Beatty's soul. Soon after the dispute in the village took a practical turn, and the missionary converts would not permit the Salvationists to draw water. Hence a petition to the collector, who had to go down and make enquiries. He found that there were only two wells in the village. One was public property, and was usually used for watering cattle, but was then dry. The other well, on which the village depended for drinking water, was private property, belonging to a native Christian who was not a Salvationist, and who now, in a truly Christian spirit, refused to let the Salvationists draw water from his well. The recriminations on both sides were rather amusing. One old Salvationist lady exclaimed with much warmth: "Oh, I have drawn water from that well all my life. Why should you break my pots if I go there now? You're not Christians!" To this an old man retorted: "Why do you disturb us and frighten our buffaloes by marching through the village with your tam-tams and your banners and your horrid noise?" Maj. Tucker is now poaching on the missionary preserves at Anand and Borsad. The quarrel seems a very pretty one as it stands. We can only hope that the police will not have to interfere.—*The Times of India.*

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE BOY AND THE BEES.

A Boy who had a great curiosity to know how a Bee-Hive was constructed entered an Apiary and proceeded to upset a Hive, but while feeling in his Hind Pocket for a Two-Foot Rule the Angry Swarm alighted upon him and ran the thermometer up to such a Notch that he cried out in a voice which could be heard a mile away. When the last Bee had got in his Work and there was nothing but boot-heel left to Bite at, an old Snoozer with a Yellow Back and a Squint-Eye flew up on the Gate-Post to Pick the Bones out of his Teeth and said:

MORAL:

"Better wait until the Mule is Dead before picking up a Hind Foot to see how it is glued on. When Curiosity interferes with the Housework next door it is time to throw Flat-Irons."

THE HARE'S REBUKE.

A Hare who was out in the Early Morning to secure her Breakfast began stepping on all the Insects she Encountered, and even went out of her way to roll a Field Mouse on his back and make him feel his inferiority. He was having a Boss time when a Hawk swooped down and bore him away before he could repeat five words of the Prohibition Platform.

"Well, well!" chuckled an old Beetle who had been Hidden under a tuft of grass, "the One-Hare Power may be a big thing while it lasts, but the drop is too sudden for such blood as mine."

MORAL:

Jay Gould is a big boss, but ——.

TWO OF 'EM.

A Sly old Wolf who wanted some Pretext for Attacking the Hares Finally Announced that he had Become a Convert to a New Religion, which Privileged him to Dine on young Rabbit. Armed with this excuse, he was Promenading Around in Search of Meat when a Lion met him and Demanded an Explanation. When the Wolf had Explained his new Religion and his Intentions the Lion replied;

"How odd! While your Religion Privileges you to Eat the Hares the one I have just Tackled Commands me to Paralyze every Wolf I meet! Take that for a Beginning!"

MORAL:

The man who gets a Spavined Horse while Trading Off a Blind One is Rightly Served.

A Potato Crop Destroyed Lightning.

A flash of lightning struck an entire potato field of several acres belonging to N. J. Wood, of North Sterling, Conn. The vines turned yellow and sprawled over the ground. When Mr. Wood went to dig them a few days ago he found not a potato in the whole piece. It is the first instance on record there in which a growing crop was destroyed by the electric fluid.

AGATES.

Where They Are Found and How They Are Worked—The Ingenuity of the Agate Worker.

Scotland is famed for its agates, better known as "Scotch pebbles," which, although small compared with those found elsewhere, are yet unequalled in the variety and beauty of their colors. Scottish pebbles are found chiefly at Kinoul hill, near Perth, on the shore near Montrose, at Dunglass, and at Burn Anne, near Galston, Ayrshire, but whether they occur on the shore or in river gravels, they have been all previously washed out of trap rocks. The pebbles, out by Edinburgh lapidaries, are used in the manufacture of Scottish jewelry. The chief seat of the agate industry of the world, however, is at Oberstein, in Rhenish Bavaria, where it has been carried on for centuries. It arose there naturally enough, owing to the presence in the volcanic rocks of the neighborhood of an abundance of fine agates; but it has continued and extended long after those rocks have ceased to yield, or at least to be mined for, the raw material of the industry. The agate quarries of Oberstein were abandoned owing to the discovery, fully half a century ago, of a rich supply of those stones in the river gravels of Uruguay. Some German workers in agate, who had emigrated to that region, noticed the courtyard of a farm-house paved with pebbles that reminded them of the agates of their native Oberstein. Specimens were accordingly sent home and cut, and the surmise proved correct. Since that time there has been a regular export of agate nodules from Uruguay to Oberstein, where they have long formed the staple material used in the agate mills. These "Brazilian agates," as they are called when brought to Germany, are arranged in lots and sold by auction, stones of ordinary quality bringing it is said, not more usually than 15 shillings per hundredweight. "German agates" are thus, for the most part, South American stones cut and polished at Oberstein. The extent of the industry has greatly increased with this accession of fresh material, and a few years ago there were no fewer than 163 agate mills, working 724 grindstones, and giving employment altogether to about three thousand persons. Cheapness of labor and a plentiful supply of water-power has much to do with the continuance of this industry at Oberstein. The labor is both ill-paid and severe. The agate worker, says Professor Rudler, who some years ago visited the mines and mills, "lies upon a low wooden grinding stool, specially constructed to fit the chest and abdomen, leaving the limbs free; the hands are engaged in holding and grinding the agate, while the feet are firmly pressed against short stakes or blocks of wood screwed into the floor, the reaction enabling the grinder to press the agate with much force against the moving millstone. The friction thus produced causes the agate to glow with a beautiful phosphorescent light, and red carnelians under this treatment look, it is said, as if they were red-hot. The mill stones of are red sandstone, measure five feet diameter, and generally make three revolutions per second. The finer agates are sliced by means of steel wheels and diamond or emery powder, but the coarser stones are simply chipped into shape and ground. Afterward they are polished on rotating cylinders of wood or lead covered with moistened tripoli.

The ingenuity of the agate worker is not confined merely to cutting, carving and polishing his material into all manner of shades. He has also succeeded in varying its color by artificial means. The layers composing an agate differ considerably in porosity, those that are transparent, for example, being less porous than opaque layers. Some indeed, seem to be altogether impervious at ordinary temperature and pressure; and ages ago workers both in Oberstein and in India have availed themselves of this peculiarity in applying their staining processes. A suitable agate, after being thoroughly dried, is immersed in a mixture of honey and water or in olive oil, and is kept thus for at least three days, exposed to a moderate heat. It is then washed, dried, and put into a vessel containing enough sulphuric acid to cover it. The vessel is thereafter exposed to a gentle heat for a varying number of hours, when the porous layers are found to have become much darker in color. The reason of this is that these layers, having become saturated with the syrup or oil, are acted upon by the sulphuric acid which decomposes the sugary or oily constituents and forms in its place a deposit of carbon. It is in this way that banded agate is converted into the onyx with its black and white layers, used in the production of cameos and intaglios. Exposure to strong sunlight was long ago found to give a reddish tint to gray-colored agates, and this suggested the burning of such stones so as to convert them into carnelians. At Oberstein, likely stones for this purpose are first dried thoroughly, then saturated in sulphuric acid, and afterwards exposed in an earthenware crucible to a red heat. They are allowed to cool slowly, and are then seen to be of a bright red color. Not content with imitating the rarer natural varieties of agate, such an onyx and carnelian, German manufacturers have taken to staining agates blue and all sorts of colors unknown in the natural stones. Aniline dyes, transient as they are fugitive, have also been lately used for agate staining. It is possible that the stones themselves may yet be artificially produced. Indeed, according to King ("Natural History of Gems"), a Florentine anatomist long ago accomplished this feat, although unfortunately, the secret died with him. He is said to have petrified human viscera into real agates. "In the hospital of San Spirito may be inspected still by the incredulous," says King, "a table top made up of hearts, lungs, livers, etc., thus agatised into one large slab—meat board for a banquet of vampires!" Organic remains in agate are not unknown, for Bowerbank states that in the moss agates of Oberstein he has found microscopic organisms, and Dr Heddle says that he has found undoubted organic remains of considerable size in agates from Ayrshire and other localities.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

"What is the price of this axle grease?" asked the new clerk of a grocery dealer; "there is no mark on it." "It depends on your customer. If he asks for axle grease, charge him 15 cents a pound; but if he wants butter, make it 38 cents."

While the very young daughter of a country clergymen was playing in the garden one day, a stranger came along and inquired if her father was at home. "No," she replied: "but my mother is in the house, and she will pray with you, you poor miserable sinner."

COUNT ZOWASKI.

One of Old Gray's Soldiers—He is Nearly One Hundred Years Old.

Our reporter was visited yesterday by a no less personage than a genuine Polish Count, nearly a century old. He was a bright, fresh man of about five feet four inches in height with a keen clear eye, and all his faculties seemed to be as bright as if he was only sixty years of age. He speaks broken English but understands every word said to him. His long flowing almost tanny locks and white beard give him an effish appearance. He is hale and hearty, straight of limb, firm of muscle, and very strong of his age. He gave us the following account of himself, which we know will be perused with interest by every reader of the *Guide*:

"I am 93 years old, and my body and mind are still vigorous. I was born in Warsaw in 1791, and took my title from my father, Count Zowaski. When I was born my country, Poland, was free, but I inherited the love of freedom and the hatred of kings. I felt my blood tingle at the relation of battle scenes when I was a mere boy, and when I was 14 I determined to be a soldier. Napoleon (the count, by the way, always calls him 'Beny,') was already startling Europe with his campaigns. I heard of him, I admired him and when I was 15 I asked my father to let me join the army. My father said: 'I will give you a horse, a sword, a lance, and money. Go and report your self.' Overjoyed by the free consent of my parents, I went and reported myself to Prince Poniatowski, who knew my parents by reputation. Here my hopes fell again. He told me that he was not able to make me a member of the French army. My request must be forwarded through several hands to Bonaparte himself. I waited the reply impatiently for weeks. At last it came. I was too young, it said, to enter active service, but they would take me into the military school in Paris. So I went, and I was there in 1810, when Bonaparte was making war with Black Arabia, and in 1811, while he was whipping Egypt. When he came back from Egypt and he entered Paris I joined the army. I was made captain of the One Hundred and First Light Artillery. He remained in Paris only five days, and started on the memorable march to Moscow. I was twenty one years old then.

Do I remember that campaign distinctly? I should say I did. I shall remember the retreat from Moscow as long as I remember anything. On our way to that city we had marched every day forty eight miles, but it took us longer going back. While the army was dwindling from 500,000 to 200,000 men, my youth and great powers of endurance enabled me to hold my own; but

I SUFFERED HORRIBLY FROM THE COLD

and from the dreadful fare we were obliged to put up with. Everything around us was poisoned. Napoleon's enemies had made their last great effort to crush him. We were ordered not to touch any meat which we might find on the way. We devoured our horses. We could not complain when Bonaparte himself and his officers joined with us. On our way back we went through Warsaw, and I had chance to see my native place once more.

"Then came Austerlitz; I was in that, too. I remember that. It was a terrible time. There was a twenty five mile field. No houses. Full of soldiers, full of cannon; Russian, Prussian, Turk, troops from Saxony and Wurtemberg, all fighting at once. Napoleon said, 'I will conquer all!' In fifteen days it was over. And the appearance of the battlefield was something which no one who saw it could forget. After that there was no more fighting. Everybody was killed. Then we met Wellington at Waterloo. Bonaparte is a much slandered man. They don't know him here. Some know too much, some don't enough; hardly anybody knows it right. Everybody was against Bonaparte. They did not treat him fair. They were not fair with him, but he made the whole of Europe tremble. Ah, he was a great soldier!"

"But Waterloo was a misfortune. Napoleon's wife took hold of his hand before the battle and said, 'O my dear husband, I advised you in 1815 to go on. But go no further. You have already conquered the whole of Europe.' He kissed his wife and said: 'My dear wife, there is no other man beside me. First Christ. I am second. If I live to be 60 I will conquer the whole world!"

"Well, after Napoleon's defeat I had to enlist under other leaders. But I kept in war all the time. I was active in the Polish war for independence in 1831, and warmly espoused Kossuth, I and my family. Then I fell under the hand of the Austrian rulers. They would have transported me to Siberia, but I got out of their way. My father and two brothers died in Siberia in 1835. I tell you that is a bad place. It is next to the devil. They worked in the silver mines—down, way down, where it was always dark. No one can live there long if they are not iron.

I WAS GLAD WHEN THE GEAR WAS BLOWN UP.

I wish they'd blow them all up. O, they'd have been right glad to have got hold of me. But I ran away from them, mate. I took up arms for Hungary, and presently found myself a prisoner of war in Turkey in Asia. My property at Warsaw had been confiscated. The upshot of it all was that I was banished. I came to this country in 1851, and in the company was Carl Schurz.

"I brought my famous white war horse along with me. I found he was famous for they knew him. I went to West Point and gave instructions there for a while. Saxony I moved to Reading, Penn., and when the war of the rebellion broke out I offered my services. I was seventy years old then. I fought with Siegel as captain of a Pennsylvania battery. The most serious loss of that war was the loss of my horse, who was shot under me. I complained about it to General Grant. 'Ah,' said General Grant. 'I know your horse well. It was a great loss. You will sign your name on a book and we will give you land in place of your horse.' I scorned the land and would not sign. What land could replace my brave companion of the bloody battlefields of Europe?"

"When the war was over they called me a hero. I went to San Francisco and was made captain of the police. Then everybody used to say 'the old hero!' It is pleasant to hear that when one is old and the wars are over for him. Old! But my grandfather was 115 years old before he died, and I am but 93 the 4th of last July. But I could not be under the rules and regulations to do everything just so in my police office. I gave it up. The newspapers said that the 'old hero,' had better stay; but I had made up my mind. Since then I have tramped about a good deal. All the way newspapers speak of me as I go along, and everybody is kind when they find out who I am. I have walked nearly all the way from Kingston and am on my way to Toronto where I shall call on my fellow-countryman, Col. Gzowski. The old hero started out of our office with a hearty "God bless you" on his lips to some gentlemen present who had relieved his necessities.—*Port Hope Guide.*

CURIOUS MURDERS IN AFRICA.

How a Magician Killed a Dozen Women at Lagos.

The last arriving mail steamer at Liverpool from Africa brought particulars of the trial and sentence of the native Adeoshun for the murder of numerous women at Lagos, on the West African coast. The killing of at least a dozen females was laid to the account of Adeoshun, but at the trial, which took place on the 9th of July, he was charged with the wilful murder of three women, viz., Mrs. Catherine Clegg, Mrs. Selena Cole, and her sister.

The exact number of skeletons found in the bush was twelve, and of these three were identified as the females named, all of whom were natives, and occupied respectable positions in Lagos, two of them being the wives of native merchants. A large number of witnesses were examined, the testimony of one female showing the modus operandi of the prisoner. This witness, whose name was Idown, had a very narrow escape of being one of Adeoshun's victims. Idown went down to Adeoshun's house. He had numerous "charms" spread on the floor, among them being a small mud idol and several vials filled with powder. Adeoshun had a pistol, which he fired at the idol. He then took something out of the idol, and together with a shilling dropped it into a vessel containing water, making the shilling into two shillings.

This was the great power his "charms" possessed of making articles double their original value. He urged Idown to bring him cloth and beads for that purpose, but she said she was not a trader. After this he wanted her to mask her face, and on her refusing blew some of the powder from the vial to the wind, and Idown became somewhat stupefied. She went home and returned to Adeoshun's house with a sum of £10, together with a quantity of beads and cloth. Adeoshun told her to buy two fowls, two bottles of rum one yard of white Croydon cloth, and two Kola nuts, and meet him at Ikovi road. Ikovi road is near to the place where the skeletons were found. It was 4 o'clock in the morning when the meeting was to take place.

Idown was to tell nobody of the matter, or the charms would not act, and the cloth was to be tied round her face. The appointment fortunately was not kept, and three days afterward the prisoner was arrested. The statement of Idown corroborates, for the most part, the supposed plan which the prisoner adopted in carrying out his fiendish object, viz., to blindfold the women, place a fowl in each hand, get them to kneel down, and then despatch them with some heavy weapon. Adeoshun denied the charge of murder, maintained a dignified demeanour in addressing the jury, and told them he was bold and intrepid, having nothing to fear. The jury, however, brought in a verdict of guilty in all three instances, and asked that the prisoner be executed in public if sentenced to be hanged. The prisoner was sentenced to death.

Adeoshun was a native of Porto Navo, and years ago was sold by the authorities to the King of Dahomey, one of whose executioners he immediately became. The King of that place was, and no doubt is still, a bloodthirsty ruler, having frequent and demoniac human sacrifices. Escaping to Lagos, Adeoshun set up as a conjuror, a fetish priest, medicine man, and a worker of charms, in which capacity his victims visited him, and through which they lost their lives.

The Jews of Roumania.

There is once more a crisis in the position of the Jews of Roumania. The effects of the malevolent ingenuity of the authorities are likely far to exceed in ultimate effect the Russian outrages of two years ago, which aroused the indignation of civilized Europe and excited the generous sympathy of England. The Jews of Roumania, are, it is true, not maltreated by misguided peasants. But thousands of them have been deprived of their livelihood by a crafty legislative trick, and have no resource but to become wanderers on the face of the earth. Once more western Jews have to face the problem how to assist these victims of persecution. Already the tide of emigration has begun to flow through Germany. The desired destination of the emigrants is America, but they cannot fulfil the conditions of the immigration laws of the United States, and they find their advance stayed. The experience at Brody in 1882 are likely to be repeated, not in Galicia, but nearer Berlin. The wretched wanderers can neither advance nor retire. The condition of their having obtained emigration passports is that they shall not return to Roumania. Germany and Austria can not and will not retain them. Whither are they to go, and what is to be their fate? Prince Bismarck has given several proofs that he insists upon the Berlin treaty being observed by the contracting powers. Is there any just reason why he should not give a timely hint to Roumania that she must loyally observe to the letter the explicit provisions embodied in the forty-fourth clause of the treaty? Germany has much influence in Roumania. King Charles is a Hohenzollern Roumanian statesmen look to Germany to protect their country from Muscovite designs. The crown prince has shown his abhorrence of the persecution of the Jews. Here are elements which might be judiciously dealt with at once. Every moment is precious. Thousands of Roumanian Jews are being reduced to the condition of beggars. They cannot stay in Roumania and will wander through Austria and Germany, depending in their dire distress upon the charitable assistance of their brethern-in-faith.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

Wasn't that funny? A Louisville bank cashier who was supposed to have embezzled $3,000 called for an examination of his books and proved that the bank was $6.75 ahead of him. The officials took off their hats and offered to raise his salary, but he got mad and walked off on his ear.

In Camp at Aldershot.

My friends, stationed at the camp, received me with the frank, generous hospitality of the English officer, and their kind and friendly treatment soon makes me feel thoroughly at home among them, free to come and go as I please, and to make my acquaintance with Tommy Atkins at my leisure. All branches of the service are represented here—engineers, artillery, "horse, foot, and dragoons," and all the varied types of character in the army are to be met with, from the little drummer-boy torn in the service to the hardened non-commissioned officer of a dozen campaigns. Magnificent types of the soldier these latter, as they pass through the streets with ringing stride, straight as arrows, neat as soap and water, pipe-clay and brush, can make them, proud of their position and of their profession, and often exercising fully as much authority over the men under them as the best of their officers.

A canteen where the soldier can purchase at moderate rates many of the little luxuries of life, libraries, reading, smoking, and recreation rooms, are attached to the large barracks at Aldershot. Here theatrical performances, often of considerable merit, are frequently given by the men, and the soldiers can always rely upon the generous support of their officers in their amusements. The theatre or music hall at the Royal Artillery Barracks is generally well attended almost any evening, and a good "song and dance" man enjoys no mean degree of popularity among his comrades.

But it is the innate love that all English men bear for athletic sports that "Tommy" comes out in his full glory, and his officers do not disdain to meet him on equal grounds at cricket, foot-ball, and other out-door games. Different branches of the service frequently meet in friendly rivalry, and many a match is played on the grounds of the officer's club between teams of various regiments or corps, selected from among the officers and men, irrespective of their military rank. It is not an unusual sight to see a game among the officers "umpired" by some veteran non-commissioned officer, skilled in all the intricacies of the national game of cricket.

The most interesting of the purely martial sports—if I can use the word in reference to what forms part of the drill of the cavalry and mounted artillery—are the exciting contests of sabre versus sabre, or sabre versus lance, and the like, when some rival "rough-riders" are pitted against one another. One can easily imagine how the tournaments of old appeared, to see these active fellows, mounted on their fine horses, which seem to sympathize with and enter into the spirit of their riders, as clad in stout leather tunics, their heads protected with strong wire masks, they charge down on one another, cutting, thrusting, and parrying, retreating and pursuing. Hard knocks are given and received with apparent good-humor, though I doubt not that long habits of discipline restrain many an honest fellow's temper when his blood is up. It is rough but manly worker, and one does not wonder, on seeing what training they go through that the British horsemen are renowned for their courage and dexterity. Another sport in which the nerve and coolness that go so far toward making a good cavalier are displayed to great advantage is tent-pegging, introduced, I believe into the British Army by the native cavalrymen of the Indian service. The player, armed with a light bamboo lance, puts his horse at full gallop over the course, and strikes with his lance head a tent peg protruding a few inches out of the ground into which one end has been firmly driven. See how firmly yet lightly the soldier sits his horse, body bent forward, lance couched, thundering forward at the top of his horse's speed. Lower down on his charger's neck, a tighter clasp of the legs, nearer and nearer—the exact moment must be rightly chosen—a slight turn of the wrist of the practiced bridle hand—now! crash!—and he swings back upright into the saddle, waving the light lance triumphantly above his head, with the splintered piece of wood transfixed on its iron point.—R. F. Zoghaum, in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

The Italian Peasant.

Life beneath an Italian sky is popularly imagined to be a pleasant form of existence. Such, however, does not appear to be invariably the case. The account given by Mr. Beauclerk, in a report to the foreign office on the agricultural condition of Italy, of peasant life in Piedmont is not of a glowing character. Day-laborers who possess nothing are, he states, the majority of the inhabitants; they amount in Piedmont to one-fifth of the rural population. The landlords are habitually absentees, taking no interest whatever in their tenants, in return for which they have excluded almost every man of means from the list of councillors at the communal elections. The townspeople deride and despise country folk, and are looked upon by them as proud and selfish. In Novara the farm-laborer is said "to contend with every species of privation from the cradle to the grave." His infancy is passed in the care of strangers or rolling in the mud; at 7 years old he receives a few months per year of elementary schooling, and passes the remainder in tending goats; at 10 he already gains some small wages; at 12 he sleeps away from home, and is regularly employed; and at 15 he undertakes the hardest farm work. The men rise in summer at 2 a.m., in winter at 4 a.m., awakened by beating a stick on an empty box; in the former season they work from twelve to fifteen hours per day. When ill the hospital receives them; when old and unfit for work they are forsaken and uncared for; yet the peasants seldom take to begging, even when deprived of all resources. Girls take part in field work at the age of 14 or 15. At night they catch frogs and fish in the marshes. At 30 they are matured women, old at 40, decrepit at 50, with bent backs and bronzed faces. Many families lead a nomadic life. Every Michaelmas their household goods, worth perhaps a total of £6, are packed on a bullock cart, and a new home or situation is sought. In the hill regions many of the villages are notable for their excessive filth. Throughout the plains masters and workmen live together for years without the change of a syllable of good will. In every hamlet class distinctions are complete down the entire gamut of the social scale. Laborers usually have many children, "and," says the report of the Italian government commission that has been recently inquiring into their condition, "indeed they have nothing else."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and give tone to the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

The Great Eastern.

It is now regarded as certain that the Great Eastern will be chartered by the Exposition management to bring from London to New Orleans the collective and individual exhibits that have been promised by the governments and by private individuals and firms of Europe. Unless the negotiations fail, the great vessel, the largest in the world, will leave London between the 15th of October and the 1st of November. The great Eastern herself will be no inconsiderable feature of the great show and will be worth going hundreds of miles to see. The management has not decided what use the great ship will be put to after her arrival.

"How will you have your hair cut?" may not be slang, but it is certainly a barberism.

Home Testimony.

Many hundred recommendations similar in character to the one given below have been received, and I give proof of the great value of Polson's Nervilina as a pain remedy. Try it.

ATHOL, Feb. 20.—We hereby certify that we have used Nerviline in our families, and have found it a most reliable remedy for cramps in the stomach, also for headache, and externally for rheumatic pains. No house should be without this invaluable remedy. LUKE COLE.
ELISHA COLE, J. P.

The man who discovers the North Pole can knock plenty of persimmons with it.

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acher? Why, of course, by using PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

The girl with bangs generally makes a noise in the world—at least it annoys a good many to look upon her.

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," is the best grindstone we know of to brighten one's ideas.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier At Druggists 50 cents

A.P 196.

PHRENOLOGY. EXAMINATIONS GIVEN BY WALLACE MASON, at 362 Yonge st., Toronto.

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont.

OVER 100 FARMS IN MICHIGAN FOR SALE Description and price list furnished free to all applicants. GEO. W. SNOVER, Old Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 x 112 feet; double shop, with office 24 x 60 racks with's shop, 20 x 42; lumber, barn, and shed, horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling-house suitable for two small families; two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Rose Corners, four miles from Belleville, on main gravelled road; good locality, where a business from $2,500 to $10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARFORD ASHLEY, Belleville.

E. EIKNOTT'S Adelaide St. East, Toronto. All kinds of real estate sold or exchanged on commission. Money loaned on all kinds of real estate at lowest rate of interest. Application for farms a specialty. Rents collected and estates managed in town or country. N.B.—Best of references on application

WANTED in every City, Town, Village and County in Canada, Lady and Gentleman to sell "Queen Victoria, her girlhood and womanhood," by Grace Greenwood, 600 pages. The cheapest and fastest selling book ever published. Send 75c. for sample copy, and address for terms and territory: The Canadian Subscription Company, 5 Exchange Bank Buildings, Montreal.

DEATH TO POTATO BUGS.

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR

RAMSAY'S PURE PARIS GREEN.

Nothing has been found more effective for destroying Potato Bugs. The purest is the cheapest.

A. Ramsay & Son, Paint and Color Manufacturers, Montreal.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co. 109 Grey Nun Street, Montreal. Importers of

Brass Pipes, Chimney Tops, Water Lime, Fire Bricks, Borax, Portland Cement, Canada Cement, Fire Covers, Plaster of Paris, Roman Cement, Manufacturers of Vent Linings, Whiting, Fire Clay, China Clay

Bessemer Steel Rails, Chairs & Rail Fastenings

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

SEND And get a sample copy of TRUTH, free, the best 24-page Weekly Magazine published. See the big list of rewards for answering Bible Problems. E. FRANK WILSON, 23 & 25 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Canada.

MEN WANTED.

Active, pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salaries from $100 to $250 per year and expenses paid for particulars. JAMES GAUT, Importer, Toronto.

H. WILLIAMS,

SLATE AND FELT ROOFER.

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Tarred Felt, Roofing Pitch, Building Paper, Carpet Felt, &c., at lowest Prices.

4 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, - - TORONTO

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL

"Brooklyn, Aug 23 | Montreal, Sept. 13
Toronto, Aug 30 | "Vancouver, Sept 20
"Oregon, Sept 6 |

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $60,$80, $65, $60. Return, $90, $100, $110, $120, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $35. Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: " are amidships, where less motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agent of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, Montreal.

MACHINERY. 1 Portable Westinghouse 8 h.p. engine. 1 Able Triumph do. 1 G O Morrison do. 1 15 h.p. do. 1 Page Belting. 1 Set Rollers, 60 Skids. 1 15 h.p. Horizontal by Northy. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 30 engines and boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly overhauled, before leaving shop. 1 24-inch Planer and Matcher. 1 30-inch Pony Planer. 1 Iron frame Tenoning machine. 1 Blind Stile Tenoner. 1 Daisy Moulder. 1 Variety Moulder. 1 Set 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rotary Steel. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 42-inch French Burr Power Grist Mill. 1 24-inch Inserted Tooth Saw, &c., &c. Send for new list, No. 2 containing full description of machinery in stock. Address,

H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

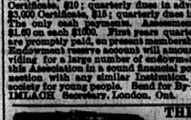
Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every two weeks.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Rhes & Co., St. John's, N.F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co, Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Portland; Allans, Rae & Co, Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

MUTUAL ARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N, Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues bond for $1,000 to every member who pays marriage, as following rates. For $500, or half certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $1,000 or full certificate, $8; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $2,000 Certificate, $16; quarterly dues in advance, $2.00. For $5,000 Certificate, $40; quarterly dues in advance, $5.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.00 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessment to be promptly paid, on present monthly basis. Second year's Endowment reserve account will amount to $10,000 providing for a large number of endowments, which places this Association in a sound financial position. No cessation with any similar Institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

THE MODEL



Washer AND BLEACHER

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in better. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 10 days.

$1000.00 AWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other process of washing produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian" says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many real and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From this in the household it will be a welcome visitor. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $2.00. Send for circulars

AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,

213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST, THE STRONGEST, THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

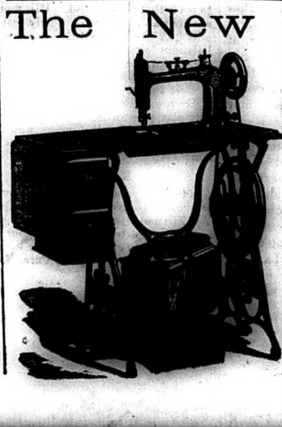
RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE, HAMILTON, ONT

The New Williams



High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

Light Light and Easy to run

Silent and Rapid movement,

Plain and Simple to learn!

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1738 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 88 King St., West, Toronto.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 2, 1884.

——The report of the Commissioner of Crown Lands for 1883 shows a total of 73,901 acres sold, amounting to $65,445, the collections on sales being $116,211. The total collections of the department amounted to $635,447 and the gross disbursements to $253,352. There are now 124 townships open for location under the Free Grants Act, and during the year 985 locations were made on 134,594 acres, 8,927 acres being sold to 143 locatees, and 587 lots located in former years being resumed for non-performance of settlement duties.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell Minister of Customs, and A. F. Wood, Esq., M. P. P.,the two members for North Hastings in the Dominion and Provincial parliaments, respectively, start from this village to-day on a trip through the riding. They will visit the Agricultural Societies shows at Millbridge, Maynooth, L'Amable and Wollaston, in succession, and expect to be among their constituents at least a week. We cordially wish our able representatives a pleasant and enjoyable trip.

THE MURRAY CANAL.

ANTICIPATED VISIT OF DOMINION MINISTERS PREPARING FOR A GRAND DEMONSTRATION.

TRENTON, Sept. 26.—Last night representative men from Hastings, Northumberland, and Prince Edward, met at Trenton to arrange for a demonstration on the occasion of the visit of several members of the Dominion Cabinet to the Murry Canal within the next two weeks. It is expected that the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald and Hon Messrs Bowell, Carling, Pope and Costing will be present. Trenton and the adjoining municipalities will have a civic holiday in honor of the visit of the Ministers, and without doubt the demonstration will be a grand success.

A MINISTER ON HIS MUSCLE.

AN ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN ORDERED TO PAY $25 AND COSTS FOR BEATING HIS PARISHONER.

PICTON, Sept. 23.—The case of Welsh v Loucks drew a crowded audience to the court room to-day. The defendant is the rector of the church of England here. The plaintiff, who is a mason by trade, is one of his parishoners. The action was one for damages received for excessive beating inflicted upon the plaintiff. On May 26, the parties disputed on the street about an account which the defendant thought excessive. High words sprang up and the defendant knocked the plaintiff down. The plaintiff struck the defendant and in the course of the struggle was very severely cut about the body, arms and head, in consequence of which he was confined to the house for some time. The jury brought in a verdict assessing the reverend gentleman $25 and costs.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

Another Bear Shot.

During the whole summer the township of Dungannon has been much infested with bears. A very large one was seen several times in the neighbourhood of the 7th and 8th concessions, and on the night of the 17th of September was prowling round the house of Mr. J. Foster, of lot 18, 8th con. On the following morning Mr. Foster loaded his rifle and started to hunt him up, he found him on an adjoining lot, and killed him at the first shot, breaking his front shoulder and backbone. The animal was a very large one, measuring six feet in length, from nose to tail.

SYLVANUS.

GIBRALTAR, Sept. 29.—The steamer Ocean King, with the Canadian contingent for service under General Wolseley has arrived. The men are in good condition.

Annie and Nettie Nutt, sisters of Lizzie Nutt whose betrayal by N. L. Dukes was followed by her father's death and subsequently by that of her seducer at the hands of young Nutt, died suddenly last week. It is believed that they were undoubtedly poisoned. Traces of a deadly drug were found in the water of the family well.

There has been much talk of late about India becoming a rival of Canada in the production of wheat, but a Bombay dispatch says that the crops are almost a complete failure in the interior owing to the drought, and that the distress is so great that many women are killing themselves because they cannot find food for their children.

DISTRICT DOINGS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

The barley market opened at Picton at 60c per bushel.

The big mill at Trenton has shut down for the season.

The fall assizes will commence at Belleville on the 20th, inst.

A new paper mill is being built on the river Trent at Trenton.

Four car loads of cattle were shipped from Hastings during the past week.

The number of convicts in Kingston penitentiary is 440, and decreasing.

Recent frosts are reported to have damaged the clover crop in the vicinity of Norwood.

Sherman Wager, accused of rape, has been discharged at Napanee, the jury disagreeing.

A petition has been filed against the return of Mr. Hawley, M. P. P., for Lennox. The petitioner is A. G. Hamilton.

T. S. Grimmett, formerly teacher at Marmora, lies ill at Collingwoon, and is not expected to recover.

From the 1st of June to the 31st of August $75,000 was paid out by cheese buyers in Prince Edward County.

Polley's wharf and storehouses at Amherst island were burned Sunday, along with a quantity of grain and goods.

Counterfeit half dollars, so good that they can hardly be distinguished from genuine, are in circulation in Kingston.

Henry Wells of Kingston was hauled out of his boat and towed twenty yards by a dogfish. So, at least, says the Kingston Whig.

J. E. Flewwelling, late publisher of the Colborne *Enterprize*, has been offered and accepted the position of editor of the Belleville *Daily Ontario*.

No less than three lynxes (or "wild cats as they are commonly called,) were shot and another wounded on Mr. Burten's land, about three miles from Fenlon Falls, on Sunday afternoon.

Two very old residents of Prince Edward county died last week—John Richards, Sr., of Hallowell, aged 94 years 10 months, and John Shorts of Sophiasburg, aged 97 years 5 months.

The Grand Trunk Railway have issued specifications and called for tenders for their annual supply of ties, to the number of about a million, to be made of the following woods:—White oak, chestnut, tamaric, rock elm, cherry and cedar.

It is rumoured in Kingston that the Canada Pacific and Grand Trunk railway companies are both negotiating for the purchase of the Kingston and Pembroke road, with the probabilities in favour of the Grand Trunk being successful.

The elopement craze has struck Kingston. A married man came across a letter directed to his wife, which he opened, and read that a well known resident, lately of Brockville wanted her to elope. The letter purported to be an answer to one sent by the woman. Trouble is feared.

A year old child of Mr. John Nichol, of Hastings, was scalded on the throat and breast by the accidental upsetting of a cup of hot tea on Tuesday of last week. The scald at first appeared to be of a very trifling nature and readily yielded to the medical treatment, but a brain trouble set in with which the child died.

Mr. Harmon Weese, of Ameliasburg has left with us samples of oats grown on his farm which beat anything previously left with us. The heads measure from 22 to 32 inches in length. From five bushels sown on two acres Mr. Weese obtained two hundred bushels.—*Intelligencer*.

Mr. Schuster, city missionary of Belleville in a communication to the press of that city draws attention to the disagreeable annoyance caused by lunatics being placed in goal together with the prisoners. He considers it also unfair to the goal officials. This barbarous custom is unworthy of this great province.

Chief McKinnon, of Belleville, telegraphed to the Kingston chief of police, while Forepaugh's show was in Belleville to the effect that a lot of thieves and crooked and dishonest men were, not following, but connected with the show. Forepaugh has instructed a lawyer to take action against the chief for libel.

The frog-catchers of Seymour are beginning operations at Percy boom. They say there is not much decrease, if any, to the frog race and that the prices rule high. $90 a barrel for frogs' legs is the actual price when the market is best. The meat is sold at 45 cents per lb., and a barrel of it weighs about 200 lbs. One man has been known to catch as many as 500 in one night, and a catch as large as this would return $8 or $10.

Seldom does anybody live to see preparations for his own funeral, but such happened to Herbert Connor, son of Dr. Connor, of Yarker. The young man, who was at Sharbot Lake, was taken ill, and his father went out to visit him and telegraphed home to his mother that he was better, but through some error in transmitting, the message was made to read that he was dead. His mother and relations at Yarker were nearly frantic with grief. A gloom was cast over the village. Relations from distant places were summoned, the church was draped by kindly hands, and friends and a large number of neighbors came to meet the corpse on the arrival of the train at Harrowsmith. But they were most agreeably disappointed, for the first person to get off the train was Dr. Connor, who imparted the cheering intelligence that his son was much better.

WHAT TO DO.

If troubled with an unhealthy, slow-healing sore use McGregor & Parker's Carbolic Cerate. You will find it invaluable for healing, cleansing and completely removing your trouble. If the Blood is out of order take with it a few doses of McGregor's Speedy Cure, from Wilson's Drug Store.

MERIT PROVEN.

Dollar upon dollar is frequently spent on the faith of recommendations for articles entirely worthless. Not so with McGregor's Speedy Cure you are not asked to purchase it until its merits are proven. Call at Wilson's drug store and get a free trial bottle, and if not convinced it will cure you of the worst forms of Dyspepsia Liver Complaint, etc., no matter how long standing, it costs you nothing. Sold in 50c. and $1.00 bottles. See testimonials from persons in your own town.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

A NUMBER of Cows, also a number of Sheep. Apply to

JOHN BROWN,
Lot 12, 3rd Con., Madoc.

MONEY.

I HAVE a large amount of Money to Loan at the lowest rate of interest upon Mortgage.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Barrister.
Ashley Block,
Belleville, October, 1884. 387-4mos.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to call and settle their accounts before November 1st, 1884.

JANE WRIGHT.
Madoc, Oct. 2nd, 1884. 4t-387

Millinery,
Fancy Goods,
Dry Goods.

Miss ELLIOTT,

Has removed to Wilson's Block, and now shows a choice stock in the above department.

FALL OPENING,

Of the latest New York, London and Paris Styles, on

Saturday, October 11th.

Miss L. ELLIOTT.

Cash Business.

Having decided to give up the Credit System and do a Cash business in the future, I am closing up my books. All accounts owing me must be settled before the 15th of November, those remaining on my books after the above date will be placed in court for collection.

D. W. WRIGHT.

NOTICE.

To the Electors of the Village of Madoc:

GENTLEMEN.—The undersigned intends offering his services as Reeve for the village of Madoc, for 1885.

STEPHEN REED.

Madoc, Sept. 24, 1885.

MUNICIPALITY OF
ELZEVIR & GRIMSTHORPE.
Tender for Bridge Building.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned, marked "Tenders for Bridge Building," will be received until Thursday, the 16th day of October, next, for building a Truss Bridge across Black Creek, on side road between Lot 5 and 6 in the 2nd Concession of the township of Elzevir, to be commenced as soon as practicable in the summer of 1885, and finished not later than the first day of September in the same year. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Township Clerk, Bridgewater. The party whose tender is accepted will be required to furnish two approved sureties (to be named in the tender), for the satisfactory completion of the work in the time specified.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

E. JAMES,
Clerk of the Municipality
of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe.
Bridgewater. September 18th, 1884.

HardwarE

WE HAVE

REMOVED

OUR ENTIRE

Hardware stock OUR INTO Dry Goods Store

One door south of old Hardware Store.

Parties in want of Hardware will save money by giving us a call, as we wish to clear the stock by spring.

N.B.—We are offering SCOTCH IRON at $2 per cwt. Horse Shoes $4.15 per Keg.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Selling Out!

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

MRS. J. WRIGHT,

Having sold out her business to Mr. J. B. Church, and being obliged to give up possession of her premises on the 1st of November next, now offers the balance of her stock to the public

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Call and see the Bargains offered.

JANE WRIGHT.

Our Fall Stock of new and fresh

GOODS

in all departments, now ready for the inspection of customers,

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

D. C. CLARKE,

MADOC BAKERY

THOS. REYNOLDS,

Having purchased the business lately carried on by W. Hudgins in the Victoria Block, Madoc, and having secured a first-class Baker from Belleville, is now prepared to supply the public with the best Bread, Cakes and Confectionery in the place.

Fresh baked Cakes & Buns every day.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

LUNCHES, ICE CREAM AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

Latest Local News.

A Big 'Un.

Mr. Samuel Robinson, of the West Settlement, Madoc, left in our office last week an Early Rose potato weighing 2 lbs. 14 oz. It measures 24x[illegible] inches in size. If any agriculturist in the country can produce a larger or heavier "murphy" we would like to see it trotted into this office.

L'Amable Cattle Fair.

On Wednesday next, October 8th, a fair for the sale or exchange of cattle, sheep, pigs, etc., will be held at L'Amable, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Jarman. In many places these fairs are productive of much good to both buyers and sellers, and they ought to be liberally encouraged by the farming community.

Burglars at Tweed.

A dispatch from Tweed on Monday says that burglars visited that quiet burgh on Saturday night last, and made a considerable haul in money, goods and valuable papers. Mr. Geo. Easterbrook's mill, Dr. Tuttle's drug store, and Wright's dry goods store were entered, a number of promissory notes being among the stolen property. It would seem that a gang of thieves are systematically working up the whole country.

Prolific Grain.

A local paper of Dakota is responsible for the following—"A Dakota farmer in 1882 planted a single grain of spring wheat, and from it grew twenty-two stalks, each bearing a full head of wheat, yielding in all 560 grains of wheat; 760 of these were planted the next year, producing one-fifth of a bushel of splendid wheat. This was planted last spring, yielding seventeen bushels, making 1,020 pounds of wheat from one grain in three years.

A Word in Season.

We call the attention of the business men of Madoc to a letter from "Postmaster" appearing in this issue. The writer suggests a timely and much-needed change, in the interests of this village, in the mail service between here and the northern townships. If our business people think it of sufficient importance in their interests, they should lose no time in petitioning for a change such as "Postmaster" suggests, and we are sure the Post Office authorities would have no hesitation in granting it.

Sporting.

The *Intelligencer* says:—A meeting of the Sportsmen's Club was held last night, when the following new members were enrolled: F. Tunnicliffe, J. Peoples, S. Eustace and G. W. Walker. The following officers were elected: President—R. C. Hulme; 1st. Vice-President—S. B. Burdett; 2nd Vice-President—Dr. J. T. Bell; Secretary—Geo. N. Leavens; Treasurer—Jas. Clarke. The Club desire the fact to be known that they intend to take active steps towards the protection of game by prosecuting those who shoot out of season, snare partridges, and "crust" deer out of season, and they solicit the co-operation of all who desire to prevent the wanton and illegal destruction of birds and animals in this district.

Teachers' Institute.

We remind our readers again of the half-yearly meeting of the North Hastings Teachers' Association, which will be held in the Model School in this village on Thursday and Friday next, October 9th and 10th. Considering the object, and the good accomplished by the Association, these meetings ought to be far better attended by the friends of education generally. In addition to the attraction of Dr. Bryce at the coming meetings, (to whom reference is made else where) the following ladies and gentlemen are on the programme:—Miss McDermid, Miss Powers, Miss Wootton, Messrs. Adshead, Wallis, Jenkins, Clark, Morton, and Mr. Mackintosh, Inspector. The meetings will be really useful and interesting.

Editing a Paper.

An exchange very appropriately remarks:—Editing a paper now-a-days is a nice business. If we publish jokes people say we are rattle-headed; if we omit jokes they say we are an old fossil; if we publish original matter they blame us for not giving selections; if we publish selections they say we are lazy for not writing something they have not read in some other paper; if we give a complimentary notice folks say we are prejudiced; if we do not cater to the wish of the ladies the paper it not fit to tie up a parcel or make into a bustle; if we stay in our office and attend to our business we are too proud to mingle with our fellows; if we go out they say we never attend to our business; if we wear poor clothes folks say business is bad; if we wear good clothes they say we never paid for them, and the poor editor does not know what to do. There is about 9,999,999 people in Canada and the States, all knowing more about running a paper than the editor does himself.

A Well-earned Rest.

After thirty years of uninterrupted mercantile life in the village of Madoc, John Dale, Esq., of the firm of J. Dale & Son, this week retires from active business responsibilities, and for the remainder of his life will enjoy the fruits of his labors. Since E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., retired from mercantile business a few years ago, Mr. Dale has been the oldest business man in the village. Thirty years ago Madoc had not much pretensions to even a small-sized village, and in its growth to what it now is it passed through the vicissitudes usual to a growing population,—disastrous fires, business failures &c. Then Madoc had its "gold excitement" in '67 and '68, which more than anything else gave it a place of prominence in the district, and a name throughout nearly the whole of Canada and the United States. During all these years the business of Mr. Dale steadily increased until from a small tin shop in a small wooden building, has grown the splendid brick block of three stores now owned by the firm, and the extensive hardware and dry goods trade which they have built up. In consequence of Mr. Dale's retirement the hardware department has been removed to and will in future be connected with the general store, which was greatly enlarged during the past summer for this purpose.

☞ American and Canadian Coal Oil at G. A. Rollins, Hardware Store, Dale's Block.

Local Chit-Chat.

—Millbridge fall show to-day.

—Fresh oysters have reached the village.

—Village Council meets next Monday evening.

—Mr. Arnold Sine, an old Madoc boy, is in the village.

—G. A. Rollins has removed this week to Dale's old stand.

—Apples are getting more plentiful and cheaper in the village.

—Wollaston fall show will be held next Wednesday, at Coe Hill.

—Mr. Henry Dingman an old resident of the village, died yesterday.

—Mr. Jas. Whytock will occupy the south store in the Wilson block.

—D. W. Wright is going into the cash business. See advertisement.

—The building occupied by O'Flynn & O'Hara is having its roof tinned.

—Mr. John Francis is making extensive improvements to his residence in this village.

—Fall opening of Millinery, &c., at Miss Elliott's on Saturday, Oct. 11th. See advertisement.

—It is rumored that Brignall & Thompson, of Belleville, are to open a branch store in this village.

—Mr. John Brown, of Madoc township, is about moving into this village and starting a blacksmith shop.

—Mr. John Robertson is about removing his business to the premises vacated this week by G. A. Rollins.

—Shanty men are already passing through this village on their way to the woods for the season's lumbering operations.

—Mr. M. W. Sine, V.S., has been obliged to bring a horse and buggy of his own to the village, to accommodate his increasing practice.

—Mr. John Pogue, of Kansas, brother of Mrs. John Harper, of this village, is in the village. Mr. Pogue was a resident of Madoc about 14 years ago.

—His Lordship, Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, visited this village this week, and held special confirmation services in the R. C. Church yesterday and to-day.

—Mr. Isaac Geary, for the past four years with the "Right House" in this village, left on Monday to take a situation in a large dry goods house in the town of Barrie.

—The next free fair will be held in this village on Tuesday, November 4th. Unless better attended by both buyers and sellers than previous ones, it will be the last.

—Mr. Josiah Blount, manager for Gilmour & Co., in this village for the past few years, and who removed with his family to Campbellford a few weeks ago, was in the village yesterday.

—We have to thank Mrs. Wright for a nice basket of grapes on Tuesday. She had just received about 250 pounds of the luscious fruit and was liberal in proportion. We advise our readers to call and buy some.

—The North Hastings fall show was held at West Huntingdon yesterday. It was very successful. Hon. M. Bowell, Minister of Customs, A. F. Wood, M. P. P., and John White, M.P., honored it with their presence.

—Patrick White and others were last week charged before A. F. Wood, Esq., J. P., with setting on fire a barn belonging to Mr. Hoover in Rawdon. Prisoners were acquitted, A. A. McDonald, of Madoc, appearing for them.

—Dr. J.D.Stewart, the eye and ear specialist of Belleville, who visited Madoc and points on the Hastings Road regularly for some years past, died in that city on the 18th, ult. Deceased was but 49 years old, although he had the appearance of a man of 70, having suffered three strokes of paralysis.

—Nearly 100 men are now employed at the Gatling gold mine. About five tons of ore are treated daily, yielding an average of from $40 to $60 per ton. Some of the ore gives as high as $80 to the ton. In the course of a week or so, new machinery now being put in will enable the owners to put from 15 to 20 tons of ore through the process daily.

Of Public Importance.

We hope our citizens will not forget to attend the public lecture to be delivered, in the Town Hall, on the evening of the 9th of October, by Dr. Bryce, the Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health. For many opportunities of hearing good lectures the people of Madoc are indebted to the Teachers' Association. Indeed, but for that body, we would seldom, or never, have lectures on matters of general interest in the village. The Teachers' Association always get able men. In the past, we have had lectures by Dr. Sangster, Principal Jacques, Professor Macoun, Dr. McLellan, Principal Buchan, Hon. Adam Crooks, Hon. Geo. W. Ross, and other able men.

The subject upon which Dr. Bryce is to lecture (The influence of School Life upon the developement of the race) is a most important one, and one upon which Dr. Bryce is thoroughly competent to speak authoritatively A distinguished graduate of Toronto University, a physician of good repute, and a former teacher, his opinions on so important a subject cannot fail to interest and instruct. The lecture has by the press of Western Ontario been highly commended.

To help in defraying the expenses connected with the lecture, which will be considerable, as the lecturer has to be paid for his time and expenses, a collection will be taken up. We hope to see a crowded hall and, what our clerical friends call, a silver collection. Dr. Bryce is not a stranger to Madoc, having, with other members of the Board of Health, visited the village officially when the "fever and ague scare" was upon us. With returning health we fear our zeal for improved sanitary arrangements has fled. We hope not, but the symptoms of the state of mind known as "indifference" are many. The old lines sometimes suggest themselves to our mind:—

"When the devil was sick
The devil a saint would be,
When the devil was well
The devil a bit cared he."

Temperance!

The cause in Madoc still alive, with favorable Symptoms.

For the North Hastings Review.

Thomas McMurray, Esq., the well known temperance lecturer, addressed quite a large and enthusiastic meeting in the Town Hall, in this village, on Friday evening last, presided over by A. F. Wood, Esq., M. P. P. Mr. McMurray sustained his well-earned reputation of an earnest and successful temperance lecturer. He made the encouraging statement that more than one half of the territory of the Dominion was already under Scott act prohibition, besides the forty-one counties which were now all astir agitating for its passage. The lecture was listened to throughout with the strictest attention, and warmly applauded at the close. On the platform were the Revs. F. B. Stratton, and W. C. Beer, and the writer, all of whom, in short addresses, gave their testimony in favor of temperance and prohibition. The following resolution was submitted to the meeting and carried unanimously:—1st.—Moved by the Rev. F. B. Stratton, and seconded by the Rev. W. C. Beer, that in view of the great evils arising from the curse of intemperance, and the earnest efforts being put forth to suppress the traffic in other counties of the Province of Ontario, it is hereby resolved that the time has come when the temperance people of this county should take the necessary steps to secure the adoption of the Scott Act in the county. 2nd.—That the following committee be appointed to secure the co-operation of the other municipalities in the county and take such steps as will give practical effect to the foregoing resolution, viz.—A. F. Wood, Esq., M. P. P., E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Reeve, Horace Seymour, Esq., John Robertson, Esq., A. B. Ross, Esq., Revs. D. Wishart. F. B. Stratton, and W. C. Beer, and John Ballard, Esq., with power to add to their number. At the close of the meeting a number of persons signed the pledge.

Subsequently this committee met and passed the following resolutions; 1st—That E. D. O'Flynn be Secretary. 2nd—That the Secretary communicate with the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance for general information as to the usual course necessary to be taken for submitting the Scott Act. 3rd—That the Secretary furnish a report of the proceedings thus far to the following papers—North Hastings Review, *Intelligencer*, *Ontario*, Trenton *Courier* and *Advocate*, Deseronto *Tribune*, and Stirling *News-Argus*. To lighten the labors of the Secretary it was suggested that each of the Committee communicate with leading men and temperance workers, in the county, getting their views as to the propriety of submitting the Scott act in this county, and the best time for action, and soliciting their co-operation. The meeting adjourned, to meet again in two weeks.

E. D. O'FLYNN, Secretary.
Madoc, Sept. 30th, 1884.

Cheese Market.

—Utica, N. Y, Sept. 29.—Eight thousand boxes of cheese, September make, sold at prices ranging from 10½ to 10⅝c. Market dull.

—Little Falls, N. Y. Sept. 29.—Cheese sales—1,700 boxes at 11c.; 3,150 boxes at 11¼c.; 1,000 boxes diary at 10 to 11¼c. Butter—125 packages at 24 to 28c.

—Liverpool, Sept. 29.—Cheese 53s.

Quick Results.

A couple of weeks ago a stray horse was advertised in the columns of the Review. The same afternoon the paper was issued the owner of the animal read the advertisement, visited the place mentioned, identified his horse, and again had it in his possession, the only expense being the cost of the notice. There is nothing like making your wants or business made public through the columns of a well-circulated newspaper.

Married.

Wilson—Miller.—On September 24th, in Marblehead, Mass., at the residence of J. M. Crofey, cousin to the bride, by Rev. J. Candlid, Charles G. Wilson, of Madoc, Ont., to Annie E., daughter of Frank Miller, Esq., of Mount Hanley, Nova Scotia.

FLUID LIGHTING.

There are but few that have never suffered almost intolerable pain from Toothache, Neuralgia or like acute pains. To them such an instant relief as Fluid Lighting is an untold blessing in the time of trouble. No disgusting offensive medicine to be taken for days. One application of Fluid Lighting Cures. Sold by C. G. Wilson, Druggist.

The Peterborough *Review* says:—Frequently the press is called upon to record the quick work done by a reaper, a binder or a threshing machine, and what remarkably quick time a harvester has made with a cradle or a rake, and why should the butcher not have a chance as well as the farmer? We are informed that Mr. Kemp, who is employed by Mr. Wainwright, dressed a sheep in five minutes—that is, in five minutes after it was dead it was flayed and dressed. In the language of the big egg and mammoth pumpkin item, we ask, Who can beat it?

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Rheumatism and Gout.—These purifying and soothing remedies deserve the earnest attention of all persons liable to gout, sciatica, or other painful affections of the muscles, nerves or joints. The Ointment should be applied after the affected parts have been patiently fomented with warm water, when the unguent should be diligently rubbed upon the adjacent skin, unless the friction causes pain. Holloway's Pills should be simultaneously taken to diminish pain, reduce inflammation, and purify the blood. This treatment abates the violence and lessens the frequency of gout rheumatism, and all spasmodic diseases which spring from hereditary predisposition, or from any accidental weakness of constitution. The Ointment checks the local malady, while the Pills restore the vital power.

Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $4 75 to $0 00
Fall Wheat, $0 80 to $0 00
Spring Wheat, $0 85 to $0 00
Oats, 35 cents to 00 cents
Rye, 50 " to 50 "
Barley, 50 cents to 60 cents
Peas, 60 cents to 60 cents
Potatoes per bag, 40 cents to 50 cents
Butter per pound, 18 cents
Eggs per dozen, 10 to 12 cents.
Tallow, 6 cents
Lard, 16 "
Calfskins, 35 cents to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 25 cents to 45 cents
Wool, 15 to 17cents
Hay, per ton, $9 00 to $12 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $6 00
Cheese, 10c to 12c

G. A. ROLLINS,
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,
CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

A GOOD GIRL.

CAN hear of a situation by applying at the Review Office, Madoc.

FOR SALE.

THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.
H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

CARETAKER WANTED.

TENDERS will be received up to the 25th of September, instant, for the position of Caretaker for the Methodist Church, village of Madoc. Lowest nor any tender not necessarily received.
C. G. WILSON,
Sec. of Com.
Madoc, dept. 4th, 1884.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.
GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE east half of lot No. 6, 9th Concession, township of Madoc, containing one hundred acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn and log house, and the property is well watered, a never-failing spring on the place. It is situated within three miles of the village of Madoc, and half a mile from a school. Title perfect. Apply to
WM. McMECHAN,
Ross's Corners, Belleville P. O.
or to Thos. McMechan,
Springbrook, Rawdon.
September 22nd, 1884. (386-4w)

1862. WHITE'S 1884.
AGRICULTURAL WORKS,
MADOC, - ONT.

FARMERS

Look to your interests, and
BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,
and avoid all trouble about points, etc.
Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.
J. & J. WHITE.

CITY
Art Gallery,
FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.
I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a
FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!
I HAVE IN IT
TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,
and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make
Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City
And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the
Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,
but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

J. H. FORD,
DEALER IN
Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Mirrors, &c.
NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILL

A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER II, CONTINUED.

"Well, I don't know anyone who has a better right to know than Spence Tucker's wife," said another with a coarse laugh. The laugh was echoed by the others. Mrs. Tucker saw the pit into which she had deliberately walked, but did not flinch.

"Is there any one to serve here?" she asked, turning her clear eyes full upon the bystanders.

"You'd better ask the sheriff. He was the last one to serve here. He served an attachment," replied the inevitable humorist of all Californian assemblages.

"Is he here?" asked Mrs. Tucker, disregarding the renewed laughter which followed this subtle witticism.

The loungers at the door made way for one of their party, who was half dragged, half pushed into the shop. "Here he is," said half a dozen eager voices, in the fond belief that his presence might impart additional humor to the situation. He cast a deprecating glance at Mrs. Tucker and said: "It's so, madam! This yer place is attached; but if there's anything you're wanting, why, reckon, boys"—he turned half appealingly to the crowd—"we could oblige a lady." There was a vague sound of angry opposition and remonstrance from the back door of the shop, but the majority, partly overcome by Mrs. Tucker's beauty, assented. "Only," continued the officer explanatorily, "ez these yer goods are in the hands of the creditors, they ought to be represented by an equivalent in money. If you're expecting they should be charged——"

"But I wish to *pay* for them," interrupted Mrs. Tucker with a slight flush of indignation. "I have the money."

"Oh, I bet you have!" screamed a voice, as overturning all opposition, the malcontents at the back door, in the shape of an infuriated woman, forced her way into the shop. "I'll bet you have the money. Look at her, boys. Look at the wife of a thief with the stolen money in diamonds in her ears and rings on her fingers. *She's* got money if we've got none. *She* can pay for what she fancies, if we haven't a cent to redeem the beds that's stole from under us. Oh, yes, buy it all, Mrs. Spencer Tucker! buy the whole shop, Mrs. Spencer Tucker! do you hear? And if you ain't satisfied then buy my clothes, my wedding ring, the only things your husband hasn't stole."

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Tucker coldly, turning towards the door. But with a flying leap across the counter her relentless adversary stood between her and retreat.

"You don't understand! Perhaps you don't understand that your husband not only stole the hard labor of these men, but even the little money they brought here and trusted to his thieving hands. Perhaps you don't know that he stole my husband's hard earnings, mortgaged these very goods you want to buy, and he is to day a convicted thief, a forger, and a runaway coward. Perhaps, if you can't understand *me*, you can read the newspaper. Look!" She exultingly opened the paper the Sheriff had been reading aloud and pointed to the displayed head lines. "Look! there are the very words. 'Forgery, Swindle, Embezzlement!' Do you see? And now you can't understand this. Look! 'Shameful flight. Abandons his wife. Runs off with a Nosterious——"

"Easy old gal, easy now. D——n it! Will you dry up? I say. *Stop!*"

It was too late! The Sheriff had dashed the paper from the woman's hand, but not until Mrs. Tucker had read a single line, a line such as she had sometimes turned from with weary scorn in her careless perusal of the daily shameful chronicle of domestic infelicity. Then she had wondered; if there could be any such men and women: and now! The crowd fell back before her; even the virago was silenced as she looked at her face. The humorist's face was as white, but not as immobile, as he gasped. 'Christ!—if I don't believe she knew nothin' of it!'

For a moment the full force of such a supposition, with all its poignancy, its dramatic intensity, and its pathos, possessed the crowd. In the momentary clairvoyance of enthusiasm they caught a glimpse of the truth, and by one of the strange reactions of human passion they only waited for a word of appeal or explanation from her lips to throw themselves at her feet. Had she simply told her story they would have believed her; had she cried, fainted, or gone into hysterics, they could have pitied her. She did neither. Perhaps she thought of neither—or indeed of anything that was then before her eyes. She walked erect to the door and turned on the threshold. "I mean what I say," she said calmly." I don't understand you. But whatever just claim you have upon my husband will be paid by me—or by his lawyer, Captain Poindexter."

She had lost the sympathy but not the respect of her hearers. They made way for her with sullen deference as she passed out on the platform. But her adversary, profiting by the last opportunity, burst into an ironical laugh.

"Capt. Poindexter, is it? Well, perhaps he's safe to pay *your* bill—but as for your husband's——"

"That's another matter," interrupted a familiar voice with the greatest cheerfulness—"that's what you were going to say, wasn't it? Ha! ha! Well, Mrs. Patterson," continued Poindexter, stepping from his buggy, "you never spoke a truer word in your life. One moment, Mrs. Tucker. Let me send your hack in the buggy. Don't mind me. I can get a fresh horse at the sheriff. I'm quite at home here. I say, Patterson, step a few paces this way, will you? A little further from your wife, please. That'll do. You've got a claim of $5,000 against the property, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that woman just driving away is your one solitary chance of getting a cent of it. If your wife insults her again—that chance is gone. And if you do——"

"Well?"

"As sure as there is a God in Israel and a Supreme Court of the state of California, I'll kill you in your tracks! * * * Stay!"

Patterson turned. The irrepressible look of humorous tolerance of all human frailty had suffused Poindexter's black eyes with mischievous moisture. "If you think it quite safe to confide to your wife in this prospect of her improvement by widowhood—you may!"

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Patterson did not inform his wife of the lawyer's personal threat to himself. But he managed, after Poindexter had left, to make her conscious that Mrs. Tucker might be a power to be placated and feared. "You've shot off your mouth at her," he said, argumentatively "and whether you've hit the mark or not you've had your say. If you think its worth a possible $5,000 and interest to keep on, heave ahead. If you rather have the chance of getting the rest in cash, you'll let up on her." "You don't suppose," returned Mrs. Patterson contemptuously, "that she's got anything but what that man of hers—Poindexter—let's her have?" "The Sheriff says," retorted Patterson surly, "that she's notified him that she claims the *rancho* as a gift from her husband three years ago—and she's in possession now. and was so when the execution was out. It don't make no matter," he added, with gloomy philosophy, "whose got a full hand as long as we ain't got the cards to chip in. I wouldn't hev minded it," he continued meditatively, "ef Spencer Tucker had dropped a hint to me afore he put out. "And I suppose," said Mrs. Patterson angrily, "you'd have put out too?" "I reckon," said Mrs. Patterson simply.

Twice or thrice during the evening he referred, more or less directly, to this lack of confidence shown by his late debtor and employer, and seemed to feel it more keenly than the loss of property. He confided his sentiments quite openly to the Sheriff in possession, over the whiskey and euchre with which these gentlemen avoided the difficulties of their delicate relations. He brooded over it as he handed the keys of the shop to the Sheriff when they parted for the night, and was still thinking of it when the house was closed, everybody gone to bed, and he was fetching a fresh jug of water from the well. The moon was at times obscured by flying clouds—the *avant couriers* of the regular evening shower. He was stooping over the well, when he sprang suddenly to his feet again. Who's there?" he demanded sharply.

"Hush!" said a voice, so low and faint it might have been a whisper of the wind in the palisades of the corral. But, indistinct as it was, it was the voice of the man he was thinking of as far away, and it sent a thrill of alternate awe and pleasure through his pulses.

He glanced quickly around. The moon was hidden by a passing cloud, and only the faint outlines of the house he had just quitted were visible. "Is that you, Spence?" he said, tremulously.

"Yes," replied the voice, and a figure dimly emerged from the corner of the corral.

"Lay low, lay low—for God's sake," said Patterson, hurriedly throwing himself upon the apparition. "The Sheriff and his *posse* are in there."

"But I must speak to you a moment," said the figure.

"Wait," said Patterson, glancing toward the building. Its blank shutterless windows revealed no inner light—a profound silence encompassed it. "Come quick," he whispered. Letting his grasp slip down to the unresisting hand of the stranger, he half dragged, half led him, brushing against the wall, into the open door of the deserted barroom. He had just quitted, locked the inner door, poured a glass of whiskey from a decanter, gave it to him, and then watched him drain it at a single draught. The moon came out, and, falling through the bare windows full upon the stranger's face, revealed the artist's but slightly disheveled curls and moustache of the fugitive, Spencer Tucker.

Whatever may have been the real influence of this unfortunate man upon his fellows, it seemed to find expression in a singular unanimity of criticism. Patterson looked at him with a half-dismal, half welcome smile. "Well, you are a h—ll of a fellow, ain't you?"

Spencer Tucker passed his hand through his hair and held it from his forehead, with a gesture at once emotional and theatrical

"I am a man with a price on me!" he said bitterly. "Give me up to the Sheriff, and you'll get five thousand dollars. Help me, and you'll get nothing. That's my d—d luck, and yours too, I suppose."

"I reckon you're right there," said Patterson gloomily. "But I thought you got clean away. Went off on a ship——"

"Went off in a boat to a ship," interrupted Tucker savagely; "went off to a ship, that had all my things on board—everything. The cursed boat capsized in a squall just off the heads. The ship, d—n her, sailed away, the men thinking I was drowned, likely, and that they'd make a good thing of my goods—I reckon."

"But the girl, Inez, who was with you, didn't she make a row?"

"*Quien sabe*," returned Tucker, with a reckless laugh. "Well, I hung on like grim death to that boat's keel until one of these Chinese fishermen, in a 'dug out,' hauled me in opposite Sancelito. I chartered him and his dug out to bring me down here."

"Why here?" asked Patterson with a certain ostentatious caution that ill concealed pensive satisfaction.

"You may well ask," returned Tucker, with equal ostentation of bitterness, as he airily waved his companion away. "But I reckoned that I could trust a white man that I'd been kind to, and wouldn't go back on me. No, no, let me go! Hand me over to the Sheriff!"

Patterson had suddenly grasped both the hands of the picturesque scamp before him with an affection that for an instant almost shamed the man who had ruined him. But Tucker's egotism whispered that his affection was only a recognition of his own superiority, and felt flattered. He was beginning to believe that he was really the injured party.

"What I have and what I have *had* is yourn, Spence," returned Patterson, with a sad and simple directness that made any further discussion a gratuitous insult. "I only wanted to know what you reckoned to do here."

"I want to get over across the coast range to Monterey," said Tucker. "Once there, one of those coasting schooners will bring me down to Acapulco, where the ship will put in."

Patterson remained silent for a moment, "There is a mustang in the coral you can take—leastways, I hain't know that its gone—until to-morrow afternoon. In an hour from now," he added, looking from the window, "these clouds will settle down to business. It will rain; there will be light enough for you to find your way over the mountain, but not enough for any one to know you. If you can't push through tonight, you can lie over on the Posada on the summit. Them Greasers that keep it won't know you, and if they did they wont go back on you. And if they did go back on you nobody would believe them. It's mighty curious," he added with gloomy philosophy, "but I reckon its the rea on why Providence allows this kind of cattle to live among white men and others made in His image. Take a piece of pie, won't you?" he continued, abandoning this abstract reflection and producing half a flat pumpkin pie from the bar. Spencer Tucker grasped the pie with one hand and his friend's fingers with the other, and for a few moments was silent from the hurried deglutition of viand and sentiment. "*You're* a white man, Patterson, anyway," he resumed. "I'll take your horse, and put it down in our account, at your own figure. As soon as this cursed thing is blown over, I'll be back and see you, though, you bet, I don't desert my friends, however rough things go with me."

"I see you don't," returned Patterson, with an unconscious and serious simplicity that had the effect of the most exquisite irony. "I was only just saying to the Sheriff that if there was anything I could have done for you, you wouldn't have cut away without letting me know." Tucker glanced uneasily at Patterson, who continued. "Ye ain't wanting anything else?" Then observing that his former friend and patron was roughly but newly clothed, and betrayed no trace of his last escapade, he added. "I see you've got a fresh harness." "That is——" Chinaman bought me these at the landing; they're not much in style or fit," he continued, trying to get a moonlight view of himself in the mirror behind the bar, "but that don't matter here." He filled another glass of spirits, jauntily settled himself back in his chair, and added. "I don't suppose there are any girls around anyway."

"Cept your wife; she was down here this afternoon," said Patterson meditatively.

Mr. Tucker paused with the pie in his hand. "Ah, yes!" He essayed a reckless laugh, but that evident simulation failed before Patterson's melancholy. With an assumption of falling in with his friend's manner, rather than from any personal anxiety, he continued.

"Well?"

"That man Poindexter was down here with her. Put her in the *hacienda* to hold possession before the news came out."

"Impossible!" said Tucker, rising hastily. "It don't belong—that is——" he hesitated.

"Yer thinking the creditors 'll get it, mebbe," returned Patterson, gazing at the floor. "Not as long as she's in it; no, sir! Whether its really hers, or she's only keeping house for Poindexter, she's a fixture, you bet. They're a team when they pull together, they are!"

The smile slowly faded from Tucker's face, that now looked quite rigid in the moonlight. He put down his glass and walked to the window as Patterson gloomily continued. "But that's nothing to you. You've got ahead of 'em both, and had your revenge by going off with the gal. That's what I said all along. When folks—specially women folks—wondered how you could leave a woman like your wife, and go off with a scalliwag like that gal, I allers said they'd find out there was a reason. And when your wife came flaunting down here with Poindexter before she'd quite got rid of you, I reckon they began to see the whole little game. No, sir! I knew it wasn't on account of the gal! Why, when you came here to night, and told me quite natural like and easy how she went off in the ship, and then calmly ate your pie and drank your whiskey after it, I knew you didn't care for her. There's my hand, Spence; you're a trump, even if you are a little looney, eh? Why, what's up?"

Shallow and selfish as Tucker was, Patterson's words seemed like a revelation that shocked him as profoundly as it might have shocked a nobler nature. The simple vanity and selfishness that made him unable to conceive any higher reason for his wife's loyalty than his own personal popularity and success, now that he no longer possessed that *eclat*, made him equally capable of the lowest suspicions. He was a dishonored fugitive, broken in fortune and reputation—why should she not desert him? He had been unfaithful to her from wildness, from caprice, from the effect of those fascinating qualities; it seemed to him natural that she should be disloyal from more deliberate motives, and he hugged himself with that belief. Yet there was enough doubt, enough of haunting suspicion that he had lost or alienated a powerful affection to make him thoroughly miserable. He returned his friend's grasp convulsively and buried his face upon his shoulder. But he was not above feeling a certain exultation in the effect of his misery upon the dog-like, unreasoning affection of Patterson, nor could he entirely refrain from slightly posing his affliction before that sympathetic but melancholy man. Suddenly he raised his head, drew back, and thrust his hand into his bosom with a theatrical gesture.

"What's to keep me from killing Poindexter in his tracks?" he said wildly.

"Nothin' but *his* shooting first," returned Patterson, with dismal practicality. "He's mighty quick, like all them army men. It's about even, I reckon, that he don't get *me* first," he added in an ominous voice.

"No!" returned Tucker, grasping his hand again. "This is not your affair, Patterson: leave him to me when I come back."

"If he ever gets the drop on me, I reckon he won't wait, continued Patterson ingubriously. "He seems to object to my passin' criticism on your wife, as if she was a queen or an angel."

The blood came to Spencer's cheek, and he turned uneasily to the window. "It's light enough now for a start," he said hurriedly, "and if I could get across the mountain without lying over at the summit, it would be a day gained."

Patterson arose without a word, filled a flask of spirit, handed it to his friend, and silently led the way through the slowly falling rain and the now settled darkness. The mustang was quickly secured and saddled; a heavy *poncho* afforded Tucker a disguise as well as a protection from the rain. With a few hurried disconnected words, and an abstracted air, he once more shook his friend's hand and issued cautiously from the corral. When out of earshot from the house, he put spurs to the mustang and dashed into a gallop.

To intercept the mountain road he was obliged to traverse part of the highway his wife had to walk that afternoon, and to pass within a mile of the *casa* where she was. Long before he reached that point his eyes were straining the darkness in that direction for some indication of the house which was to him familiar. Becoming now accustomed to the even obscurity, less trying to the vision than the alternate light and shadow of cloud or the full glare of moonlight, he fancied he could distinguish its low walls over the monotonous level. One of those impulses which had so often taken the place of resolution in his character, suddenly possessed him to diverge from his course and approach the house. Why, he could not have explained. It was not from any feeling of jealousy suspicion or contemplated revenge—that had passed with the presence of Patterson; it was not from any vague lingering sentiment for the woman he had wronged—he would have shrunk from meeting her at that moment. But it was full of these and more possibilities by which he might or might not be guided, and was at least a movement toward some vague end, and a distraction from certain thoughts he dared not entertain and could not entirely dismiss. Inconceivable and inexplicable to human reason, it might have been acceptable to the Divine omniscience for its predestined result.

He left the road at a point where the marsh encroached upon the meadow, familiar to him already as near the spot where he had debarked from the Chinaman's boat the day before. He remembered that the walls of the *hacienda* were distinctly visible from the *tules* where he had hidden all day, and he now knew that the figures he had observed near the building, which had deterred his first attempts at landing, must have been his wife and his friend. He knew that a long tongue of the slough filled by the rising tide followed the marsh, and lay between him and the *hacienda*. The sinking of his horse's hoofs in the spongy soil determined its proximity, and he made a *detour* to the right to avoid it. In doing so a light suddenly rose above the distant horizon ahead of him, trembling faintly, and then burned with a steady lustre. It was a light at the *hacienda*. Guiding his horse half abstractedly in this direction, his progress was presently checked by the splashing of the animal's hoofs in the water. But the turf was firm, and a salt drop that had spattered to his lips told him that it was only the encroaching of the tide on the meadow. With his eyes on the light, he again urged his horse forward. The rain lulled, the clouds began to break, the landscape alternately lightened and grew dark; the outlines of the crumbling *hacienda* walls that enshrined the light grew more visible. A strange and dreamy resemblance to the long blue brass plain before his wife's paternal house, as seen by him during his evening rides to courtship, pressed itself upon him. He remembered, too, that she used to put a light in the window to indicate her presence. Following this retrospect, the moon came boldly out, sparkled upon the overflow of silver at his feet, seemed to show the dark, opaque meadow beyond for a moment, and then disappeared. It was dark now, but the lesser earthly star still shone before him as a guide, and pushing towards it, he passed into the all-embracing shadow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Social Kite.

Taough not described by Audubon, the social kite deserves a word. You, in your affable way, start a topic, novel and interesting. Scarcely have you flushed your game ere your kite pounces on it, tears it from you, and proceeds to discuss it for the benefit of the company. You are good natured, and let him have his way. Presently Jones, on the other side of the table, smiling pleasantly, begins the recital of some interesting incident which happened down town in the morning. Jones is not a talkative man, and this is the one little morsel by which he hopes to shine at dinner. The kite lets him get as far as the second sentence, and swoops down as before. Having plucked each feather from this second prey (clumsily, too, rending and tearing it, and quite as all the next manner in which you or Jones would have done it) he relapses into temporary silence, watching with eager eye for his next victim, ready with beak and claw for the first idea that flies. If, happy, you attempt to continue your story, there follows the most disagreeable duet, the kite usually getting the better of it by dogged pertinacity and ill-breeding, and leaving you somewhat nettled for so small a matter. The kite is by no means a rare bird. He is hardy, with a hide of phenomenal thickness. Though solitary as regards other kites, he dearly loves the society of men; for, left to himself, there is no one to interrupt or from whom to filch ideas. Even by chance two kites meet a spirited contest ensues; the louder mouthed and more ill-bred (there are degrees in kites) carrying the day, and the rest of the company wishing them at Jericho. There is probably no more disagreeable social nuisance, in a small way, unless it be the man who allows you to finish, and then laboriously explains your remarks to the company. Both forms of ill-breeding are common enough. The latter arises from stupidity, and both proceed on the childish assumption that the speaker knows more than yourself of the matter which you are discussing, coupled, in many cases, with a sneaking desire to filch your ideas. Doubtless, like him who steals your purse, he often steals trash; but it is your trash, and you feel entitled to it—"a poor thing, but mine own;" and it is hard to view this social robber with equanimity.—*Boston Gazette.*

An Unknown Monster.

For the past seven or eight years different stories have been told concerning a dreadful monster that inhabited a body of water known as Crater Lake, situated about fifty-five miles west of North Linkville, John Shallock, with others, has just seen the monster. Mr. Shallock says it looked to be as large as a man's body, and was swimming with about two or three feet out of water, and going at a rapid rate, as fast as a man could row a skiff, leaving a similar wave behind it. Its face, or head, looked white, and, although it was a long way off, they could plainly see that it was of an immense size. Several shots were fired at it, but it was far off that they could not see where their bullets struck the water. Charles Moore says the bluffs around the lake are from 1,500 to 3,000 feet above the water, and almost perpedicular.—*Klamath, Ore., Star.*

The Fashionable Color.

Bank cashier to tailor:

"You may take my measure for a suit of clothes."

"Exactly. What color do you prefer?"

"What is the go this fall?"

"Well, for bank cashiers, Canada gray seems to be the favorite."

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

How General Scott's Life was Saved and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death.

The traveller of the present day, as he is hurried along by the lightning express, in its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom reverts in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old-time stage drivers is met with nowadays, and when the writer recently ran across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of "forgotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although one of the pioneers in stage driving (he formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo), is hale and hearty and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the brakes gave way and the coach came on the heels of the wheel horses. The only remedy was to whip the leaders to a gallop. Gaining additional momentum with each revolution of the wheels the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara river, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm hand never relaxed its hold nor the clear brain its conception of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow deck was reached on the river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring, the coach was turned in scarce its own length and the horses brought to a stand-still before the pale lookers-on could realize what had occurred. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and robust constitution the strain of continuous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the necessarily cramped position in which he was obliged to sit, contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said:

"I found it almost impossible to sleep at night; my appetite left me entirely and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No. I tried to keep up but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October when I went all to pieces."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up, could not walk without a cane and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant desire to urinate both day and night, and although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment. Finally it ceased to flow entirely and I thought death was very near."

"What did you do then?"

"What I should have done long before; listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages, and what was still more wonderful regulated the flow. The sediment vanished; my appetite returned, and I am now well and good for twenty more years, wholly through the aid of Warner's Safe Cure that has done wonders for me as well as for many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed and death perhaps stares them in the face. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

Speaking of matrimonial yokes, a New York woman has just run away with Mr. Eggs.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage & Expressage and Carfare Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live at home for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"Called back"—The man that forgot to pay his ex-ck.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the system, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency in unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cured still. No one has been ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

Mr. Winks—"Jane, have you fed the dog this morning?"

Mrs. Winks—"No; he doesn't need anything."

"Why, I have not given him any meat since yesterday morning; have you?"

"No, but one of Mariar's fellers called last night."

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a children." Yes, I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 25 cents.

SAVED BY THE ENGINEER.

A Thrilling Experience.

The westbound express of the Northern Pacific due at Helena at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, met with a severe accident on the Yellowstone, about twenty-two miles from Miles City. We got the following particulars from I. S. B. Van Wart, of Helena, who was a passenger on the train. He says the train was running along under a steep mountain close to the Yellowstone River, about 2 o'clock Saturday morning, with thirteen coaches express, baggage, emigrant, mail and Palman cars, when the fireman discovered a huge pile of rock moving down the mountain about thirty yards ahead, and cried out to the engineer! "See them come—jump for your life!" at the same time jumping himself and lighting safely on the side next the river. In a moment the engineer instead of jumping to save his own life, thought of a hundred passengers whose lives were in his hands,

REVERSED THE ENGINE

And put on the air breaks, but still the heavy train moved on apparently to utter destruction against the huge pile of rocks that had piled up on the track a few feet ahead. The collision came, and the locomotive was forced high upon the rocks, the tender telescoped into the first express car for about half its length. A huge rock, estimated by Chief Engineer Anderson, who was aboard the train, to weigh fifty tons, jumped the track in front of the engine, carrying away the head-light and smoke-stack, and landing so close on the other side that a part of it had to be cut away to allow the train to pass, which took forty men twelve hours at hard work. It was a great mercy that the rock came down in front instead of striking the train in the middle, when a loss of life by drowning in the river would have occurred that would have been appalling to relate. It was a mercy, too, that a brave engineer was in charge of the train, who was daring enough to ply the brakes before he considered his own safety. It appears that the mountain was over a

COAL MINE THAT WAS ON FIRE,

and that the combustion loosened the rocks on the side of the hill. The passengers, who had felt the concussion, being assured that it was only a forward car off the track went back to bed and slept till morning, in the presence of what came very near being one of the most dreadful accidents ever known in the history of railway smash-ups. The conductor had to walk eight miles to a telegraph station before he could call assistance. He summoned wrecking trains from the east and west, and both came with a large force of men, who worked bravely to clear the track and take back the wreck, so that the train, which was about fifteen hours behind time, could move on. Fortunately no one was injured, and amid congratulations next morning among the passengers upon their deliverance from a dreadful fate they did not forget stout-hearted Engineer Gleason, whom they complimented by a series of resolutions and a handsome purse, which they forwarded to headquarters, with the signature and thanks of every passenger on the train. Engineer Gleason, was the recipient of a gold watch on a former occasion, when by his presence of mind and brave action he saved the lives of another train load of passengers. It is by such brave deeds that men become heroes upon a more exalted field than that of battle.

Effects of Temperature.

The effects of temperature on men do not depend so much on the mean for the day, month, or year, as on the extremes, as when the days are hot and the nights comparatively cool the energy of the system becomes partially restored, so that a residence near the sea, or in the vicinity of high mountains, in hot climates is, other things being equal, less enervating than in the plains, as the night air is generally cooler. It is commonly believed that hot climates are necessarily injurious to Europeans, by causing frequent liver derangements and diseases, dysentery, cholera, and fevers. This, however, is, to a certain extent, a mistake, as the recent medical statistical returns of our army in India show that in the new barracks, with more careful supervision as regards diet and clothing, the sickness and death rates are much reduced. Planters and others, who ride about a good deal, as a rule keep in fairly good health; but the children of the Europeans certainly degenerate, and after two or three generations die out, unless they intermarry with natives and make frequent visits to colder climates. This fact shows that hot climates, probably by interfering with the due performance of the various processes concerned in the formation and destruction of the bodily tissues, eventually sap the foundations of life among Europeans; but how far this result has been caused by bad habits as regards food, exercise, and self-indulgence I cannot say. Rapid changes of temperature in this country are often very injurious to the young, and old, causing diarrhœa and derangements of the liver when great heat comes, and inflammatory diseases of the lungs, colds, etc., when the air becomes suddenly colder, even in summer.—*Nature.*

The Mouse-Eating Spider.

About three years ago I succeeded in getting a live specimen at last, or rather three of them, all together, in a nice box fronted with wire netting. I bought them from a native, who sells cigars and walking sticks on the market wharf in Bahia, a town on the coast of Brazil.

For some time after they commenced their voyage they ate nothing, though I put flies and cockroaches into their cage. Then I offered them bits of fresh-killed raw beef which they seemed to suck; and then, as if this had whetted its appetite, to my great disgust one killed the other two and sucked them till only the dry shells were left of them, bloating itself visibly in the process.

When it began to get cold I filled up the box with hay, under which it retired and went to sleep, and in that condition was forwarded by rail from Southampton to the Zoological Gardens in London, where I next saw it in a splendid glass cage, labelled with a latin name several inches in length, and composed expressly for it.

They call it the "mouse-eating" spider, because it seemed to prefer the bodies of young mice to anything else. At first it used to drain them of blood as vigorously as it had served its late companions, but after a bit it got to know there were more in the larder, and that it could have as many as it wanted, so it would cut out the top of the head with its sharp nippers, suck the brains and leave the rest.

The Gunpowder Plot.

The Gunpowder Plot involved an attack on the nine foot thick foundation walls of the ancient palace on the river side, just below the chamber occupied by the House of Lords. The conspirators were all gentlemen and they bloodied their delicate fingers at that point to an end. Their object was to put between thirty and forty barrels of gunpowder into the mine, and to blow the king and the Prince of Wales, the lords, and the bishops, to atoms. They shortly found a cellar which answered their purpose better. Here they banked up their barrels under a suspicious quantity of coal and other fuel. When the train was laid, it led, however to themselves, and when the explosion came, it was under their own feet. They were scattered to the four winds. When the fated members of the conspiracy were sought and found, a number were slain in the arrest, a few escaped, but the remainder were put to the torture and tried. Guy Fawkes and seven others were arraigned before a special commission in Westminster Hall, and Coke, the Attorney-General, managed the proceedings against them. The result was, of course, an immediate and horrible execution in the rear of the Hall, and close to the scene of their labors. With very natural injustice this infamous attempt was attributed to the Catholic party.

The consequence of all this was the immediate formation of an imaginary explosive compound, that went by another name than gunpowder—a threefold mixture of this popular rumor, some actual Catholic discontent, and some latent treason, the fright of which lasts, in form at least, to this day. Parliament always looks under the bed at the opening of every new session, the Prayer book turns pale on the 5th of November, and Guy Fawkes is dishonored with a mock procession. But there was a period, and a good long one, when the memory of it revived in some more fiery form than this now fossil ceremonial. In the nervous imagination of the people the explosive compound was always underneath the government. The mere spark of suggestion was enough to set the whole train firing. This, for the most part, was after the Rebellion, at which time the throne was undermined and overturned by the Puritan party without exciting nearly so much scandal. The people were only afraid when the papists were at it. So when Titus Oates, seventy-four years after the Gunpowder Plot, told his enormous lie, they rushed, metaphorically speaking, to the cellars again to find the "popish plot" which had no existence, to seize and drag to judgment about as many supposed conspirators with supposed dark lanterns and supposed explosive materials concealed as Guy Fawkes had ever actually to do with, and again Westminster Hall had even more bloody work on its hands over this fiction of a malicious brain and this credulity of a suspicious people than it had over the veritable plot itself. It was a petard which, nevertheless, worked so undesignedly well at it nearly hoisted Charles the Second out of his throne because he had the best reason for not believing it, which did hoist all the papists out of Parliament so high that they never came down till George the Fourth's day, and the ring of the detonation was so loud that James the Second had afterward to put his hands to his ears and leave the kingdom to the Protestant triumph which has prevailed ever since. The extraordinary peculiarity of this gaseous version of the Gunpowder Plot was that it blew up the royal family after all, and with the nation's joyous consent.—*Harper's Monthly.*

Electricity as an Aid to Lion Tamers.

The latest application of electricity is an invention made in the interests of lion tamers, which consists of an apparatus of great power, shaped like a stick about three and a half feet in length. M. Ranspach, the inventor is a lion tamer himself, who has been "a good deal worried" during a long and successful professional career. He has already experimented with it upon the denizens of the cages in his menagerie, and relates the different effects upon the brutes. Three of his lions receiving the shock immediately showed signs of the greatest terror. They were seized with trembling and growled fitfully. The tiger was more quickly subdued, became stupefied, and crouched in a corner of the cage. Bruin was more refractory to electricity, which seemed scarcely to effect him. He would growl and show his teeth, and was subdued after repeated discharges.

The most astonishing effects, however, were perceptible in the boa constrictor. On receiving the discharge, the specimen from Cayenne, nearly twenty feet in length, became at once paralysed and remained motionless for six hours afterward. When he recovered, he showed signs of numbness for three whole days. Finally, the elephant on being electrified by a touch of the stick upon the tip of his trunk set up a series of wild cries, and became so strange that the tamer feared the brute would break its heavy iron chain. M. Ranspach is said to intend addressing a paper upon the experiments to the Academy of Sciences.

The Oldest Author.

Rev. W. R. Gleig, of England, was one of the warmest friends of the second duke of Wellington, recently deceased. Mr. Gleig is almost an octogenarian, and is the oldest living author who still wields a pen. "He was present at the battle of New Orleans in 1815," says Labouchere in *Truth*, "and saw Gen. Pakenham killed and some of the picked regiments of the British army defeated by Gen. Andrew Jackson and a few American backwoodsmen. Mr. Gleig, who subsequently took orders and became chaplain general, wrote a spirited description in his 'Subaltern' of the engagement at New Orleans, and, having started as an author in 1815, has quite lately contributed an article to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His mind and memory are still entirely unshaken. He was a great favorite with the Iron Duke."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A Curiosity of the Electrical Exhibition.

Among the curiosities in operation at the exhibition of electrical inventions in Philadelphia is a magnetic table. It is a small, unpretentious stand, with a plain innocent looking surface, but beneath it is an electro-magnet. A handful of nails lay upon it yesterday. Suddenly and without any perceptible cause, each arose and silently stood upon its head, much to the delight and mystification of the small boys. A moment they remained motionless and then suddenly tumbled in a heap, when the unseen current was shut off by the operator. At his will they would rise, bow and courtesy like a dancing master, or stand up their heads like circus tumblers.

The Gulf of Mexico and its Stream

At the American Science association in Philadelphia, Prof. J. E. Hilgard read a paper on the "Relative Level of the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico." He exhibited a relief model, showing the western part of the North Atlantic ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, and the United States east of the Mississippi river. The principal features to which he directed attention were the fact that the actual continental outline does not correspond to the present accidental limits of land and water, but to the one hundred fathom curve, so that the continental limit is far out under the sea. Florida and Yucatan have more than twice their geographical limits, while the West Indies and the Antilles appear as a vast submarine continuation of the Florida peninsula, the mountain summits of which only appear above the sea. This submarine plateau, extending to the southeast, forms, with the coast line of the United States, a great bight nearly as large again as the Gulf of Mexico, which Prof. Hilgard designated the Great Bay of North America. Whatever the causes which produced the gulf stream, they must give rise to an elevation of the gulf above the Atlantic in order to occasion the stream—a physical fact demonstrated by the most accurate measurements. The explanation of the stream was that the North Atlantic trade winds set the water of the Caribean sea against the "Spanish main" (Central America), deflected northward along the coast of Yucatan, where the flow is through the straits between Yucatan and Cuba, and thence through the Bemini channel into the Atlantic ocean, thus forming what is known as the "Gulf Stream." The part which the Gulf of Mexico has in this is mainly that of a reservoir or "accumulator," maintaining the outflow at a more uniform rate than the assigned cause would admit of without such a reservoir.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Love and reason seldom go together.

The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.

If youth only knew and age only could!

Let us encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself.

Nothing is rarer in literary history than a scholar who confesses that he has been refuted in anything.

Sober thought about one's own sober soul and its destiny is by no means a favorite occupation with men.

Liberty is a privilege which carries with it high duties and grave responsibilities. The right to say what is false implies the duty of declaring that which is true. Liberty is a glorious light, but it demands duties and sacrifices greater than any which tyranny exacts, and more is required from freemen than from slaves.

English Schools.

The following were recently among the written answers in examination on Scripture by her majesty's inspectors of schools:

"Who was Moses?" "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a bark maid of bullrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt brazen snakes and he het nothin' but qwales and manner for forty years. He was kort by the air of his 'ed while ridin' under the bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace."

"What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?" "He was the father of Lot and had tew wives. One was called Hismale and the other Haygur. He kepwun at home and he hurried the other into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite."

"Write an account of the Good Samaritan." "A certain man went down from Jeralam to Jeriker and he fell among thawns and the thawns sprank up and choked him. Wherupon he gave tuppins to the hoast and said tak care on him and put him on his hone hass. And he past bye on the hother side."—*London Times.*

A Young Mother.

Recently there occurred four miles west of Alexandria, Ky., a case of maternity the most remarkable in the history of American obstetrics. The mother, a young colored girl named Rena Freeman, was born March 5, 1873, and is therefore 11 years and 6 months old. She is small of stature, being about 4 feet 8 inches in height, and weighing but 90 pounds, and is a child in everything but experience.

After her confinement she acknowledged that she had been seduced by her brother-in-law, Ross Johnson, a burly negro, aged 30, and the father of two children. When taxed with the seduction of his sister-in-law he did not deny the charge. Her accoucher, Dr. T. S. Orr, says the case is without a parallel in the medical history of this country. He had considerable difficulty with the patient, the infant's size and weight, ten pounds, necessitating the operation of craniotomy.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

A Town Where Neither Coal nor Wood Is Wanted.

Not a pound of wood or coal is consumed at Creighton, twenty miles from Pittsburgh, where the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company have their plant. Glass factory and residences are heated and lighted by natural gas. Gas was struck at 1,200 feet in a five inch bore. A torrent of what the owners describe as "pure nitrogen gas" burst out with a force of 250 pounds to the square inch, and after three years is flowing with as much energy as ever. The visitor sees no coal, no wood, no cinders, no ashes, no smoke. In the furnaces is a lurid, steady heat regulated by clock-work. No grimy stoker sweats his life away at furnace doors, but instead a calm person with a stained glass shield invites you to look at the glass through the open furnace doors, where glares a heat sufficient to deter a modern Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Overhead gas burners are ablaze in broad day, because it is not worth while to take time to turn the burners off and on, as there is plenty of gas and to spare. In the residences a thumb screw regulates the temperature to absolute perfection.

Little Dot's mamma had been ill with a severe attack of neuralgia. A visitor called, and while waiting in the parlor, asked Dot how her mother was. She replied, "she is sick, she's got the morality."

ALL SORTS.

'Tis the last roast of summer.

A trade scenter—The drummer.

The death rate—an undertaker's bill.

A tie game—popping the question.

A waist of time—an old maid's.

A Chinese want—Celestial music.

The heated spell—h-e-a-t-e-d.

False hair does not antedate false pride.

Spitting on the hands doesn't dig the potatoes.

The question of the hour—What time o' day is it?

Maid of hall work—the hotel corridor sweeper.

A supposititious case—The prima donna's jewel casket.

A screaming farce—The performance of an amateur opera singer.

Should a mustard plaster be classed among drawing materials?

A justice's pantaloons can hardly be called breaches of the peace.

The emigration of bank cashiers to Canada looks like an ex-owed us.

The Czar of Russia may be Warsaw off than if he had staid at home.

It is the successful trapeze performer who generally reaches the climb-acts.

The last rows of summer.—Those taken on the lake just before leaving for town.

The cream of a joke would be lost upon a milkman—he wouldn't know what it was.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie" and a half of it is an "if." Put this on "file" if you would as "lief."

In China Foo Chow means "Happy City."—*Detroit Free Press.* We thought it meant something good to eat.—*Chicago Sun.* Well, something good to eat makes a happy city.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well," but in this enlightened century men are able to carry on the same business very successfully on top of the ground.

A Bewitched Wedding Dress.

A very singular case has come out recently in regard to a young girl who was engaged to be married. She was poor and her intended husband bought her a wedding dress at an expense of $50. Before the wedding day the intended bridegroom was taken sick and died. The bride-elect mourned his loss, and finally imagined that he was present about her, and that she would still be married to him. She told her parents how she felt, and they told her that she must get rid of the wedding dress. She sold it for $10 to an acquaintance and soon recovered her spirits. The girl who bought the dress after she got it imagined that she would lead a bad life, and was so affected that she was out of her head, and her parents sent the dress back when she recovered. No. 1 was soon affected as before, and so much so that she sent the dress back to No. 2 again, and then she recovered. No 2 was again affected, and an attempt was made to return the dress again to No. 1, but her family declined to receive it. A police officer was sent to take the dress back, after consultation with counsel, but neither party would receive it, and now the friends of the officer are looking to see him go off his base on account of the dress. It would seem as though the old Salem witches possessed the dress, and it is barely possible that the garment may be burned.—*Boston Globe.*

SOME SMILES.

"Heigh-ho!" said Mrs. Spriggins, "I see that poor old Mr. Wilkins has died intestate, I allus said high living would ruin his innards."

A little fellow with a tall, stalwart wife was asked by a friend if the contrast between them didn't often expose him to mortifying remarks. "O, I don't mind that," he said cheerfully; "but since Sarah's grown near sighted I have to look sharp for fear she'll step on me."

Little Freddie was talking to his grandma who was something of a skeptic. "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?" "No." "To the Baptist?" "No." "To any church?" "No." "Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time to get in somewhere?"

Two sides to a question.—"Say, Smith, are you coming down town to-night?" "No." "Why not?" "Well, my hired girl left this morning, and Mary will be lonesome by herself." "My hired girl left this morning, too, and that's why I'm coming down. I'd be awful lonesome with Maggie."

Facts About the Cholera.

Remarkable revelations are reported at a recent meeting of the medical committee at Marseilles. Experience has shown that the cholera will rage during two consecutive years in the same place. It has been ascertained that cholera made its appearance at Marseilles last year, a case followed by death having occurred at the hospital in a room containing numerous other patients. The disease made a good many victims. The mayor, who was immediately advised of the fact, proceeded to the hospital. Energetic measures were taken to prevent further contagion, and in order to avoid a panic in the town, the mayor solicited and secured the silence of all persons aware of the facts. The chief surgeon, two house surgeons, a warder, and two Sisters of Mercy took an oath to divulge nothing, which oath was strictly kept till the whole proceeding was made known to the medical committee.

The Mouth of the Congo.

Unlike most other great rivers, the Congo has no delta. It discharges into the sea by a single, unbroken estuary, seven and a half miles across, in which a sounding line of two hundred fathoms does not everywhere touch bottom, and a current runs of five to seven knots an hour. This enormous volume exceeds that of every other known stream except the Amazon. A conservative estimate of the amount of water discharged by it is 2 000 000 cubic feet per second. The Mississippi, when at flood height, carries down no more than 1,500 000 cubic feet and sinks in the dry season to 228,000. Moreover the Congo never runs low. It swells and sinks, as the rainy and dry seasons succeed each other, but within a relatively narrow range of oscillation.

The Duke of Wellington's Experiment.

In a ground-floor room in one of the large public buildings of London a man sat writing at a table covered with papers. He was a short, strongly built figure, with a prominent nose, and a face hard and massive as a granite statue, wearing the set look peculiar to men who have surmounted great difficulties and confronted great perils. Few, indeed, had had more practice in both than this man, for he was no other than the Duke of Wellington, and his crowning victory at Waterloo was still but a few years old.

There was the tinkle of a bell outside, and then a murmur of voices in the anteroom; but the Duke never raised his head from his writing, even when his secretary entered and said:

"If it please your Grace, that man with the bullet-proof breastplate has called again, and wishes very much to see your Grace for a moment."

The Duke's face darkened, as well it might, for the man in question was the most pertinacious bore whom he had ever encountered. The bullet-proof cuirass was his own invention, and he never lost a chance of declaring that the safety of the whole British army depended upon its instant adoption of this "unparalleled discovery," which he carried about with him, and exhibited at all times and in all places.

Had this been all, he would soon have been disposed of; but unluckily, he had contrived to interest in his invention one or two of the Duke's personal friends, and to get from them letters of recommendation which even Wellington could not easily disregard. Something must clearly be done, however; for although the fellow had hitherto been kept at bay, he was evidently determined to give the Duke no peace till the matter had been fully gone into.

For a moment Wellington looked so grim that the secretary began to hope for the order which he would gladly have obeyed, viz., to kick the inventor into the street forthwith. But the next instant the iron face cleared again, and over it played the very ghost of a smile, like a gleam of winter sunshine upon a precipice.

"Show him in," said he, briefly.

The observant secretary noted both the tone and the smile that accompanied it; and he inwardly decided that it would have been better for that inventor if he had not insisted on seeing the Duke.

In came the great discoverer—a tall, slouching, shabby, slightly red nosed man, with a would-be jaunty air, which gave way a little, however, before the "Iron Duke's" penetrating glance.

"I am glad to think that your Grace appreciates the merits of my invention," said he, in a patronizing tone. "They are, indeed, too important to be undervalued by any great commander. Your Grace cannot fail to remember the havoc made by your gallant troops at Waterloo among the French cuirassiers; whose breastplates were not bullet-proof; whereas, if—"

"Have you got the thing with you?" interrupted Wellington.

The inventor unwrapped a very showy looking cuirass of polished steel, and was just beginning a long lecture upon its merits when the Duke cut him short by asking.

"Are you quite sure it is bullet-proof?"

"Quite sure, your Grace."

"Put it on, then, and go and stand in that corner."

The other wonderingly obeyed.

"Mr. Temple," shouted Wellington to his secretary, "tell the sentry outside to load with ball-cartridge, and come in here to test this cuirass. Quick, now!"

But quick though the secretary was, the inventor was quicker still. The moment he realized that he had been set up there on purpose to be fired at, and to be shot dead on the spot if his cuirass turned out to be *not* bullet proof after all, he leaped headlong through the open window with a yell worthy of a Blackfoot Indian, and darting like a rocket across the courtyard, vanished through the outer gateway; nor did the Duke of Wellington, from that day forth, ever see or hear of him again.—DAVID KER, in EDITOR'S DRAWER, *Harper's Magazine for October.*

The Chinese War and Tea.

The war in China has visibly affected the tea market. Recently 30,000 chests of black tea, including Foo Chow, Among, and Formosa, were sold here at an advance of three cents per pound. In London the prices of tea have gone up five cents. From the island of Formosa this country receives annually 250,000 chests of tea, and if the French, who have already seized Keelung, an important tea exporting point, should close up Tamsui, brokers say there will be a big advance in the price of black teas. About 59,000 packages of teas annually have usually come to this country from Foo Chow.—*Albany Express.*

Life's Burdens.

A large part of life's burdens are self-imposed and wholly needless. Fears of calamities which never happen, a doleful habit of looking at the worst, a suspicious disposition, a jealous turn of mind—these are the tyrants that load us with burdens heavy to bear and needless to carry. If we should honestly examine the various burdens of our lives, we would be surprised to find how many of them are of this character. Not only may we drop them if we will, but justice to others demands that we should. A man or woman habitually unhappy is essentially selfish, and is always a thorn in the community. There are enough crosses and trials in life which must be borne, without manufacturing artificial and needless ones; and the more thoroughly we rid ourselves of the latter, the more energy and spirit we can bring to bear upon the former.

"The Curse of Guiteau."

Washington special Chicago *Tribune*: The murder of Police Officer Fowler by a negro rough in the chaingang has reminded some superstitious people of the curse of Guiteau. Police Officer Fowler was one of the three mounted men who guarded the assassin's van in his trips from the jail to the court-house throughout the trial. Guiteau, the night the verdict was brought in, in the dark court room dimly lighted by candles, glaring like a wild beast, invoked a curse upon all who had been connected with the trial. There have been a number of deaths of persons who were so connected, including in their number jurors, doctors, detectives, jailers, policemen and attorneys. Within two weeks two covered by Guiteau's curse have died — Dr. Wood, of the army, one of Garfield's surgeons, and now Officer Fowler.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

NOTICE.

TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a by-law to open the allowance of road between lots 17 and 17 in the 10th and 11th concessions.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, September 1st, 1884. 383-4

BUTLER'S

Celebrated Waterproof Blacking,

BROWN'S BOSTON DRESSING,

Saratoga and Bon Ton Dressing,

For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, also

Jaquot's, Lamb's, and Mason's Blacking,

—AT—

T. ROBERTS'

Madoc Boot & Shoe Store

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL

Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 16th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

—o—

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

—o—

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

—o—

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

—x—

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. McLEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

—o—

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

—:—

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

—o—

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

—o—

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Weiss' Block, Madoc.

P.P. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

P.P. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, &c. A full stock of all kinds furnished on short notice. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 388. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 9, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

The Scott Act for Hastings.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR EDITOR.—Now that the ball is set in motion—"let no man's heart fail him"—especially as the most cheering prospects greet the temperance workers at the very mention of the submission of the Act. Why should Hastings lag behind, when 29 counties and 3 cities of the Dominion have adopted the Act, up to date, and 27 more counties and 3 cities are engaged in the campaign? After years of experience in Maine, of Prohibition, a constitutional amendment was carried on the 8th, ult., prohibiting the manufacture and sale, or keeping for sale, of intoxicating liquors. In Iowa, Prohibition carries the away, 70 counties practicing it *in toto*. The record is "no drunkards, no prisoners, no liquor sold." In Georgia the effect of Prohibition is most startling—"Labor has been improved 100 per cent, and the toilers condition 1000 per cent." There are yet 40 counties to vote in that State and they are sanguine of success. Kentucky has caught the spirit, and is carrying everything before it—and thus the good work goes on. Let the temperance people of Hastings rally to the rescue of the poor inebriate, and place the demon intemperance beyond the limits of this county. Lennox is looking hopefully to us, as some of their speakers, on hearing of our prospects, at a public meeting in Napanee, called for a halt until we got in line so as to give greater encouragement to their workers. Prince Edward and Northumberland, adjacent to Hastings, have their petitions in for more names than necessary, but they too, are casting a wishful eye towards this county, knowing that an effort here will strengthen their vote. Now MR. EDITOR, with these facts before us, permit me to suggest that without delay—conventions be held at central points, and petitions be put in circulation—that the requisite one-fourth of all the voters names in the county may be secured and forwarded to the Legislature in time to secure, if possible, a vote within the next two months, so that if carried, the law could take effect next May. And even though the time should be too limited, the work could be pushed on to completion during the coming winter. Let the ministers and people of the county preach and talk Prohibition, and a speedy victory is certain. I am, etc.,

PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

As I am leaving Madoc, my practice here will be resigned to Mr. Robertson, L. D. S., of Norwood, a gentleman well qualified—educationally, morally, and as far as I know professionally—to take charge of it, and I trust the same confidence, for which I have to thank the public, may be also extended to him. Yours truly,

J. H. McCULLOCH.

Madoc, Oct. 1st, 1884.

Another Destructive Fire.

STABLE, HORSES AND DWELLING BURNED, (Intelligencer).

This morning about 1.15 an alarm was sounded for a fire which had taken place in the stables of the Willard House, Front Street, owned by Mr. Samuel Kylo and occupied by Mr. Fred. Gauthier. The engines took position in the bed of the river in the rear of Walker's Foundry, but the fire had gained too great headway to permit of the building being saved. At the time there were five horses in the stables, only two of which were saved. After enveloping the stable, the fire spread to a house on Pinnacle Street, occupied by Henderson Brown, and owned by J. W. Walker. The fire took on the L. of this house, which, with the main part, it completely gutted. The horses burned in the stable belonged to Mr. Gauthier, Mr. Ranson (a cattle buyer), and Mr. Wannamaker, of Madoc, and were valued at about $150 each. Besides his horse Mr. Gauthier lost about $200 worth of stable property. Mr. Kyle had $500 insurance on the stable and will lose about $200. Mr. Walker's house was insured for $500, and he estimates his loss at about $200. Mr. Brown saved all his household goods except a large stove and a few small articles.

Skating rinks were strongly denounced as "rinks of iniquity" by Rev. Mr. Scott, of Binghampton, N. Y., from his pulpit on Sunday night.

THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT.

COL. STEWART REPORTED MURDERED BY ARABS.

The Canadian contigent arrived safely at Alexandria last week.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—It is rumored that Colonel Stewart has been killed at Berber.

The war office is uncertain as to the fate of Col. Stewart, who was with forty men en route to Dongola. Their steamer struck on the rocks and they were unable to float her. A bargain was made with some Arabs to provide camels and conduct the party through the desert to Merarvi. The Arabs proved treacherous and massacred the first party which landed from the steamer. They then boarded the vessel and killed those who remained with the exception of four men, whose names are unknown. It is feared that Col. Stewart is among the killed. It is unknown whether Mr. Power, corsespondent of the Times, had gone to Khartoum or was with Stewart.

The expenses of the Gordon relief expedition are increasing. The paymaster has notified the government that he requires £150,000 weekly.

CAIRO, Oct. 6.—Gordon has had medals struck off to commemorate the siege of Khartoum. They have been bestowed on the troops and the women and children who shared in the hardships of the siege.

OTTAWA, Oct. 6.—A cable was received here to-day from the British government, asking their agent to send eight steamer captains to take charge of the light-draught stern-wheel boats on the Nile, for the transport of the Gordon relief expedition. The men required are those who are in charge of light-draught boats on the Upper Ottawa river. The number required has been secured and will sail from Quebec on Saturday next for Alexandria. They are to receive one hundred and fifty dollars each per month until they return to Canada. The fact of the British government cabling to-day to send the captains along as quickly as possible does not look as if they contemplated recalling the relief expedition, as has been stated.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived in Cork yesterday and reviewed the troops. He was well received.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office i kept on the premises, which is also leased a a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

LAND FOR SALE.

THE following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

N ½ 30	in 10th	concession	Hungerford.
W ½ 3	in 11th	"	Huntingdon.
S ½ 18	in 13th	"	"
W ½ 1	in 1st	"	Madoc
E ½ 8	in 1st	"	"
E ½ 13	in 1st	"	"
W ½ 16	in 1st	"	"
29	in 1st	"	"
W ½ 15	in 4th	"	"
E ½ 8	in 6th	"	"
E ½ 30	in 9th	"	"
29	in 2nd	"	Marmora.
W ½ 29	in 3rd	"	"
W ½ 29	in 4th	"	"

For particulars apply to

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month, Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

L. WEISS,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Has opened business in the
SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.
First class stock, and good work.
TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

LUMBER.
BRIDGEWATER MILLS.
Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.
J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

MONEY TO LOAN.
The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,
(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)
Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.
Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to
A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,
MADOC.
Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FURNITURE.
HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.
Auction Sale on Saturdays.
M. SCOTT.
Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Lands for Sale.
THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13	in 1st	concession	Madoc,
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½ 30	9th	"	"
N E ½ 13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.
WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.
The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.
GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc, - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.
SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.
CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., adoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—First door north of A. F. Wood's.

E. GUSS PORTER,
BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.
Private money to loan at lowest rates.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1877

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered em ber of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.
(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,
BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.
Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.
FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc,
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER.
Madoc, - Ontario.

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!
All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for
PEERLESS
AND OTHER
MACHINE OILS.
For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.
SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.
—— 30 Front St. East, Toronto.

A TRAGIC TALE OF THE SEA.

The Story of the Yacht Mignonette.

Edwin Stephens and Edmund Brooks, the mate and seaman of the ill-fated yacht Mignonette, reached Southampton at 12:30 o'clock. Stephens was met at Northam by his mother and brother-in-law, Mr. Fisher, and appeared quite prostrate.

Brooks furnishes the following interesting account of his experiences:

The Mignonette proved a capital sea boat. Prior to July 5, the day she was lost, the wind had been hard and shifty, but she rode out the gale admirably. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day Capt. Dudley called the watch—myself and Mr. Stephens—the boy Parker sharing the watch with the skipper. Parker had gone down to wet the tea of which we were all to partake when we hove to. He had just come up, when Mr. Stephens called, "Look out!" and I saw a tremendous sea, reaching, I should think, quite half way up to our masthead, coming down upon us. The Captain and Parker had held on to the main boom to leeward, and the mainsail being furled had broken the force of the sea upon them. Mr. Stephens held on by the tiller ropes. When the sea had passed, Stephens almost directly said, "Oh, my God, her sides are stove in!" The Captain ordered the boat out. I helped get the boat out. In fact, I was able nearly to throw her out myself. We got in—Stephens, I, and Parker—and called out several times to the Captain to come on board, and he presently did so, the Mignonette sinking in about five minutes after she was struck. We then found our boat had been stove in on the port side, and she leaked a lot; but I stopped it as well as I could with a piece of waist I found on the bottom boards, and this kept the water out till the morning, when Capt. Dudley made it more secure. Parker took the shipwreck very kindly, his expectation after we were in the boat being that

WE SHOULD SOON SEE LAND;

but of course the rest of us knew better than that. He was a nice, steady, and good boy—as good a boy, in fact, as I ever sailed with in my life. I regularly took to him, and tried to teach him all I knew myself.

We did not open our first tin of turnips till three days after the wreck, having eaten nothing at all in the meantime. We knew the tins contained only turnips, for I had acted as a sort of cook on board the Mignonette. On the fifth day out I was steering, and saw a turtle swimming almost to windward of us. In fact, we had almost passed it when I saw it. Its head was some distance out of the water, and I pointed it out to the others. I and the Captain pulled the boat's head to sea, and Mr. Stephens got hold of the creature by the fins and turned it over. I let go the fore oar, and although it was a pretty good sized fish, it came on board as light as a fly. We all now felt as if we were sure to be saved. This feeling was strong up to the time poor little Parker was killed, but after then my heart was cold. Capt. Dudley killed the turtle, but as the weather was so rough, we lost the blood through the salt water coming on board. But for this we should have had quite a quart or more, which would have lasted us several days. The water got into the chronometer box, in which we were getting the blood. The turtle lasted us till the twelfth day. We ate everything, skin and all, throwing the shell overboard. If we saw a little bit of the turtle fat lying about that had been left, we picked it up and ate it.

Parker, the boy, had several times expressed a desire to drink the sea water, and I and the other two strongly warned him against such a course, saying that if he did so it would kill him, but his reply always was,

"I MUST DRINK SOMETHING."

I told him he should not if I saw him. One morning—I think we must then have been fifteen or sixteen days out, but I can't remember exactly—about 5 o'clock, Dickey told me he had drunk the boiler, which would hold quite a quart, empty, and half full again. I told he was a very silly young fellow, and he again replied that he must drink something. He had been gradually getting weaker, and was, in fact, the weakest of us all. The salt water put his insides out of order, and he suffered very much from diarrhœa, being at times in an agony of pain from this cause, and we all thought he would die. He appeared at times to be delirious; he would lie in the bottom of the boat and try to sleep, and if he went off, when he woke up he would say he wanted a ship. To get on board a ship was all I every heard him express a wish to do. I said to him several times: "Cheer up, Dickey, it will all come right," and the Captain and Stephens did all they could in the same way.

We had several times spoken between the three of us about casting lots as to who should be killed, and Parker had heard of this, but I and Mr. Stephens would not hear of it, and said that if we were to die we would all die together. Excepting Parker, Mr. Stephens suffered more than any of us. He was seized with pains internally, and his legs were so much swollen that he could hardly move. One night he was so bad that I thought he was going to die, and took hold of his hand, and we prayed together to the Almighty to save us.

July 20, when Parker's life was taken, was a very fine day. Excepting a little piece of the skin of the turtle, with a little drop of water we had caught in a storm which had passed over our heads,

WE HAD HAD NOTHING FOR EIGHT DAYS

Dick was lying in the bottom of the boat, groaning with pain; but he had never said anything to lead us to suppose that his life was a burden to him. I believe that the Captain and Stephens had spoken about it in the night, though nothing had been said to me either directly or indirectly of any intention to kill the boy, and Mr. Stephens, I believe, would never have consented to it. I had been at the helm three or four hours, and was lying in the bows of the boat; and Stephens made signs to me which I understood to mean that the Captain intended to take the boy's life, as he was dying. I believe he was dying, and if he had not been killed, I have not the slightest doubt we should all have died. I did not see the deed done. I had my oil-skin coat over my head trying to get to sleep, and I was not aware when it was to happen. All I heard was the Captain say to Mr. Stephens, "Hold his feet," and uncovered my head, and then saw the boy was dead. I fainted away for a minute or two, and when I came to I saw the Captain and Mr. Stephens drinking the blood which was running from his neck. I said, "Give me a drop," but it was very nearly all gone, but what I had was quite congealed. I felt quite strong after that—in fact we all made use of the expression that we were quite different men. I went aft and steered for two or three hours. I don't know exactly how long. Capt. Dudley and Stephens cut off the boy's clothes, and threw them overboard. It was a horrible sight and no mistake.

I and the Captain fed on the body, and so did Mr. Stephens occasionally, but he had very little. We lived on it for four days, and we ate a good deal—I should think quite half the body—before we were picked up, and I can say that we partook of it with

AS MUCH RELISH AS ORDINARY FOOD.

We were picked up on the twenty-fifth day out. I was steering the boat, about half past six in the morning, as near as I can guess, but we had no watch. I saw a sail, but did not at first know what it was, for I had been sitting down talking to myself and praying to the Almighty to rescue us from death, as our sufferings from thirst were so horrible. When Mr. Stephens and the Captain "got up," I said: "Oh, my God, here's a ship coming straight for us."

We all prayed together out loud that she would not miss us, each promising to lead a different life to what we had done if the Almighty would only give us the strength to reach the vessel. We put our sail, which was made out of Stephens's shirt, down, as the bark was a little to windward, and pulled as well as we could a little way. I should think she was four or five miles off when we sighted her, and as she came down upon us Mr. Stephens hoisted the shirt, and signalled as well as he was able, for he had not much strength to hold it up. Quite an hour and a half was passed in this dreadful suspense, for we were afraid, being still to leeward, that the bark would not see us. We at last saw her keep away from the wind, and then we felt she had seen us, and were very much rejoiced, and all thanked God for His mercy.

As we got close alongside I took both oars, being the strongest. The Captain caught the rope, and made a turn, as well as he was able, round the fore thwart, Mr. Stephens being aft. The latter sang out, "Oh, Captain, for God's sake, help us. We have been twenty-four days, and have had nothing to eat or drink. Help us on board." The Captain of the bark made a reply in German, which I could not understand. Capt. Dudley also hailed him. Two of the crew came down and made the boat fast, and got ropes around and lifted us on board, for we were so weak we could not climb the ship's side. I took hold of the chain plates and scrambled up as well as I could, and the carpenter then carried me across the deck to the place where Mr. Stephens was lying. The Captain of the Montezuma had taken charge of Capt. Dudley. They all treated us very kindly.

THE MATE'S ACCOUNT.

Edwin Stephens, who is the son of the late Capt. Richard Stephens, of Southampton, late of the Isle of Wight Company's service, on his arrival home, furnished some interesting details. He said:

"Our nights were the worst time; they seemed never to end; we dreaded them very much. We had now the longest interval without food or water, viz., eight days without food and five days without water, with the exception mentioned. The lad dying before our eyes, the longing for his blood came upon us, and on Friday morning the twentieth day of our being cast away, the master hastened his death by bleeding him. In a minute all was over.

"I will leave you to imagine how we subsisted on the body until Tuesday, July 29, the twenty-fourth day after being in the boat, when were picked up by the German bark Montezuma, of Hamburg, Capt. Tremonsen, bound to Falmouth, from whom we received every kindness. We suffered a great deal for some days afterwards. The extremities seemed to have entirely lost life. We had thus been in the boat from July 5, at 5 p. m., until July 29, at 10 a.m., nearly twenty-four days, having drifted and sailed a distance of about 900 miles, viz, from lat. 27° 10' S., long. 9° 50' W., to lat. 24° 20' S., long. 28° 25' W., our position when picked up.

"Many of the statements that have been published in the papers are wrong, particularly one, which said I stood up and held the boy Parker while the Captain killed him. That is quite wrong. I don't remember hearing anything at all, but I know I was expected to hold his feet if he struggled, but he did not. The fact is, you can't carry your recollection back to the thing at all properly. We don't know what we did; we were maddened with thirst and hunger; but I know I did not suffer from hunger as the others did for the first eight days. I had hardly anything to eat, and I never thought of eating any of the turtle until it was about three parts gone. Drink was all I wanted.

"The boy's death saved our lives, for we should have all have been dead before the time we were picked up. Parker was a nice lad—a regular Itchen ferryman, honest, and always willing to do everything he was told, which is a great virtue in a boy on board a ship."

THE CAPTAIN'S CONFESSION.

The Captain, who is a stout-built, fair-bearded man of middle height, looks fairly well, but is still very weak. He wears slippers on his feet, as they are still too tender to admit of putting boots on. When the unfortunate men were picked up both his legs were much swollen, and it was only after a long course of blistering and bandaging that they were reduced to a normal size.

Capt. Dudley, in an interview in the afternoon, conversed freely about the terrible occurrence. After detailing the earlier part of the voyage of the Mignonette from Southampton to Madeira, and their afterwards signalling an Italian bark and speaking the Bride of Lorne, he said:

Day after day passed, and on the eleventh day we had finished the turtle, and had nothing left except the two fins; but we ate every portion, even the bones. The fat of the turtle proved very nutritious, and we got water a few times when there were showers by catching the rain in our oilskins, though sometimes when we had a little drop a sea broke into it and spoiled it, so that we had to throw it away.

We went on from the fifteenth to the twentieth day without any food at all or drink, and by that time we had begun to look each other in the face very black. The boy, who had drank some sea water at night, had said, "We shall all die," and I remarked, "We shall have to draw lots, boys."

This was ignored by all, and they said, "We had better die together," to which I replied, 'So let be, but it is hard for four to die when perhaps one might save the rest."

A day or two before I suggested we should try and make some kind of a sail, which we did with our shirts rigged on an oar for a mast and a strand of the painter for shrouds and stays. Things now looked as hard as they could.

On either the nineteenth or twentieth day the boy was lying in the bottom of the boat, where he had been for two days, gasping for breath and nearly dead. At about 3 o'clock in the morning I said to the mate: "What is to be done? I believe that boy is dying. You have a wife and five children, and I have a wife and three children." I said that human flesh had been eaten before.

Stephens replied: "See what daylight brings forth."

Brooks took his watch at 6 o'clock, and we made motions to each. Brooks said he could not do it, and Stephens said he could not do it.

I told Brooks to go forward, which he did. I then took hold of the shrouds and had a last look round to see if anything was in sight, but there was nothing. I offered up a prayer most fervently that God above might forgive us for such an act, and then I knelt down by the boy and said: "Now, Dick, my boy, your time has come."

He murmured: "What, me, sir?"

I put the penknife in his throat and he was dead instantly.

The Captain, who was much upset by the recital, further stated how they drank the blood of the poor boy, and lived upon his flesh for the next four days. On the twenty-fourth day, when they had almost given up all hope, Brooks called out, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, "Sail, oh!" In an hour and a half the Montezuma was alongside, and they were lifted on to the deck. The remains of the lad Parker were buried by the Captain of the rescuing vessel.

BUBBLES

Didn't Know his Business.

"What are you doing there?" demanded the grocer of the new clerk.

"I'm putting a little sand in the sugar. Ain't that right?"

"Right? Great Scott! No. You take a little of the sugar and put it in the sand."

Quick Work in Court.

"I grant an absolute divorce to both parties," said the Judge. "Call the next case."

"But the children, your Honor. What disposition shall be made of them?"

"Equal division. Let each party take half. Call the next——"

"But there are three of them, your Hon——"

"Can't help it. That's their look out, not mine. Call the next case."

Where the Libel Hurt.

A politician who had been nominated for office said to a lawyer, "I want you to bring suit against the editor of the *Daily Wanderer*. He has defamed my character outrageously."

"But, my dear man, what he has published won't lose you any votes."

"Of course it won't lose me any votes, but my wife complains that she isn't able to hire a servant girl."

An Investigation not Necessary.

Depositor—Have you looked into the affairs of the bank recently?

Director—No, but everything is all right I am sure.

Depositor—Why are you sure?

Director—Because the health of the cashier is very poor.

Depositor—What has that got to do with the matter?

Director—He is too feeble to stand the rigors of a Canadian winter.

Sense of Taste in the Lower Animals.

The lowest animals hardly need a sense of taste at all, at least in the developed form: all is fish that comes to their net; they swallow, and, if possible, digest every bit of organic matter they happen to come across in the course of their aimless peregrinations. Or, rather, they swallow whatever is smaller than themselves, and get swallowed by whatever is larger. Still, even in these lowest depths of animal evolution, we get in a very simple and undeveloped form some first faint foreshadowing of the faculty which becomes specialised later on into the sense of taste. When floating jelly bags meets floating plantlet or floating jelly speck under the microscope, it makes an effort to envelop the edible morsel all round with its own matter. But when it meets mineral bodies or uneatable things generally, it either does not try to envelop them at all, or if it coats them for a moment it soon rejects them as of no practical use for its own purposes. These simplest rudimentary animals, besides being all mouth and all stomach, are also all nerve and all sense organ. Every part of them seems to possess in some feeble manner the power of discriminating between what is food and what is useless.

The First Napoleon a True Prophet.

A very curious fragment of Napoleon's table talk is brought to mind by the present position of affairs in Central Asia. The Emperor happened to speak of the way in which Alexander besought him at Tilsit to let Russia seize Constantinople. "Alexander," he said, "for desire Constantinople de moi," said Napoleon; and he then went on to show how Russia might gradually sap our power in India. The subject interested him, and he spoke at great length, laying down a strategic details of the most minute description. His idea was that when Russia had firmly established herself within striking distance of our frontier she might bring about an insurrection and offer England her kind assistance in quelling the revolt. He said: "De toutes les puissances la Russia est la plus redoutable surtout pour les Anglais. Tout cela je l'ava's prevu. Je vois dans l'avenir plus loin que les autres."

There is no doubt but that he was right. He certainly did see further into the future than any statesman of whom we have knowledge. The predictions which he made during this memorable conversation form very suggestive reading at the present time, for they are being fulfilled one by one.

A COUPLE OF DOG STORIES.

AN AMICABLE TERRIER.

A few days since a hen belonging to Mrs. Elck stole off under the barn, and later was found sitting on four broken eggs, while the piping of ten newly fledged chicks came from beneath her wings. In order that she might bring out the remaining eggs the ten chicks were taken away from her and placed in a box nicely filled with straw in Mrs. Elck's kitchen. The plaintive cries of the chickens attracted the attention of Beauty, a pet black-and-tan dog, who after soberly inspecting the box and taking in the situation, stepped carefully into the straw and settled down among the chickens. The cries of the feathered youngsters ceased immediately, and they took to their unnatural, but attentive mother at once. For several days the dog assumed watchful care over her charges, carefully tucking them down about her with her nose, and becoming visibly anxious whenever one of the more active of the birds hopped over the edge of the box upon the floor, barking loudly until some one came and replaced the troublesome chick. When the chickens were finally taken from her and placed with the mother hen, Beauty seemed completely lost.

A CUTE CANINE.

A dog belonging to the B—s, which was a great favorite of theirs and regarded as of thoroughly irreproachable training, was charged by some of the neighbors with worrying sheep at night. The family rebutted this charge on the ground that the dog was fastened into their kitchen at night and was never let out until the servants came down in the morning.

The farmers, however, persisted that they knew the dog well, and had seen him going from the sheepfold, though he had managed to escape them. When this was urged so strongly as to make it imperative on the B—s to take some further steps, one of the daughters volunteered to sleep in the kitchen and watch the dog's behavior.

When they made up the young lady's bed the dog seemed very restless and strange but by and by he settled down, and all was silent.

A little after midnight he got up, came to the bed, and sniffed about until he had satisfied himself that the lady was not awake. Then he leaped into the window seat, lifted the latch of the shutters, and opened them. Then he undid the latch of the window, which he opened, and then disappeared.

After a long interval he came back, closed and fastened the windows and shutters, finished by licking his own feet, and the marks which he had left by springing on the floor. To the terror of the seeming sleeper, he now came and closely scrutinized her; but she kept still, and he at last crept off to his own bed.

As soon as she heard the servants stirring, the lady rose softly and slipped through the door. But the guilty dog had marked her. He sprang up and made a dash at her with most undisguised fury, for he saw that his secret was discovered and his character blasted by one whom he now regarded as a hateful spy.

Fortunately, she got the door fast shut in time, and at once alarmed the house. But the dog was now so furious that no one dared go into the kitchen, and at last a gun was brought, pointed through an aperture, and he was shot dead.

Italian Passions.

Love, jealousy, and vengeance continue to affect certain classes of society to a degree disproportionate to their actual importance. Tales of love have an invincible attraction for our lower classes, and there is a whole literature of tales of vengeance. Jealousy takes the same important place, and it has become the subject of legislation. A man who does not know to avenge an affront, to obtain justice for himself, and demand life for life, is unmanly in the popular estimation especially in Southern and Central Italy. A woman would refuse to smile upon a man who allowed himself to be insulted with impunity. This mode of feeling which manifests itself in the higher classes in the frequency of duels, is in the lower orders the principal cause of crime and violence. It is confirmed by the national quickness of temperament, and by the little respect for law which dates from earlier times, when legal justice was full of abuses. For this reason a naturally humane and gentle people takes an unfavorable place in the statistics of crime, in which violent offenses occupy an exceptional place. As, however, the Italians have not adopted destructive societies so, also, they could not possibly be guilty of the *dragonnades* nor of the excesses of the Convention and of the Commune. And we constantly encounter instances of kindness and humanity, especially in the lower classes, which called for our admiration. From their special qualities the people may be said to be capable of all good as well as of all evil. And among their prevailing sentiments, in addition to those who have already indicated, the highest place is taken by what is termed humanity. The lower classes are not only peculiarly sensible of the bonds of kindred, but they display in their family relations, and even in those with strangers, a devotion and love which puts those classes to shame who might do likewise at small personal inconvenience. The reserved and defensive spirit which characterizes the modern civilization of many countries is unknown in Italian life. The joys and sorrows of life are readily shared with relations, friends, and neighbors: He who has more than one loaf is ready to give to the neighbor who is destitute, knowing that he shall be relieved in a like necessity. Insensibility to the sufferings of others, a want of compassion or heartlessness, as it is called, is an unpardonable sin in Italy, while much is forgiven to the compassionate. There is no country where the plea for forgiveness to the Magdalen is more readily accepted. This same people, if their honor or that of their wives is concerned, or even if their passions are aroused by a gumeni or contradiction, will stain some friendly dwelling with blood without incurring the censure of the multitude. It is this morbid condition of public opinion which produces the evil; nor can it be cured by legislation, but it must be traced back to its source. On the day when the striker is regarded as an ordinary criminal the number of crimes committed in Italy will be materially diminished, since deliberate offenses, committed from motives of self-interest, are comparatively few. The first effect of an act of violence is commonly to ruin the position and future of the delinquent who has preferred the satisfaction of his dominant passion to any other consideration.

Novel Marriage Customs.

The people [illegible] the Northern Turkestan [illegible] for the most part, of a Tartar [illegible] generally called Kirghese, of [illegible] two sections are the Kara-Kirghese living in the mountains of the south, whilst the Kirghese of the plains call themselves Kazaks. The manifold circumstances connected with marriage among the Kirghese are somewhat formidable, and involve the payment of a kalim besides the giving of various presents. The affair is arranged as to its preliminaries by matchmakers, and the bridegroom after betrothal has sometimes to wait for a year or more until he can bring the remaining portion of the kalim. If during this period the betrothed girl should die, her parents are bound to give instead their next daughter, or in default to return the kalim and pay also a fine of one or two horses and rebes or furs. So also is it if the girl should refuse to marry, which she may do on account of the suitor's ill health, or his poverty, or (in some localities) her personal dislike. Yet another custom is that if the bridegroom die or refuse to marry the girl, his parents are bound to take her for their next son, paying a fine, usually a camel, in case of refusal. When the prescribed period of betrothal is at an end, the bridegroom, dressed and mounted as his best, goes with his friends to the aul or village of the bride, where the tent has been prepared for his reception. Throughout the ceremonies of betrothal the bride's brother has the right of pilfering from the bridegroom whatever he pleases; but now the bride's relations come and take as presents almost everything he has—his coat, hat, girdle, horse and saddle, saying each one that they are for the education of the bride—a seizure that is afterward repaid by the relations of the bridegroom on their visit to the aul of the relations of the bride. The bride's parents are bound to give up the bride when the kalim is paid, giving her in dowry a kibitka or tent, a camel or riding horse, and cattle, also a bride's head-dress, called *saoukele*, or, if poor, another called *jaoulouk*, besides a bed, crockery and a trunk of wearing apparel.

An Electric French Girl.

M. Arago, Dr. Cholet, and M. Victor Meunier are responsible for the following extraordinary account of an electric girl. The girl, a peasant of 13, called Angelique Cottin, was, Meunier tells us in his weekly scientific article, working in a factory, when a small tin kettle fell to her was violently upset without ostensible cause. Subsequently, in the presence of M. Meunier, she sat on a chair held by several people, when the chair was hurled from their hands. This was tried more than once with like results, the chair being in one case broken when its holders were strong enough not to let it go. When isolation from the ground was produced by glass, none of these effects occurred. The only discomfort which the girl ever feels is a pain in the hollow of the elbow. Before a commission of engineers none of these experiments succeeded but it is alleged in explanation that the electric properties of her system have through repeated discharges lost their force and finally become exhausted.

The Moors' Use of Water.

The Moors displayed an astonishing ingenuity and fertility of invention in their manipulations of fountains and baths and running streams. It is plain to see that water from the same source is made to subserve different purposes in different parts of its course, though there is never lack of water about the Alhambra, for the hotter and drier the weather the more rapidly is the snow melted on the mountains and the more copiously flow its streams. All the courts about the Alhambra are arranged that water may flow continually, open to the air, and thus give coolness to the atmosphere even in the heat of day. At the Alcazar (which is Arabian for palace) of Seville the water is made to gush in crossing jets all along the pavements of the gardens, and the apparatus of arrangement still remains in use.

The Camphor Tree.

Camphor laurel, a native of China, Japan, Formosa, and Cochin China, the tree from which most of the camphor of commerce is obtained, has recently been introduced into California. It grows to considerable height, and is valuable for timber, the wood being light and durable, not liable to injure from insects, and much in favor for carpenter and cabinet work. Every part of the tree, and especially the flowers, smells strongly of camphor. With respect to the growing of the camphor tree in California it is said that it is easily propagated from seeds or cuttings, and especially well along the coast. A tree at Sacramento has attained a height of thirty feet.

Why the Needle Points to the Pole.

Pressing on to the scientific subjects, Prof. Wiggins was asked his theory regarding the reason why the magnetic needle always points towards the North Pole. The Professor said he believed it was caused by a perpetual current of electricity running over the earth's surface from east to west, for it was well known that a needle swung freely within a wire coil through which an electric current is sent will invariably place itself across the current. This would be greater towards the equator, where the earth's diameter is greatest, for in both oblate and prolate spheroids electricity collects at the extremities of the greatest diameter.

Thought He was an American.

Stranger—"Ticket to Montreal, Canada, please?"

Ticket Agent (whispering)—"Here it is; lay low."

Stranger—"What?"

"Ticket Agent—"There is a detective right behind you."

Stranger—"What do I care for detectives? I came here from Montreal on business and am merely returning home."

Ticket Agent—"Beg pardon; thought you were an American."

Fifty Hereford and Short Horn bulls and 300 high grade bulls have been added to the herds of Douglas County, Colorado, this summer.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Odd Evangelists—A Parisian Scene—Irish Butter in Asia—English Dog Stealers, Etc., etc.

Two robbers have hoarded hundred dollars belonging to a industrious Nebraska widow, and then a third scoundrel, turning the neighbor's sympathy and his own clerical address to account, collected enough to reimburse the loser and then disappeared.

Having lost the whole of both legs in the war, and subsequently living in poverty for twenty years on his pension, a Nashville man hit upon the idea of making a side-show curiosity of himself by attaching deceptive wax feet to his stumps and figuring as a freak of nature. He is now prosperous.

Sullivan, a London cigarette manufacturer, says that more ladies smoke in London than the world wots of. The cigarette is becoming popular with those who are not in the least afraid to ask for what they want. There is no special brand for them, but they prefer the one with the most delicate flavor.

A Wisconsin man of habitual profanity has been speechless since, as he writes out the account, he uttered some particularly blasphemous words while angered by a refractory horse. He thinks that he was smitten down as a punishment, and will never be able again to speak. Others believe that he fell in a drunken sleep, and dreamed so vividly that his brain was turned by it, his incapacity being imaginary.

The oddest of evangelists are two men and a girl, all negroes. They speak the dialect of the Southern plantation too richly to have been long at the North, and their garments are about as flabby and grotesque as any ever worn on the stage by imitation Africans. The men carry and play on fiddles, while the girl taps and shakes a tambourine, and all sing camp-meeting airs. They range themselves at the edge of the sidewalk, and with voices and instruments quickly call together a crowd. Then their exhorter delivers a brief but very animated harrangue, and a second hymn is sung, with interpolated hallelujahs and amens. The services last no more than ten minutes, and are followed by a collection, the girl passing her tambourine for coins.

Within a few months past markings have been seen on the surface of the planet Venus which even so cautious an astronomer as Prof. Young has declared give promise that we may be able to learn something concerning the poles, the mountains, the continents, and the seas of that distant world. Mr. Trouvelent has discovered what he regards as probably the snow-clad summits of mountains thrust up through the cloudy atmosphere in the neighborhood of its poles. The mountains, if they exist, must be of an amazing height, and it is doubted whether Trouvelot has correctly interpreted what he saw. Yet that he did see some peculiar feature of the planet—that he did get a glimpse, though an obscure one into this far-away world—the astronomers do not question.

A girl presented her nose to a surgeon for improvement. It was very conspicuous, and undeniably destructive of the beauty which her face would otherwise have possessed. She said that she had read about his straightening out and reforming a nose that was flattened and saber-like, and she wanted him to take a section out of her Roman feature, thus transforming it into a Grecian one. She had a pretty clear notion, too, as to how the operation could be performed; and he had to admit that her plan was entirely feasible—that her masculine beak could be altered into a feminine bill, with only a scar across it to mark the point where some of the superfluous material had been removed. But he did not feel justified in carving human faces for such a purpose, and had to decline the job. She vowed, however, that she would find a surgeon to do it if it cost five thousand dollars.

Excitement was caused lately in the Quartier Louis le Grand, Paris, by a raid made by the Commissioner of Police after bookmakers. The officer was about to seize the wallet and papers on the table of one of them, when the proprietor of the cafe shouted, "Thieves, assassins!" A crowd quickly gathered, and there were cries of "Put the police out." A waiter cried out, "The police are the robbers," and was promptly arrested. The proprietor again interfered and protested, so he was carried off too, and is in the more trouble for having been stopped in the act of throwing a tumbler at the Commissioner's head. The cafe is closed.

When the English dog-stealer decides on a rural trip he takes a horse and cart, the latter covered in behind the seat so as to form a locker, and invites a friend of his own kidney to accompany him. Having marked down his quarry, he drives slowly past the house: turns back again, and repasses. His hope is that the dog will run out into the road and bark. If nobody happens to be watching the cart is driven slowly off, and the dog follows it till some secluded spot is reached, when the confederate gets out and secures him; or else, if he is known to be savage, a noose is dropped over his head from behind, and he is hauled into the cart. The secret of a dog following the strange cart, it is added, is that the tires of the wheels are plentifully anointed with aniseed oil, or a bag saturated with that extract is let down by a cord to trail on the ground.

Irish butter seems to be the best. At the International Exhibition held this year at Calcutta, it was awarded a medal and diploma. The samples exhibited had voyaged from Ireland to India, and had withstood several months' exposure to tropical heat. The next in merit was a sample of American oleomargarine, but it was thrown out by the judges on learning its nature.

In Mount Morris, Mich., a family, believing its members to be bewitched by an old woman in the neighborhood, nicked the ears of all its pigs and cows to drive out the devils.

M. Poincaire (*Comptes Rendus*) contends that the attraction of the moon modifies the intensity of gravitation. Hence at the equator the clock is retarded by half a second yearly by the combined attraction of the sun and moon, and advanced a second at the poles.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE PACIFIC.

The Inhuman Traffic Carried on in the South Sea Islands by Englishmen.

For some years past attention has been from time to time directed to the fact that there is carried on in the Western Pacific by British ships, under the protection of British men-of-war, what is in effect a slave trade accompanied by many of the horrors which have made the African infamous. Assertions to that effect have, indeed, been decried as sensational or denied as false. The report of Mr. Romilly, commissioner in the Western Pacific, and the accounts which have been received of several trials for murder and kidnapping held at Brisbane, have brought this question most prominently before the public. The following notes of his personal experience have been furnished by an old master mariner who has during the last three years, made a number of voyages between Queensland and the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides, and other groups in that quarter as master or mate of vessels engaged in the labor trade:

For the benefit of those who are wholly unacquainted with the traffic, let me explain the manner of it from the beginning. About two thousand pounds are required—and very often people club to raise it, and buy an old sailing vessel, generally a schooner, that is no longer fit to carry a heavy cargo. When a craft of that kind has been found she is fitted up for the trade. She then is surveyed by the Government surveyor, and on his favorable report the vessel is granted a license to carry so many "boys" as the native men are called, and so many Marys, as the women are called, she then ships a white crew, which she is by law compelled to do. She then, having taken on board a Government agent, makes her way into the seas lying west of New Guinea, stopping at one of the nearest islands where it is known that boats' crews can be obtained. Having got these helpers on board the vessel then goes on to cruise among the islands. In many islands it is customary to light a fire as the ship approaches as a signal that the islanders want to trade. Two boats then go to the shore, rowed by the natives I have described, and carrying a white man, who is known as a "recruiter," one of these boats has on board the "trade," as we call the goods by which purchases are effected, and this boat goes ashore; while the second boat, which is called the "cover" boat, keeps a short distance outside the surf, in order to cover the retreat of the trading boat if it becomes necessary. When the first boat approaches the shore the bargain is conducted in the following manner. There is generally a head-man on the beach, with several assistants belonging to him. They keep the "boys" and the Marys in the background while the head man makes the bargain. Only some boys is bought and sold at a time. The head man who gets into the "trade" boats, tells the recruiter how much he wants for the boy, and they in the usual way try to make the best bargain they can, and on their agreeing upon the price, the "trade" is taken from the trade chest and placed into the head-man's hands exactly at the same moment that the boy is passed into the boat. In order to make the thing legal, the man or woman is taken on board before the Government agent and captain, and the question asked, through an interpreter, whether they would like to go to Queensland and work for three years. The interpreter knows exactly what the buyers would like him to say and he says it, and it is duly entered on the ship's log or the Government agent's official book. The islanders are thus bought, often without knowing what has happened and are carried off.

The trade is a paying one to all concerned, and there are some rough crews engaged in it. As a rule, the natives deal fairly, but the European traders who go among them try to cheat them, and they try to retaliate. The word "gammon" is in great use among them. For example, if you say anything to them that they do not care to believe they will say, "You gammon," and when they wish to ask you if you mean what you say, they will say, "You no gammon". They seem at some of the islands to have a great terror of vessels from the Fiji Islands for the reason that there has been a great deal of kidnapping going on by vessels from those islands, and it is hard to make them believe at times that you are of a Queensland vessel and not a Fiji man.

When the vessel has a full cargo, which it often takes her some months to collect, she starts off on her way home, going round first to drop her natives boat's crew at the island from which they were taken, which often means a long round and great delay. As to the treatment of the cargo during the voyage it differs of course according to the character of the crews, but I have often seen things which it would be impossible to relate with regard to decency. Cruelty is less common, as it is in the interest of the crew to land the "boys" (who are generally fed on yams, a most nutritious fruit) in good condition, but I have seen some cases of horrible barbarity.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Ice and Caste in India.

India is no longer dependent upon America for her ice supply, as in many of the large cities ice factories have been established, bringing the luxury within the reach of persons of very modest incomes. Many of the natives have learned to esteem the use of ice a grateful addition to their comfort. In an advertisement of one of the great companies having factories at Allahabad, Lucknow and Agra we find this addressed to high-caste natives: "We invite inspection of any of our factories by native friends, so that they may see for themselves that the ice is manufactured with all due regard to caste, and that nothing is done to offend the most prejudiced." Recently a fire in Bombay destroyed a large ice factory, and had the head supply been suddenly cut off there would not have been a greater outcry than was raised at the prospect of an ice famine.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will! If you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In cape bottles 50 cents.

Bank of England notes will stand almost anything. They will hold together at the bottom of the sea and come out of a furnace intact, but they will not outlast the scrubbing, the bleaching, and the mangling of the laundry. That trial, to which they are sometimes subjected through the inadvertence of ladies who send them to the wash in their pockets, usually defaces them, though even after it their genuineness is recognizable.

A FATHER'S PREMONITION.

Verified by a Telegram and a Post Mortem.

A remarkable case of premonition of trouble and death is now agitating the people of Jersey City. Some time ago Miss Laura L. Bunnell, aged 23 years, daughter of Mr. William J. Bunnell, a well-known wealthy resident of Jersey City, spent a few weeks on a visit to an aunt of her's in New York. She attended a series of Methodist revival meetings and soon became a convert to that faith.

On her return home her mind seemed to dwell almost wholly on religious subjects and, from her conduct, it soon became apparent that her mind had become unsettled. She believed herself possessed of supernatural power and that she possessed the gift of restoring the sick by laying on of hands.

Finally she became imbued with the idea that her family friends were endeavoring to kill her with poison, and she would neither eat nor drink till her father had first partaken of the dish. She was sent to the hospital in the hope that relief could be afforded by physical treatment, but after a few days it was decided to remove her to the State Insane Asylum at Morris Plains, where she was accordingly taken. She was then very quiet and harmless, her parents getting frequent telephonic communication with the institution.

On last Friday week Mr. Bunnell went as usual to his place of business, but a sense of great oppression weighed upon his spirits. "I could not work," said Mr. Bunnell to a reporter; "if I attempted to look over my books I found that

SHOULD NOT CONCENTRATE MY THOUGHTS.

My ideas all seemed centred upon my daughter, and I felt that she was in trouble. I finally requested my son to telephone to the asylum and make inquiries concerning her. He did so, and the steward replied that he would call the physician and ascertain. Presently he came to the telephone again, and said that the doctor said that the girl was doing well. That while she could not be considered as being really any better, still she was no worse.

"But this assurance did not relieve me and I could not rid myself of the impression that something terrible was about to happen. I was so affected that I went home and lay down, but the idea continued to grow upon me and I cried like a child. My family became alarmed and sought to learn the cause of my singular conduct. But I could only say that Laura was in trouble.

"I suffered terribly; nor was it of any use to attempt to reason against my convictions, although I had positive assurance that my daughter was all right. At last a telegram was received stating that Laura had grown suddenly worse and had died during the night."

Subsequent developments have revealed the fact that during the time Mr. Bonnell was laboring under the conviction his daughter was in trouble, she was in a straight-jacket, strapped to a bedstead. He made inquiries into the case and finally received a letter from Dr. H. A. Buttolph, the manager of the asylum, in which he stated that the morbid excitement under which Miss Bunnell was laboring suddenly took on a form so acute as to render it "necessary to restrain her in a recumbent position."

Mr. Bunnell was not satisfied with the explanation, for the doctor added in a postscript to this letter: "It occurs to me to add that, with the strong suicidal tendency existing in your daughter's mind during the day and night before her death, she would probably have effected her purpose had she remained unrestrained, thus making it a duty to use this means of safety."

"My daughter never manifested any tendencies of this nature alluded to in the doctor's letter. It was wholly uncalled for to employ the means used, as they alleged to restrain her at the asylum, and I hold the asylum managers responsible for her death."

A post-mortem examination of the remains of Miss Bunnell revealed the evidence of very savage usage.

Life in Uruguay.

Uruguay has a delightful climate, temperate and pleasant. The mercury does not rise above eighty-five degrees. The climate is salubrious and the people are subject to no disease in particular. There are thirty-four Americans in Uruguay. The natives are remarkable for their refinement and intelligence. They have a number of good schools and colleges. The revenue of the country is $4,000,000. Their exports amount to $1,200,000, and their imports $900,000. Twenty steamers a day enter and depart from the port at Montevideo. The people are engaged largely in manufacturing and cattle herding. Half a million dollars' worth of cattle are killed each year for the hides. It is a strange thing, but the people there will not use mares in any way. The street railway company put them before the cars and the people refused to ride in the cars. Fine animals of this kind, which would sell here for $150, are sold there for $5 and killed for their hides. The natives are enterprising and progressive. Ten years ago they imported all their wheat; to-day they export 400,000 bushels of their own production. Uruguay is a beautiful, blooming country, and its scenery is a source of perpetual delights to a traveler within its bounds. I attended a wedding a few weeks ago; 240 guests were present and a finer appearing, better dressed assembly I have never seen in any country.

The Chinese a Subject Race.

The Chinese are a composite nation. The Chinese proper form the basis of population in the eighteen provinces. The Tartars are the ruling race. They have held the imperial power for more than two hundred years. Tartar Garrisons distributed throughout the empire keep the great cities in order and dominate the provincial armies, which are chiefly composed of Chinese. Besides these leading elements there are the Mohammedans, who are found principally in the southern and western provinces. They are descendants of the first Arab invaders who found their way to China about the tenth century. They have not preserved the faith of Mohammed in a high degree of perfection and in externals or dress and manners they resemble the Chinese about them. The Mohammedans are always oppressed and discontented. The Chinese, though they have so long obeyed a Tartar emperor, are dissatisfied, and, as shown by their recent revolts, would willingly transfer their allegiance to rulers of their own or even of another race if they could do so with safety.

"I must congratulate you on your apparent success," remarked a gentleman to a young man who had just opened a writing school in the village. "Thanks," replied the teacher, "I hope to flourish here."

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said Hiltzer. Unless I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Biliousness as I got in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and is in a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

A. P. 197.

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MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT AS Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For $600, or less, certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $3,000 certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance, $3.00. For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance. $3.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.60 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid, on present membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to $10,000, providing for a large number of members, which, when this association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

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Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

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Toronto,	Aug. 30	Vancouver,	Sept. 20
Oregon	Sept. 6		

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $80, $60 $65, $50. Return, $90, $85, $117, $105, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $30. Steerage at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal

THE MODEL Washer AND BLEACHER

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.

SOLD ON A NEW AND EVEN BETTER PLAN.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $5.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the Canada Presbyterian says about it.—The Model Washer and Bleacher, No. 2. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is simple and above saving machines, durable and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any station in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $5.50. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE.

213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST, THE STRONGEST, THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE,

HAMILTON, ONT

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,

New York, Meriden (Ct.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.).

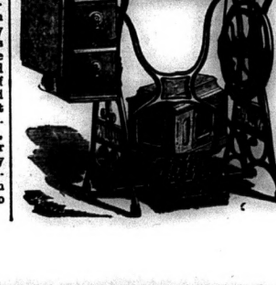
BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont.

TRADE MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY MARK

Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to ask special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRADE 1847 Rogers Bros. A1. MARK.

THE NEW WILLIAMS



High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

It is Light and Easy to run.

Silent and Rapid in movement.

Plain and Simple to Learn.

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1783 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 89 King St., West, Toronto.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 9, 1884.

——POLITICS as practiced in Canada is a great institution. All our public men are liars, some of them theives, a large majority burglars. The *Mail* has demonstrated a thousand times over that Mr. Blake is a dastard, a scoundrel, and the red-handed assassin of Mr. Mackenzie. The *Globe* has shown by the clearest evidence that Sir John Macdonald should have been hanged thirty years ago, and that Dr. Tupper is a foul-mouthed jobber. There is not a public man in Canada who is not a ruffian, if the able partizan newspapers are to be believed.

——QUITE a flutter of excitement has been caused in political circles this week by the news that Sir John Macdonald had suddenly started for England. The object of his visit is not yet made public but it is thought before coming back he will be raised to the peerage. He will be accompanied by Mr. Stephen, president of the Canada Pacific railway, the object of whose journey is to complete arrangements for the establishment of a fast line of steamships between the British Columbia terminus of the railway and the ports of Yokohama and Hong Kong, by which a saving of at least ten days would be effected in the shipment of goods to Liverpool and London over the Isthmus of Suez route.

——QUITE extensive arrangements are being made at Trenton to receive the visit from the Dominion Ministers on Tuesday next, 14th inst., on the occasion of their visit to the Murray Canal. Hon. Messrs. Pope, Bowell, Costigan, Carling, and Caron are expected to be present, and they will be "addressed" on behalf of the citizens of the Counties of Northumberland, Hastings and Prince Edward, after which they will become the guests of the Town of Trenton. The demonstration is not to be a party one, the leading Reformers joining heartily in giving the members of the Cabinet a fitting reception. No doubt some Madocers will endeavor to be present.

——THE bakers of Ridgetown, we notice in an exchange, have inaugurated the good work of trying to rid their village of "dead beats." They have adopted the motto "no money, no bread," and have cut off all who make a practice of not paying. Good. Very good. They will have the satisfaction, probably, of starving some of them into paying their honest debts. There are signs that the movement will spread to other tradespeople, and if so the dead beat must surely go. Dead beats and slow pay are ruining trade, and business men hereabouts are becoming resolved to stamp out the whole credit system. Let the business people of Madoc unite in declaring war against the dead beats of this neighborhood.

Sad Result of an Accident.

(Saturday's Intelligencer).

Mr. Arther W. Challen on Wednesday evening last was riding down Hotel street in company with the driver of one of Geo. Ritchie & Co's delivery carts. When about to cross the Grand Junction Railway track the horse became frightened at a train coming up the grade, and in spite of efforts to check him, rushed in front of the moving train. The engine struck the cart, which, with Mr. Challen it dragged about a hundred yards, in the course of which Mr. Challen's leg was broken and bruised in a terrible manner. Drs. Tracy and Eakins attended the injured man and on Thursday evening considered an amputation necessary. They accordingly telegraphed to Dr. Sullivan, of Kingston to come and assist in the work. He arrived yesterday morning and the operation was proceeded with and finished about noon, Mr. Challen being under the influence of chloroform. On his revival the patient began sinking and at 9:30 died. In addition to the wounded limb Mr. Challen is thought to have been injured internally. A coroner's jury was impannelled which adjourned till Wednesday. Mr. Challen leaves a wife and a large circle of friends to regret his sudden death. As a token of sympathy at the death of the deceased, the store of Messrs. Geo. Ritchie & Co. with which Mr. Challen has been connected for several years, is closed to day. Mr. Challen is about 32 year of age and will be interred at St. Thomas.

A DESPERATE FIGHT.

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN VILLAGERS AND BLOODTHIRSTY ITALIANS.

GUNS AND KNIVES USED FREELY.

TAMWORTH, Oct. 6.—This morning Messrs. Chisholm, McDonald & O'Brien's foreman here notified about forty Italians whom they had, with a large number of others employed upon the ballasting of the Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec railway, that they would not be required on this job any longer, and for them to prepare to move to Calabogie lake, on the Kingston and Pembroke railway, to work on another ballasting contract there. Some of the Italians were not contented to go until they got their pay for work done here, and soon stirred up a very strong feeling in the minds of all the men, who drove from their work a small gang yet continued at work in a gravel pit nere here. They then attacked John O'Brien, a brother of Mr. O'Brien of the above named firm of contractors, and their representative here, demanding their pay at once or

THEY WOULD MURDER HIM.

They followed him from the telegraph office to Wheeler's hotel then back to the telegraph office, and thence to Douglas hotel near which place some drew knives others revolvers, and threatening to take his life they rushed him in their midst away to the bridge crossing the river.

An alarm was given at once. The township Council was in session in the village, and the Reeve, Lenord Wager, with a number of the Council and those in attendance, rushed, with several of the villagers to the rescue of Mr. O'Brien. A lively encounter took place. The Italians fought desperately with knives, axes pistols and stones; the villagers with guns, pistols, old swords, and clubs. O'Brien was rescued, not much hurt, but badly shaken up. Four of the Italians were badly used up, two being hurt with clubs and two with gun shot wounds and several others slighty wounded.

THE WOUNDED VILLAGERS.

Of the villagers and township people, the following are hurt:—Jas. R. Fraser, left arm badly bruised by blows from clubs: John A. Fraser, both arms badly bruised by blows from clubs: W. N. Somers, Constable, two stabs in the left breast, obliquely, or his heart would have been pierced: Wm. Brown, Councillor, stabbed over the right shoulder blade; Ed. McLaughlin, Counillor knocked down by a stone. The Reeve got a blow from a stone, but was not hurt badly. John Sherman, J. P., who led the attempt at rescue, had a narrow escape from a blow on the head by an axe. His son John got knocked flat by a club in rescuing his father, but is not seriously hurt, James Smith did grand service in getting O'Brien out from a circle of howling Italians crying for his blood, but did not get hurt. His is considered a wonderful escape. There would doubtless have been several villagers seriously hurt but for prompt rescue, thus, a villager down, and an Italian over him with a drawn dirk just about to strike, is knocked floundering by a blow from a club in another villager's hand, and so neighbor saves neighbor. The wounded are all doing well.

FURTHER TROUBLE FEARED.

Mr. O'Brien has a lively sense of the sand in the people here, who so nobly rescued him from what he thinks would have been certain death. Part of Capt. Cox's company of the 47th Battalion of active militia has been called out to aid the civil authorities in keeping peace, as trouble is feared to-night. The Italians have been on good terms with the villagers all summer, but are now enraged because O'Brien was rescued, and threaten all sorts of evil. One was caught up street after dusk and unceremoniously relieved of his dirk knife and faced for home. There is no lockup here. Warrants are issued for arrest of some of the offenders.

The British Government has decided to appoint a commission to consider the question of increasing the navy.

The Windsor hotel, at Kingston, was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour yesterday morning. The hotel was filled with guests, who had a narrow escape, losing all their personal effects. The fire is supposed to have been caused by an explosion of gas.

Two farmers of Anderdon, Essex, have had a hunting experience which they will probably not care to repeat. Having lost themselves in the thick bush, they wandered about for five days unable to discover their whereabouts, reaching their home again on Saturday morning in a famishing condition.

FLUID LIGHTING.

There are but few that have never suffered almost intolerable pain from Toothache, Neuralgia or like acute pains. To them such an instant relief as Fluid Lighting is an untold blessing in the time of trouble. No disgusting offensive medicine to be taken for days. One application of Fluid Lighting Cures. Sold by C. G. Wilson, Druggist.

A wonderful mirage is reported as having been seen on Lake Michigan on the afternoon of the 28th inst., objects ninety miles distant appearing close at hand.

A farmer named Langevin, at St. Raymond, near Quebec, shot a black bear a day or two ago weighing 400 pounds, while bruin was in the act of breakfasting on a couple of Langevin's sheep.

Fearful distress and damage have been caused in the Argentine Republic by great inundations. Whole families have been drowned, and many people are dying of starvation.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST

and bring your

Lamb and Sheepskins, Hides, Furs,

&c., and get top prices, CASH, from your old friend,

T. SCOTT.

Thomas Scott, Agent, and Auctioneer.

N. B.—There is not a dealer in the Dominion can give you more—don't forget it.

BUY YOUR

Boots and Shoes

FROM

T. ROBERTS,

Weiss Block, Madoc

FOR SALE.

A NUMBER of Cows, also a number of Sheep. Apply to

JOHN BROWN,
Lot 12, 3rd Con., Madoc.

MONEY.

I HAVE a large amount of Money to Loan at the lowest rate of interest upon Mortgage.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Barrister.
Ashley Block,
Belleville, October, 1884. 387-4mos.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to call and settle their accounts before November 1st, 1884.

JANE WRIGHT.
Madoc, Oct. 2nd, 1884. 4t-387

Millinery,

Fancy Goods,

Dry Goods.

Miss ELLIOTT,

Has removed to Wilson's Block, and now shows a choice stock in the above department.

FALL OPENING,

Of the latest New York, London and Paris Styles, from

Thursday to Saturday,

October 9th to 11th.

Miss L. ELLIOTT.

Cash Business.

Having decided to give up the Credit system and do a Cash business in the future, I am closing up my books. All accounts owing me must be settled before the 15th of November, those remaining on my books after the above date will be placed in court for collection.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Hardware

WE HAVE

REMOVED

OUR ENTIRE

Hardware stock INTO OUR Dry Goods Store

One door south of old Hardware Store.

Parties in want of Hardware will save money by giving us a call, as we wish to clear the stock by spring.

N.B.—We are offering SCOTCH IRON at $2 per cwt. Horse Shoes $4.15 per Keg.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Selling Out!

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

MRS. J. WRIGHT,

Having sold out her business to Mr. J. B. Church, and being obliged to give up possession of her premises on the 1st of November next, now offers the balance of her stock to the public

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Call and see the Bargains offered.

JANE WRIGHT.

Our Fall Stock of new and fresh

GOODS

in all departments, now ready for the inspection of customers,

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

D. C. CLARKE,

MADOC BAKERY

THOS. REYNOLDS,

Having purchased the business lately carried on by W. Hudgins in the Victoria Block, Madoc, and having secured a first-class Baker from Belleville, is now prepared to supply the public with the best Bread, Cakes and Confectionery in the place.

Fresh baked Cakes & Buns every day.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

LUNCHES, ICE CREAM AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

Latest Local News.

To be Sold Down.

We hear it said that the Hematite mine will be closed down in the course of a few weeks. Scarcity of ore is the reason.

Another Purchaser.

The Stirling *News-Argus* says that Mr. Bouck, from Madoc township, has purchased the Ward farm, in the Sine settlement. We wish Mr. B. success in his new home.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the officers of the 49th Battalion, Hastings Rifles, will be held in Major Hambly's rooms, Belleville, on Monday evening next, at 7.30 P. M. The Madoc representatives, viz: Quartermaster Stewart, Captain Volume and Lieuts. Orr and Ketcheson will probably all attend.

Extraordinary Yield.

Mr. Silas Sine, of Lot 12; 5th Concession, Rawdon, planted last spring one pound of potatoes of the White Star variety. He dug the products of this one pound last week, and had the extraordinary yield of seventy-eight pounds. Twelve of them weighed 12 pounds, and one of the twelve weighed 1½ pounds. Can this be beat?

Band Concert.

The Marmora Brass Band announce a grand Concert in the Town Hall, in that village, on Wednesday evening next, 15th inst. Some Madoc talent will contribute to the program, assisted by local and other from Stirling and Norwood. We hope the people of Marmora will exhibit a due appreciation of their local band by turning out a crowded house on the occasion. Tickets 25 and 15 cents.

Wollaston Show.

About fifty persons "excurted" from this village, per C. O. Railway, yesterday, to visit the Wollaston show, and the mines at Coe Hill. Unfortunately it rained during the whole day, which greatly marred what would otherwise have been a very enjoyable trip. The officers of the Agricultural Society may be congratulated on having the finest display of any show yet held in the northern municipalities. The prize list will be published later. Hon. Messrs. Bowell and Wood were present.

Prospering.

The many friends of Mr. Chas S. Mitchell, late of this village, will be pleased to learn that he is prospering in the Western States, having lately removed with his family from Michegan to Madelia, Minnesota, where he is extensively engaged in the flouring business under the firm name of C. S. Mitchell & Co. He says, in a letter to the Review, (which he still continues to have sent to him,) that he was never doing better in his life. His brother "Odds," of this village will especially be pleased to hear of his prosperity.

St. Nicholas for October.

The last number of the present volume maintains the high standard of excellence that has marked it during the year—the best pledge of continued improvement in the future The number opens with a paper, historical, critical, and practical, on "Slang," by Lucia Gilbert Runkle, entertaining and valuable to parents and children alike. "Lost on the Plains" is the title of a bright story by Joaquin Miller, and "The Romance of a Menagerie" is an account by J. R. Coryell of the remarkable friendship existing between little Donald Melville and "Queen," mother of the baby elephant "Bridgeport." An amusing Irish story by Fred. D. Story, entitled "Lanty O'Hoolahan," is capitally illustrated by C. G. Bush. "Corny's Catamount" is the last of Louisa M. Alcott's popular "Spinning-wheel Stories," and "Louis of Bourbon, the Boy King" finishes E. S. Brooks's "Historic Boys" series. Maurice Thompson brings "Marvin and his Boy Hunters" safely home through all their adventures, and E Vinton Blake's sparkling story. "The Dalzells of Daisydown, comes to a close in its second instalment.

Alfred Brennan and Frank Bellew illustrate their own contributions, and there are contributions, literary and artistic, by Mary Hallock Foote, Margaret Vandegrift, Geo. F. Barnes, Amanda B. Harris, Culmer Barnes, and many others.

Oddfellows' Hall.

The fire which destroyed Wilson's and Moon's blocks in this village in February last, also destroyed every dollar's worth of property belonging to Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F. Although the loss was heavy, and many articles, papers and books gone which it would be impossible to replace, the members were by no means disheartened, but at once procured temporary premises where they could assemble, and the result was that they did not miss a single regular meeting. When Mr. Wilson commenced re-building his block, they took the first opportunity of securing their old location, the upper flat of that building, into which they moved a few weeks ago. Last week the last of their new furnishings arrived, and they have now as handsome and well furnished a lodge room as can be found outside the big cities, belonging to any society —and much superior to their old Hall. The floor is covered with a handsome dark Brussels carpet, and the furniture consists of over sixty feet of ash and walnut settees, cushioned, and covered with crimson rep, a handsome easy chair for the N. G., covered with crimson rep and ornamented with velvet plush, a similar chair covered with blue rep for the V.G., and two smaller chairs of the same pattern for the P.G. and Chaplain. All these chairs are on raised platforms at the four sides of the room. There are two large desks for the secretaries and treasurer, a dozen leather covered chairs for other officers, small tables, pedestals, etc. Around the N. G's, and V. G's., chairs, respectively, is hung crimson and blue curtains, while the windows are hung with lace curtains and lambrequins, giving to the room a cheerful and cozy appearance. A large eight-light chandelier and two library hanging lamps lights the main hall. The whole of these furnishings cost upwards of $700. and in addition there is a handsome set of officers regalia which cost $115, and the members regalia besides. Those of our citizens who desire it can visit the Hall any Monday evening before the lodge is opened. It is certainly a credit to the society in Madoc, and the members will have no reason to be ashamed when visiting brothers are announced,

Local Chit-Chat.

—Very little grain is coming in so far.

—The northern woods are now swarming with deer hunters.

—Mr. Jno. McCulloch, dentist, removes from the village this week.

Hungerford show will be held at Tweed on Wednesday next, 15th inst.

—Messrs. Bowell and Wood returned back last night from their trip north.

—The last of the season—thunder and lightning—visited us last Saturday.

The Wollaston show yesterday is the last to be held in this Riding this year.

—Do not fail to attend the lecture by Dr. Bryce in the Town Hall this evening.

—A steam shovel is at work on the C.O.R., in the gravel pit north of Millbridge.

—License Inspector Mounsey is on a visit through the northern municipalties this week

—This neighborhood and Moira Lake will soon get a reputation for drowning accidents.

—Township and village Collectors will be on the war path next week. Get your taxes ready.

—Miss Elliott's opening of Millinery, etc., will be held on Thursday, (to-day) Friday and Saturday.

—The North Hastings Teachers' Association is in session in this village to-day, and will continue to-morrow.

—Mrs. Wright this week received a few hundred pounds more of those fine grapes. They are sweeter then ever.

—Mr. Henry Elliott, an old resident of Madoc township, was in this neighborhood this week visiting old friends.

—The semi-weekly addition of the Trenton *Advocate* comes to hand now. It is in every way creditable to both publisher and town.

—"Coffin" Macdonald, of unsavory reputation around Belleville, was in the lockup in this village yesterday on a charge of horse stealing.

—It is rumored that soon we will only have one train between this village and Belleville, and that one may possibly run on to Bridgewater.

—It is rumored that a new post office will soon be opened at the crossing of the C. O. Railway over the Hastings road, north of Thanet, known as Rathbun's.

—During the coming week the targets sent by the Government for the use of No. 4 Company, will be placed in position on a range near this village, and the members will have an opportunity to practice rifle shooting.

Marlin Repeating Rifles, Kennedy Repeating Rifles, and Ballard Rifles and Carbines at J. Dale & Son's.

Irondale, Bancroft, and Ottawa R. R.

A telegram from Toronto to the Ottawa *Sun* says:—Arrangements are being made here to push to completion without delay the railway known as the Irondale, Bancroft and Ottawa Railway, which will run to Ottawa from a point at the terminis of the old Nipising Railway through the following counties: Victoria, Haliburton, Peterborough, Hastings, Addington, Frontenac and Renfrew. This road was entered in 1880 under the name of the Nipising Railway extension. The enterprise is projected by Toronto and New York capitalists.

Our stock of Carpets and Floor Oil Cloths is now complete. John Dale & Son.

Bread is now selling at Stirling at 10c. per 4-lb. loaf. The result of cheap wheat.

We have a few Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves for sale, at cost. John Dale & Son.

James Jeff's son, West Rawdon, in company with his cousin, Mr. Thompson, of Queensboro has gone to Toronto to attend lectures at Trinity medical college.

Active measures are being taken in Marmora by resident Masons to plan and lay the foundation of a Masonic hall. It will not be erected until next summer, and will cost $3,000 or $4,000.

The News Argus says;—Mr. Robt. Juby showed last Saturday a cluster of black raspberries just picked from a bush on his place. He says he has eaten ripe berries from the same bush every week since July 20th.

The Methodists of Marmora have nearly completed their new shed on the church grounds, and have also added much to the comfort and safety of church-goers by placing a lamp in front of the porch.

KINGSTON, Sept 29.—On Saturday evening a woman got into a Grand Trunk car bound east. She held her baby up to the window near Wales, when suddenly it dropped from her hands and disappeared. The woman frantically jumped out of the car after it, the train's speed being about forty miles an hour. It was stopped as soon as possible, and a freight train notified to pick up the mangled remains of the woman and child, as it was not expected they would be alive. Both were found, however, alive and but little the worse of the episode through which they had passed.

KINGSTON, Ont., Oct. 3.—During last night two young men named Daverin and Delaney, of Trenton, were proceeding to the station when they were attacked by highwaymen, assaulted and robbed. Delaney had his pockets torn from him, besides being kicked in the face and body. Davern escaped cleverly. Later in the evening, J. E. Brown, a merchant of Delta, was met and garroted. He was thrown over on his face, and after severe struggle was robbed of $135, a gold chain silver watch and other articles. The detectives were informed and after midnight arrested Alexander Nicholson. His garments were covered with dust, which was considered as evidence that he had been in a row. The persons robbed identified Nicholson. He is held for examination.

We are showing extra value in Dress Goods our 25c. line would be good value at 40c. John Dale & Son.

Another Sad Case of Drowning.

Little more than a month has elapsed since it was our melancholy duty to record the drowning of Miss Wood. To-day we have to announce the drowning, in the same lake, of Mr. Colin S. Clark, Teacher in S. S. No. 15, Huntingdon. This sad event took place on Saturday last, between noon and one o'clock. In company with one of his pupils, Alfred Scrimshaw, Mr. Clark had spent the forenoon in boating and shooting, on the upper lake. About noon, the unfortunate young man having landed with his companion on the southern shore, expressed his determination to have a bath. Divesting himself of his clothes, he, contrary to the advice of Scrimshaw, and being unable to swim, pushed out in the boat (a very unsafe affair, it seems) from the shore, intending, when he had reached a spot where the water would "reach to his neck," to jump into the lake and wash. While his comrade was loading gun, on the shore, poor Clark got into the water (whether he jumped in, or whether the boat upset, is not known) and, the water being much deeper than he expected, he was soon drowned. Quite as unable to swim as his teacher, and having no boat on the shore, Scrimshaw could render no assistance. He, however, hurried to the nearest house (Mr. Blakely's) and thence to the village for aid. Fruitless, though energetic, efforts were made until dark to recover the body. On Sunday morning, these exertions were renewed by a large number, including two brothers of the deceased who had arrived during the night, but not until the forenoon had nearly ended were they successful. The remains were taken to the residence of Mr. Mackintosh, Inspector of Public Schools, whence they were removed in the evening, after a short funeral service had been conducted by the Rev. Mr. Wishart, to Ivanhoe Station, Ontario and Quebec R. R., for conveyance to his mother's residence in Toronto.

Mr. Clark had been teaching in this county but for a few weeks and, of course, was, outside of his own School Section, but little known. By his pupils, and their parents, and by all with whom he was acquainted, he was much respected By those who knew him intimately he will long be held in affectionate remembrance. To his widowed mother, who but eighteen months ago was deprived of her husband by a railway accident, and to his bereaved brothers and sisters, the loss is irreparable. No words of ours can make it less. The knowledge that their deceased relative was esteemed by all who knew him and that, in their sad bereavement, they have the heart-felt sympathy of the whole village and neighborhood will, we trust, alleviate in some slight measure, their sorrow.

Kindness on such a melancholy occasion asks for no word of praise, and yet we cannot but notice the active kindness and sympathy exhibited by so many of the people of the village and its neighborhood. Such sad events remind us all of our common humanity and dependence upon each other.

Mr. Clark was but 19 years and 4 months old.

Married.

VANDERVOORT.—WRIGHT.—At the Madoc North Parsonage, Eldorado, on Monday Evening last, October 6th, 1884, by the Rev. R. L. Ockley, Mr. Frederick Vandervoort, of Limerick, to Dora Ann, youngest daughter of Peter Wright, Esq., of Limerick, late of Madoc.

A Popular Weekly.

The *Detroit Commercial Advertiser* is the most popular weekly that reaches our sanctum and we find it necessary to lay it by in some safe place, lest the "exchange fiend" always on the lookout for our best exchanges should depart with it before we have an opportunity to read it ourselves. It is a handsome 8 page paper 7 columns to the page, exceedingly well printed from new type; and as adapted to the general demand for a first-class family paper. is unrivaled. We unhesitatingly commend the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser* to all who desire a good general weekly in connection with their own local paperr and advise our readers to send a postal card request for a sample copy which will be cheerfully forwarded by the publisher, Wm. H. Burk, Detroit, Michigan.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

MERIT PROVEN.

Dollar upon dollar is frequently spent on the faith of recommendations for articles entirely worthless. Not so with McGregor's Speedy Cure you are not asked to purchase it until its merits are proven. Call at Wilson's drug store and get a free trial bottle, and if not convinced it will cure you of the worst forms of Dyspepsia Liver Complaint, etc., no matter how long standing, it costs you nothing. Sold in 50c. and $1.00 bottles. See testimonials from persons in your own town.

WHAT TO DO.

If troubled with an unhealthy, slow-healing sore use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. You will find it invaluable for healing, cleansing and completely removing your trouble. If the Blood is out of order take with it a few doses of McGregor's Speedy Cure, from Wilson's Drug Store.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Bilious complaints and irregularities of the system, produced by redundancy of vitiated bile, can always be corrected by a few doses of these inestimable Pills, which are everywhere admired for their rare combination of mildness and power; for though they conquer with ease and rapidity the most obstinate disease, they never weaken the stomach or necessitate any interuption of ordinary duties or amusement. On the contrary, they increase the appetite, strengthen the organs of digestion, give increased energy and life to all the animal functions, and fit both hand and brain for fresh exertions. The sick and enfeebled may by a single trial speedily discover what a happy revolution these Pills have the power to effect in the human system.

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Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

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AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.
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WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

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CAN hear of a situation by applying at the REVIEW OFFICE, Madoc.

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THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.
H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

NOTICE.

To the Electors of the Village of Madoc:

GENTLEMEN.—The undersigned intends offering his services as Reeve for the village of Madoc, for 1885.
STEPHEN REED.
Madoc, Sept. 24, 1885.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.
GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE east half of lot No. 6, 9th Concession, township of Madoc, containing one hundred acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn and log house, and the property is well watered, a never-failing spring on the place. It is situated within three miles of the village of Madoc, and half a mile from a school. Title perfect. Apply to
WM. McMECHAN.
Ross's Corners, Belleville P. O.
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September 22nd, 1884. (386-4w)

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I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

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NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILL

A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER IV.

As Mrs. Tucker, erect, white and rigid, drove away from the *hacienda*, it seemed to her to sink again into the monotonous plain, with all its horrible realities. Except that there was now a new and heart-breaking significance to the solitude and loneliness of the landscape, all that had passed might have been a dream. But as the blood came back to her cheek, and little by little her tingling consciousness returned, it seemed as if her life had been the dream, and this last scene the awakening reality. With eyes smarting with the moisture of shame, the scarlet blood at times dyeing her very neck, and temples, she muffled her lowered crest in her shawl and bent over the reins. Bit by bit she recalled, in Poindexter's mysterious caution and strange allusions, the corroboration of her husband's shame and her own disgrace. This was why she was brought hither—the deserted wife, the abandoned confederate! The mocking glitter of the concave vault above her scoured by the incessant wind, the cold stare of the shining pools beyond, the hard outlines of the coast range and the jarring accompaniment of her horse's hoofs and rattling buggy wheels alternately goaded and distracted her. She found herself repeating 'No! no! no!' with the dogged reiteration of fever. She scarcely knew when or how she reached the *hacienda*. She was only conscious that she entered the *patio*. The dusty solitude that had before filled her with unrest now came to her like balm. A benumbing peace seemed to fall from the crumbling walls—the peace of utter seclusion, isolation, oblivion, death! Nevertheless, an hour later, when the jingle of spurs and bridle were again heard in the road, she started to her feet with bent brows and a kindling eye, and confronted Capt. Poindexter in the corridor.

"I would not have intruded upon you so soon again," he said gravely, "but I thought I might perhaps spare you a repetition of the scene of this morning. Hear me out, please," he added, with a gentle, half deprecating gesture, as she lifted the beautiful scorn of her eyes to his. "I have just heard that your neighbor, Don Jose Santierra of Los Gatos, is on his way to this house. He once claimed this land and hated your husband, who bought of the rival claimant, whose grant was confirmed. I tell you this," he added, slightly flushing as Mrs. Tucker turned impatiently away, "only to show you that legally he has no rights, and you need not see him unless you choose. I could not stop his coming without perhaps doing you more harm than good; but when he does come, my presence under this roof as your legal counsel will enable you to refer him to me." He stopped. She was pacing the corridor with short, impatient steps, her arms dropped and her hands clasped rigidly before her. "Have I your permission to stay?"

She suddenly stopped in her walk, approached him rapidly, and, fixing her eyes on his, said:

"Do I know all now—everything?"

He could only reply that she had not yet told him what she had heard.

"Well," she said, scornfully," that my husband has been cruelly imposed upon—imposed upon by some wretched woman, who has made him sacrifice his property, his friends, his honor—everything but me."

"Everything but whom?" gasped Poindexter.

"But me!"

Poindexter gazed at the sky, the air, the deserted corridor, the stones of the *patio*, itself, and then at the inexplicable woman, before him. Then he said gravely, "I think you know everything."

"Then if my husband has left me all he could—this property," she went on rapidly twisting her handkerchief between her fingers, "I can do with it what I like, can't I?"

"You certainly can."

"Then sell it," she said with passionate vehemence. "Sell it—all! everything! And sell these." She darted into her bedroom, and returned with the diamond rings she had torn from her fingers and ears when she entered the house. "Sell them for anything they'll bring—only sell them at once."

"But for what?" asked Poindexter, with demure lips but twinkling eyes.

"To pay the debts that this—this—woman has led him into; to return the money she has stolen!" she went on rapidly, "to keep him from sharing her infamy! Can't you understand?"

"But, my dear madam," began Poindexter, "even if this could be done——"

"Don't tell me 'if it could'—it *must* be done. Do you think I could sleep under this roof, propped up by the timbers of that ruined *tienda*? Do you think I could wear those diamonds again, while that termagant shop woman can say that her money bought them? No! If you are my husband's friend, you will do this—for—for—his sake." She stopped, looked and interlocked her cold fingers before her, and said hesitatingly and mechanically, "You meant well, Captain Poindexter, in bringing me here, I know! You must not think that I blame you for it—or for the miserable result of it that you have just witnessed. But if I have gained anything by it, for God's sake let me reap it quickly, that I may give it to these people and go! I have a friend who can aid me to get to my husband or to my home in Kentucky, where Spencer will yet find me, I know. I want nothing more." She stopped again. With another woman the pause would have been one of tears. But she kept her head above the flood that filled her heart and the clear eyes fixed upon Poindexter, albeit pained, were undimmed.

"But this would require time," said Poindexter, with a smile of compassionate explanation; "you could not sell now, nobody would buy. Your are safe to hold this property while in actual possession, but you are not strong enough to guarantee it to another. There may still be litigation; your husband has other creditors than these people you have talked with. But while nobody could oust you—the wife who would have the sympathies of judge and jury—it might be a different case with anyone who derived title from you. Any purchaser would know that you could not sell, or, if you did, it would be at a ridiculous sacrifice."

She listened to him abstractedly, walked to the end of the corridor, returned, and without looking up, said:

"I suppose you know her?"

"I beg your pardon!"

"This woman. You have seen her?"

"Never to my knowledge."

"And you are his friend! That's strange." She raised her eyes to his. "Well," she continued impatiently, "who is she? and what is she? You know that surely!"

"I know no more of her than what I have said," said Poindexter. "She is a notorious woman."

The swift color came to Mrs. Tucker's face as if the epithet had been applied to herself. "I suppose," she said, in a dry voice, as if she were asking a business question, but with an eye that showed her rising anger—" I suppose there is some law by which creatures of this kind can be followed and brought to justice—some law that would keep innocent people from suffering for their crimes!"

"I am afraid," said Poindexter, "that arresting her would hardly help these people over in the *tienda*."

"I am not speaking of them," responded Mrs. Tucker, with a sudden sublime contempt for the people whose cause she had espoused; "I am talking of my husband."

Poindexter bit his lip. "You'd hardly think of bringing back the strongest witness against him," he said bluntly.

Mrs. Tucker dropped her eyes and was silent. A sudden shame suffused Poindexter's cheek; he felt as if he had struck that woman a blow. "I beg your pardon," he said hastily, "I am talking like a lawyer to a lawyer." He would have taken any other woman by the hand in the honest fulness of his apology, but something restrained him here. He only looked down gently on her lowered lashes, and repeated his question, if he should remain during the coming interview with Don Jose. "I must beg you to determine quickly," he added, "I already hear him entering the gate."

"Stay," said Mrs. Tucker, as the ringing of spurs and clatter of hoofs came from the corral. "One moment." She looked up suddenly and said, "How long had he known her?" But before he could reply there was a step in the doorway, and the figure of Don Jose Santierra emerged from the archway.

He was a man slightly past middle age, fair and well shaven, wearing a black broadcloth serape, the deeply embroidered opening of which formed a collar of silver rays around his neck, while a row of silver buttons, down the side seams of his riding trousers, and silver spurs completed his singular equipment. Mrs. Tucker's swift feminine glance took in these details as well as the deep salutation, more formal than the exuberant frontier politeness she was accustomed to, with which he greeted her. It was enough to arrest her first impulse to retreat. She hesitated and stopped as Poindexter stepped forward, partly interposing between them, acknowledging Don Jose's distant recognition of himself with an ironical accession of his usual humorous tolerance. The Spaniard did not seem to notice it, but remained gravely silent before Mrs. Tucker, gazing at her with an expression of intent and unconscious absorption.

"You are quite right, Don Jose," said Poindexter, with ironical concern, "it *is* Mrs. Tucker. Your eyes do *not* deceive you. She will be glad to do the honors of her house," he continued with a simulation of appealing to her, "unless you visit her on business, when I need not say *I* shall only too happy to attend you, as before."

Don Jose with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, allowed himself to become conscious of the lawyer's meaning. "It is not of business that I come to kiss the Senora's hand to-day," he replied, with a melancholy softness; "it is as a neighbor, to put myself at her disposition. Ah! what have we here for a lady?" he continued, raising his eyes in depreciation of the surroundings: "a house of nothing, a place of winds and dry bones, without refreshments, or satisfaction or delicacy. The Senora will not refuse to make us proud this day to send her of that which we have in our poor home at Los Gatos, to make her more complete. Of what shall it be? Let her make choice. Or if she would commemorate this day by accepting of our hospitality at Los Gatos, until she shall arrange herself the more to receive us here we shall have too much honor.,'

"The Senora would only find it the more difficult to return to this humble roof again after once leaving it for Don Jose's hospitality," said Poindexter with a demure glance at Mrs. Tucker. But the innuendo seemed to lapse equally unheeded by his fair client and the stranger. Raising her eyes with a certain timid dignity which Don Jose's presence seemed to have called out, she addressed herself to him

"You are very kind and considerate, Senor Santierra, and I thank you. I know that my husband"—she let the clear beauty of her translucent eyes rest full on both men—"would thank you too. But I shall not be here long enough to accept your kindness in this house or in your own. I have but one desire and object now. It is to dispose of this property—and indeed all I possess—to pay the debt of my husband. It is in your power perhaps, to help me. I am told that you wish to possess Los Cuervos," she went on, equally oblivious of the consciousness that appeared in Don Jose's face, and a humorous perplexity on the brow of Poindexter, "If you can arrange it with Mr. Poindexter, you will find me a liberal vender. That much you can do, and I know you will believe I shall be grateful. You can do no more, unless it be to say to your friends that Miss Belle Tucker remains here only for that purpose, and to carry out what she knows to be the wishes of her husband." She paused, bent her pretty crest, dropped a quaint curtsey to the superior age, the silver broid, and the gentlemanly bearing of Don Jose, and with the passing sunshine of a smile disappeared from the corridor.

The two men remained silent for a moment, Don Jose gazing abstractedly at the door through which she had vanished, until Poindexter, with a return of his tolerant smile, said, "You have heard the views of Miss Tucker. You know the situation as well as she does."

"Ah, yes—possibly better."

Poindexter darted a quick glance at the grave, tallow face of Don Jose, but detecting no unusual significance in his manner, continued, "As you see, she leaves this matter in my hands. Let us talk like business men. Have you any idea of purchasing this property?"

"Of purchasing—ah no."

Poindexter bent his brows, but quickly relaxed them with a smile of humorous forgiveness. "If you have any other idea, Don Jose, I ought to warn you, as Mrs. Tucker's lawyer, that she is in legal possession here, and that nothing but her own act can change that position."

"Ah—so."

Irritated at the shrug which accompanied this, Poindexter continued haughtily, "If I am to understand, you have nothing to say."

"To say—ah yes, possibly. But,"—he glanced toward the door of Mrs. Tucker's room—"not here." He stopped, appeared to recall himself, and with an apologetic smile, and a studied but graceful gesture of invitation, he motioned to the gateway, and said, "Will you ride?"

"What can the fellow be up to?" muttered Poindexter, as with an assenting nod he proceeded to remount his horse. "If he wasn't an old *hidalgo* I'd mistrust him. No matter Here goes!"

The Don also remounted his half-broken mustang; they proceeded in solemn silence through the corral, and side by side emerged on the open plain. Poindexter glanced around; no other being was in sight. It was not until the lonely *hacienda* had also sunk behind them that Don Jose broke the silence.

"You say just now we shall speak as business men. I say no, Don Marco; I will not. I shall speak—we shall speak—as gentlemen."

"Go on," said Poindexter, who was beginning to be amused.

"I say just now I will not purchase the *rancho* from the Senora. And why? Look you, Don Marco;" he reined in his horse, thrust his hand under his *serape*, and drew out a folded document: "This is why."

With a smile, Poindexter took the paper from his hand and opened it. But the smile faded from his lips as he read. With blazing eyes he spurred his horse beside the Spaniard almost unseating him, and said sternly, "What does this mean?"

"What does it mean?" repeated Don Jose, with equally flashing eyes, "I'll tell you. It means that your client, this man, Spencer Tucker, is a Judas—a traitor! It means that he gave Los Cuervos to his mistress a year ago, and she sold it to me—to me you hear—*me*, Jose Santerra, the day before she left! It means that the *coyote* of a Spencer, the thief who bought these lands of a thief, and gave them to a thief, has tricked you all! Look," he said, rising in his saddle, holding the paper like a *baton*, and defining with a sweep of his arm the whole level plain, "all these lands were once mine—they are mine again to-day. Do I want to purchase Los Cuervos? you ask, for you will speak of the business. Well, listen. I have purchased Los Cuervos, and here is the deed."

"But it has never been recorded," said Poindexter, with a carelessness he was far from feeling.

"Of a verity, no. Do you wish that I should record it?" asked Don Jose, with a return of his simple gravity.

Poindexter bit his lip. "You said we were to talk like gentleman," he returned. "Do you think you have come into possession of this alleged deed like a gentleman?"

Don Jose shrugged his shoulders. "If found it tossed in the lap of a harlot. I bought it for a song. Eh—what would you?"

"Would you sell it again for a song?" asked Poindexter.

"Ah! what is this?" said Don Jose, lifting his iron gray brows: "but a moment ago we would sell everything for any money. Now we would buy. Is it so?"

"One moment, Don Jose," said Poindexter with a baleful light in his dark eyes. "Do I understand that you are the ally of Spencer Tucker and his mistress—that you intend to turn this doubly betrayed wife from the only roof she has to cover her?"

"Ah, I comprehend not. You heard her say she wished to go. Perhaps it may please me to distribute largess to these cattle yonder; I do not say no. More she does not ask. But you, Don Marco, of *whom* are you advocate? You abandon your client's mistress for the wife—is it so?"

"What I may do you will learn hereafter," said Poindexter, who had regained his composure, suddenly reining up his horse. "As our paths seem likely to diverge, they had better begin now. Good morning."

"Patience, my friend, patience! Ah, blessed St. Anthony, what these Americans are! Listen. For what you shall do, I do not inquire. The question is to me, what I"—he emphasized the pronoun by tapping himself on the breast— "I, Jose Santierra, will do. Well, I shall tell you. To-day—nothing. To morrow—nothing. For a week, for a month—nothing! After, we shall see."

Poindexter paused thoughtfully. "Will you give your word, Don Jose, that you will not press the claim for a month?"

"Truly, on one condition. Observe! I do not ask you for an equal promise—that you will not take this time to defend yourself." He shrugged his shoulders. "Not it is only this. You shall promise that during that time the Senora Tucker shall remain ignorant of this document."

Poindexter hesitated a moment. "I promise," he said at last.

"Good. Adois. Don Marco."

"Adois, Don Jose."

The Spaniard put spurs to his mustang and galloped off in the direction of Los Gatos. The lawyer remained for a moment gazing on his retreating but victorious figure. For the first time the old look of humorous toleration with which Mr. Poindexter was in the habit of regarding all human infirmity gave way to something like bitterness. "I might have guessed it," he said, with a slight rise of color. "He's an old fool; and she—well, perhaps it's all the better for her!" He glanced tenderly in the direction of Los Cuervos, and then turned his head toward the *embarvadero*.

As the afternoon wore on, a creaking, antiquated oxcart arrived at Los Cuervos, bearing several articles of furniture, and some tasteful ornaments from Los Gatos, at the same time that a young Mexican girl mysteriously appeared in the kitchen, as a temporary assistant of the decrepit Concha. These were, both clearly attributable to Don Jose, whose visit was not so remote, but that these delicate attentions might have been already projected before Mrs. Tucker had declined them, and she could not without marked discourtesy, reject them now.

She did not wish to seem discourteous; she would like to have been more civil to the old gentleman, who still retained the evidences of a picturesque and decorous past, and a repose so different from the life that was perplexing her. Reflecting that if he bought the estate these things would be ready for his hand and with a woman's instinct recognizing their value in setting off the house to other purchasers' eyes, she took a pleasure in tastefully arranging them, and even found herself speculating how she might have enjoyed them herself had she been able to keep possession of the property. After all, it would not have been so lonely if refined and gentle neighbors, like this old man, would have sympathised with her; she had an instinctive feeling that, in their own hopeless decay and hereditary unfitness for this new civilization they would have been more tolerant of her husband's failure than his own kind. She could not believe that Don Jose really hated her husband for buying off the successful claimant, as there was no other legal title. Allowing herself to become interested in the guileless gossip of the new handmaiden—proud of her broken English—she was drawn into a sympathy with the grave simplicity of Don Jose's characters—a relic of that true nobility which passed the descendant of the Castilians and this daughter of a free people on the same level.

In this way the second day of her occupancy of Los Cuervos closed, with dumb clouds along the gray horizon, and the paroxysms of hysterical wind growing fainter and fainter outside the walls; with the moon rising after nightfall, and losing itself in silent and mysterious confidences with drifting scud. She went to bed early, but awoke past midnight, hearing, as she thought, her own name called. The impression was so strong upon her that she rose, and, hastily enwrapping herself, went to the dark embrasures of the oven-shaped windows and looked out. The dwarfed oak beside the window was still drooping from a passed shower, but the level waste of marsh and meadow beyond seemed to advance and recede with the coming and going of the moon. Again she heard her name called, and this time in accents so strangely familiar that with a slight cry she ran into the corridor, crossed the *patio*, and reached the open gate. The darkness that had, even in this brief interval, again fallen upon the prospect she tried in vain to pierce with eye and voice. A blank silence followed. Then the veil was suddenly withdrawn, the vast plain, stretching from the mountain to the sea, shone as clearly as in the light of day; the moving current of the channel glittered like black pearls, the stagnant pools like molten lead; but not a sign of life nor motion broke the monotony of the broad expanse. She must have surely dreamed it. A chill wind drove her back to the house again; she entered her bedroom, and in half an hour she was in a peaceful sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Who Struck Billy Patterson?

I did!

I am an old man now, and the sands of life are nearly run, and I cannot be far distant from that traveller whence no bourne returns, and I have decided to make a clean breast of the whole matter, especially as nothing further is to be gained by lying. Do you happen to have a quid pro quo about you? Thanks.

Yes, *I* struck Billy Patterson!

You see we were boys together, him and me. We went to the same district school in the back woods of Troy, N. Y., and we both loved the same girl; her name was Helen, too; no, it was Helen Jones, come to think of it. We swapped chewing-gum and pocket-knives, and played hookey at recess. I loved Bill like a brother. You know how brothers generally love each other. I was the very boy history tells about who gave his chum the brown side of a russet apple and said: "Bite bigger, Billy." I mean it sarcastic like. Billy didn't bite any bigger because he couldn't; he got away with the whole apple at the first mouthful.

Strange what large aches from little oak-horns grow. Billy and me quarreled. He said my skull wasn't any thicker than a sheet of brown paper; I told him it was as thick as his, and thicker too; he threw a paper wad that hit the master. Then he said I done it! Then I turned—even a worm will turn and I wasn't no worm—and yelled that his sister had red hair!

To my dying day I shall never forget the look he gave me! It was full of concentrated lie; he squinted and that made it worse. It hit me on the left shoulder, and thrilled my being, then it glanced off into my boots. [This is a figure of speech. I was barefoot.]

I struck him then in self-defense. It was a hard whack just behind the ear, and I rather guess Bill saw more stars than he had names for in his astronomy. I heard the master say in a voice of thunder:

"Who struck Billy Patterson?"

I held up my hand. The master told me to rise. I rose. Then, with the unblushing effrontery of youth and a glance of malignant triumph at the sniffling Billy, I answered in the language of history:

"I cannot tell a lie, sir; *I don't know.*"

This late confession is hastened by the article in a recent issue, which assumes that Billy Patterson was *baldha Pathan* a sun-god of some ancient order. Billy might have looked like a sun-flower with his carroty top-knot, but he acted like a son of a gun and hadn't the first principles of even a heathen god. This is his true story that I'm telling now, so help me John Rogers, and the oldest inhabitants of Troy can vouch for it. I never knew what become of Billy.

How Fish are Spread.

In looking over the most recent faunal lists of this portion of the country, writes Dr. C. C. Abbott in his forthcoming "Rambles About Home," I find that much of our zoological literature is somewhat amusing. By a preconceived notion of what should be the geographical distribution of the fishes, and other animals as well, these "systematic" writers gravely assert that in such a river such a fish is found, but that it never wanders either to the eastward or westward. Perhaps originally this was true of our rivers, as the river itself determined the range of specific variation that has ultimately come about; but no river could retain all the species that originated in it. There are too many possible ways by which fish can be safely transported long distances for us to assert that none of them have operated in stocking a neighboring stream with species not native and to the manner born. There is undoubted evidence on record of whirlwinds gathering up immense numbers of minute fish and landing them miles away. These showers of fishes, frogs, and even salamanders, are not unknown, even if they are uncommon; and strange would it be if all such wind-transported species should fall upon dry ground, and never into the water. Fertilized eggs, too, can likewise be blown a long distance even over low ranges of hills which sometimes separate river valleys, and so give rise to a race of fishes that previously were unknown in the locality. Eggs, too, might readily adhere to the mud that often clings to the feet of wading birds, and would thus be gently replaced in a distant river, miles away from that in which they were deposited by the parent fish. The present extensive system of canals also has tended to mingle the ichthyic faunas of our various river systems. And when all these possible, probable and actual conditions are considered it need excite no wonder if in any one of our rivers or its tributaries we now find occasional individuals of unsuspected species.

Origin of Men of Genius.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. Ximenes was the son of an apothecary; Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Molière was the son of a tapestry maker. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a small farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a journeyman printer, son of a tallow-chandler and soap boiler. Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper. Daniel De Foe was a hosier and the son of a butcher. Whitefield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester. Bishop Prideaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Ferguson was a shepherd. Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot. Edmund Halley was the son of a soap boiler at Shoreditch. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stapler. Milton was the son of a money scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a ploughman in Ayrshire.

A Hero of the Rockies.

Long before Horace Greely had made himself famous Hank Monk was a hero among the heroes of the Pacific coast. He was, perhaps, the first man to use the short double-barrel shot-gun, which Wells-Fargo's messengers made famous in their bloody battles with stage robbers. The facts are Hank Monk was such a reckless driver, that, while every one was proud of the honor of having once crossed the Sierras with him, no treasure messenger was willing to make a regular thing of it. For it was universally conceded that it was only a question of time when Hank Monk and his now famous "Tally-ho" stage, along with his six horses, would be tumbled from the heights into one of the innumerable gorges that lay yawning under his narrow span of road around the mountain peaks.

It was the ingenuity of Monk that introduced the short double-barrel shot gun. But he did not carry it under his cloak with cock lifted and finger on trigger. Nothing of that sort; his hands were too full of the ten or a dozen reins for that. He simply had the gun pointed down on the side of his leg, with the muzzle just peeping through the sole of his heavy boots. And no one was permitted to know of the presence of this arm at all. It was known that he carried his bowie knife down the back of his neck so as to be in easy reach when he pushed back his broad hat to get a good look at his enemy; but the no less famous shot gun no one knew anything about; no, not even after he had twice been attacked and had thrice beaten off the robbers. I am told that the first time he used this weapon he stopped the stage, and was slowly handing down the treasure box to the leader, when, getting his leg in range, he emptied a load of buckshot into the robber's heart. A second shot into the crowd of surprised robbers and he dashed away with all his desperate speed down the mountain. And even then no one knew who fired the shots. The robbers believed it was all the work of the passengers inside the stage.

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juice of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand results. Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes.

It is stated that some enterprising Yankees have adopted the Pinte dish of grasshopper soup, as a delicacy. It ought to make a good spring entree.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Are shrouds classed as kilt suits?

Young Men! Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

What is the difference between the proprietor of a cattle train and a sea captain? One ships his steers and the other steers his ship. Hence these steers.

What's the Use!

Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

The credit system has its drawbacks in business, but in truly good newspapers it is highly approved. It is a wise paragraph that knows its own father.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier! All Druggists 50 cents.

"No," said an old lady, "I'm not one to talk agin my neighbors, or say anything behind their backs. Now, there is Mrs. Brown, she who lives over in the corner house. I may not like her very well, still there is no reason why I should run her down. But I do feel miserably sorry for poor Mr. Brown and the children."

AGRICULTURAL.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Cut the corn [illegible] low—just above the ground.

Prepare to plant a bed of hyacinths, tulips, etc. It will delight you next spring.

Recently sixteen carloads of Texas mares and stallions were shipped from New Orleans for Constantinople.

From different parts of Colorado come reports that the grazing is better than it has before been in a dozen years.

Texas live stock papers say that never in the history of the country has there been so severe a drouth. Stock is already suffering greatly.

Seeds of hardy perennials may now be sown. Save the seeds of the gladioli. They are easily raised from seed, and will bloom in three years—sometimes in two.

You may transplant trees or shrubs just as soon as the leaves begin to change color. It is the best time, because the roots will have a longer time to become settled in the ground.

Now is the time to paint the house, the out-houses, and fences. A little varnish or zinc paint added to the lead, will prevent the paint from rubbing off like white-wash in a few years.

Those keeping large flocks of poultry will find an advantage in separating the cocks from the hens and keeping each by themselves until mid-winter.

In France, eggs are sorted and sized by passing them through a ring. The average size ones must enter a ring four centimeters in diameter; the small ones must enter a ring three centimeters.

One of the detractions from clematis culture is a disease which has eluded all remedies. An Illinois florist however finds that pyrethrum powder put about the collar of the plant is a remedy.

A Colorado wool-grower says: "What sheepmen need most is unity of action. Without it they can not obtain railroad rates for mutton or wool." The same remark applies to growers of stock of other kinds.

The Denver *Live Stock Record* says that four carloads of unbroken Colorado horses will be shipped in a few days for Europe. They are all half Norman, of good size and style, and will be placed on the London market.

No good farmer will be long without platform scales to weigh stock or produce that he proposes to market. The use of these scales will pay better interest on their cost than will that of many other implements on the farm.

Salt in their food when cooked, for poultry is a very proper reasoning, but salt given in its raw state is deleterious, if much of it is eaten by fowls. We do not recommend its use in any form save mixed with their mash of scalded meal and boiled vegetables.

The idea that apples dry up the flow of milk arises from turning cows into orchards to pick up the fallen fruit. They get a very uneven supply, and after heavy winds undoubtedly get too many. A few fed daily will increase the flow, and the amount fed may also gradually be increased with benefit.

There is a great advantage in subsoil plowing for wheat. The colder and poorer subsoil is not turned up for a seed bed, for so the wheat roots penetrate it deeply in the Fall. But next spring and summer this loosened subsoil is a reservoir for water, giving it out as most needed to perfect the head and grain.

At Deer Trail, Colo., a bunch of wethers averaging 111 pounds lately sold for $3.33 each. A short time before they had clipped eight pounds of wool each, which at 15 cents per pound will bring the income from each sheep up to $4 53. Yet 'tis said that sheepmen of the West are discouraged by their prospects.

Much has been said in regard to the hardiness of the beautiful Japanese maples, and many conflicting experiences are reported. The following from W. Falconer in the *Gardener's Monthly* refers to their hardiness and cultivation in New England: "Shelter, both in summer and winter, has much to do with their successful cultivation. They will thrive on sandy or loamy soils. Most of the finer and more delicately covered varieties are generally increased be grafting, and any of them by layering. I have raised excellent plants from layers left till the second year before disconnecting them from the parent."

Horse Notes.

Well authenticated reports from all sections of the country indicate that the supply of good carriage horses is not equal to the demand, and prices on this class of animals are likely to rule higher for some time to come than they have averaged during the past few years. Speaking on this state of affairs, "Observer," in the *National Live Stock Journal*, remarks that "there is a scarcity in the market of well bred, high-priced carriage horses; they have doubled in value within the last few years. The man who can supply this demand with a highly-formed, powerful breed, possessing the inestimable qualities of speed and endurance for driving loads, and endowed with a kind, pleasant disposition, with good spirits, and the absence of all irritability, will quadruple the value of the breed, and furnish the community with a safe and agreeable family servant.

"Beautiful form, superlative action and a kind disposition are what constitute the value of family horses. It costs no more to raise a high priced horse than it does a low priced mongrel. The difference in their relative value is more than the cost of production. The more good qualities concentrated in one family, the higher will rise the market price of the produce of that family. If we can succeed in breeding docility into our steeds, a good, kind, fearless disposition and the absence of all vices that horse flesh is heir to, the family could ride after such a model disposition without risk of life or limb."

Look to the Fodder.

It is just the time now for all owners of cattle to look well to the fodder. Dry, hard, indigestible feed promotes what is known as murrain, red water, mad itch, and other diseases which prevail in the fall. When the feed is poor, then is the time to make use of some of the cheap linseed cake meal; or of linseed alone, which is nutritive and healthfully laxative. But the prevalent bad water is the worst of all, loaded as it is with decaying matter and foul with filth. The first thought of the stockman should be to secure a supply of pure water; with this, cattle will worry through a good deal of poor food; but dry, hard feed without water is more than any animal can stand.

Isn't it just a bit cruel to make a horse work seven hours in the hot sun, dry wind, and dust, without water? The stomach of the horse is small. Why not water, say five times a day? No hurt comes of it, and the horse will be refreshed and work better. This matter of watering horses should receive considerable attention just at this season—when the horses are being worked in the horse powers of threshing machines or are pulling the plow through the dry, hard ground.

Wheat After Corn.

The practice of sowing wheat after corn, is for the Northern farmer, a striking feature in Southern farm management, and might, in some instances, be adopted also in northern sections to good advantage.

Early in September, when the corn has come to maturity, three or four rows, at intervals of about 60 feet, are cut down. The open spaces are then thoroughly harrowed and sown to wheat with the drill. Afterwards the corn is all cut and placed in shocks on these seeded strips, when the rest of the field is ready for harrow and drill. If the soil is hard or baked, the harrow is often weighted down with a short piece of timber or a small log, for the purpose of making a smooth and mellow seed bed.

The advantages of this method in a mild climate are obvious. The labor of preparing the field for the drill is reduced to a minimum. Late weeds are destroyed, and a stop is put to the production of seed by them. The only disadvantageous circumstance connected it is that it may put off the seeding to a rather late season; but I am told by some very successful Southern farmers that the yield of wheat in corn land, after a favorable Fall, generally exceeds that on stubble, which, was treated with plow and harrow.

There are many localities in New York State and elsewhere with lands full of weed growth, where the corn crop matures early enough to make the adoption of the above practice feasible. But rye, more particularly, should always be grown after corn and potatoes. Save the labor of plowing, and make your land free from weeds.

Jersey Cows for the Farm.

Now the farmer's opportunity appears. The recent sales of Jersey cattle have shown that good animals are sold and can be procured at reasonable farmers' prices. It is not to be supposed that Jersey cows will go a-begging for a good many years yet; for all told, there is about one cow only for 300 farmers if all the country were equally divided and every farmer who keeps cows for butter should have either pure Jersey cows or good half bred ones. For the latter, of course the farmer needs to have a good Jersey bull and to breed his best cows to it. The produce in most cases will be equal to that of the pure bred cows, and in saying this, a breeder or farmer who understands something about breeding stock will realise that the very highest character for excellence is given to the breed. The Jerseys have made their reputation, not only for having among them the largest butter producers of any breed, for weight, and feed consumed, but for being on the average, the best of cows for the production of butter for farmers and dairymen. And the farmers are fast finding this out, for the Jersey colors and form are visible in thousands of fields, where the half bred cattle, scarcely to be distinguished from the pure bred, may be seen in every part of the country, North, South, East and West. It is to be hoped that the breeders who have hitherto led the crowd in holding their cattle at high prices will not selfishly sacrifice their bull calves, lest the stock may become too common, but offer them to farmers at such prices as they can well afford to pay, and which will amply remunerate the breeders for their expenditure.

Many farmers have already supplied themselves with pure bred stock for making butter, and having the skill to handle the butter as it deserves, are doing a good business in selling their product at double the ordinary market prices.

Testing People's Temper.

Another conspicious way in which one person differs from another is in temper. Some men are easily provoked, others remain cheerful even when affairs go very contrary to their liking. We all know specimens of good and bad tempered persons, and all of us could probably specify not a few appropriate test conditions to try the temper in various ways, and elicit definite responses. There is no doubt that the temper of a dog can be tested. Many boys do it habitually, and learn to a nicety how much each will put up with, without growling or showing other signs of resentment. They do the same to one another, and gauge each other's tempers accurately.

It is difficult to speak of tests of character without thinking of Benjamin Franklin's amusing tale of the "Handsome and the Deformed Leg," and there is no harm in quoting it because, however grotesque, it exemplifies the principle of tests. In it he describes two sorts of people: those who habitually dwell on the pleasant circumstances of the moment, and those who have no eyes but for the unpleasing ones. He tells how a philosophical friend took special precautions to avoid those persons who, being discontented themselves, sour the pleasures of society, offend many people and make themselves everywhere disagreeable. In order to discover a pessimist at first sight, he cast about for an instrument. He of course possessed a thermometer to test heat, and a barometer to tell the air pressure, but he had no instrument to test the characteristic of which we are speaking. After much pondering he hit upon a happy idea. He chanced to have one remarkably handsome leg, and one that by some accident was crooked and deformed, and these he used for the purpose. If a stranger regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him. If he spoke of it and took no notice of the handsome leg, the philosopher determined to avoid his further acquaintance. Franklin sums up by saying that every one has not this two legged instrument, but every one with a little attention may observe the signs of a carping and fault finding disposition.

The Method of Climbing a Church Steeple.

A man, said a steeple climber to a reporter of the Boston *Globe*, cannot go up a steeple as he climbs a telegraph pole. In the first place he cannot reach around the spire, and, secondly, if the spire is shingled, a man in attempting to climb would undoubtedly meet with an accident, for the shingles, being usually decayed, would not hold the weight of his body. The way to reach the top of a steeple without the aid of a ladder or a staging would be to go inside the spire and climb to the highest point and then make an aperture. Out of this hole a piece of joist could be run, and a tackle rigged for a bosswain's chair. The man could then be hoisted on the outside up to the aperature: and from this point, by standing in the chair, he could place a trap around the spire, into which he could place the tackle, and by degrees reach the top. It is strange that in climbing a steeple there is an uncontrollable desire to look down, and I do not believe that the mere looking down causes one to fall. The awful stillness which prevails, the strangeness of the situation, and the fact that one is so near danger overpowers the brain and the man falls. Danger acts strangely upon a man. I remember in the war when the rebels were approaching and we were retreating, seeing wounded men arise from the ground and run as swiftly as an athlete. Sounds from the street comes very indistinct to a man on a steeple. When I have a steeple job I go into training. I abstain from using any intoxicants and tobacco, and I drink but little tea or coffee. I do this, not so much for myself as for others who may be at work for me in a dangerous place. I always want to have steady nerves and a strong arm so as to be ready to work quickly.

Caustic Remarks by Divines.

The fame of Stockbridge Mass., rests largely upon three great names, of which the first is that of Jonathan Edwards. Here is the house in which that wonderful preacher and philosopher used to pray and read and write and fight hand to hand with the devil. Here is the very table at which he sat, and on it are ink stains from the very ink-horn into which he so often dipped his pen.

Here is the very chair in which Edwards often sat; perhaps the very one in which he was seated when a young man called upon him to ask his daughter's hand in marriage. "You can't have her," said the preacher. "But I love her." "No matter, you can't have her." "But she loves me, too." "I say you can't have her." "But I am well off and can support her." "You can't have her, I tell you." "Why not, Mr. Edwards? What have you against me?" "Nothing." "Well, then, why can't I have Emily?" "Because I think you are a pretty decent sort of young man; too good for her."

"What? Mr. Edwards, what in the world do you mean?" "She's got a wicked temper, and you wouldn't be happy with her." "But I thought she was a Christian?" "So she is, young man; so she is. But before you have lived as long as I have you'll find out that there are some people in this world that the grace of God may get along with but you can't."

In a neighboring village in Edwards' time a similar grim divine, to whom, during a revival season, came a notorious scamp and practised backslider, with sanctimonious snivel, saying: "Doctor, I realize that I am indeed the chief of sinners." "Glad to hear it; your neighbors realized it long ago." "I feel that I want salvation." "Guess you need it as much as anyone." "And I feel," continued the hypocritical patient, "that I am willing to do anything God requires of me. I would willingly even be damned for His glory." "Well," said the preacher, "I don't think there is anyone that knows you that would have the slightest objection to that!"

The Cleanest People in the World.

Holland is the cleanest country in the world, as everybody knows, but no one can understand how very clean cleanliness can be until he visits her little villages. Even The Hague is a wonder of neatness, and on every Friday and Saturday undergoes an indescribable drenching and scouring. Water flies about everywhere on these two days from hose and garden-squirt in jets, and from tubs and pails in torrents; there is an immense clattering about of women in wooden shoes, and the whisking and scraping of brooms and scrubbing brushes resound on all sides. Not only the windows, but also the sides of the houses are scoured; not only the sidewalk, but the roadway as well, until one thinks that the dikes all over the country have given way at once, and the sea has again come into possession of its ancient domain. But in the smaller towns the swash and gurgle of water seems to go on all the time, and the people to be absolutely daft on the subject of neatness. But the effects of so much washing and scrubbing is very agreeable, and one immediately feels delight in seeing the peaceable fruits of the virtue which is universally held to be second only to godliness.

An immense dog, a cross between a mastiff and a St. Bernard, savagely attacked a young man at Edmonton, England, and would have killed him had not his sister come to his rescue. The girl fought the beast courageously and desperately, and was terribly bitten, but she conquered him.

The frenzied prediction by a woman on a Missouri railroad train that an awful accident was impending might not have scared anybody had she not immediately afterward fallen from her seat dead. Most of the passengers quit the cars at the next station, but nothing happened to those who continued their journey.

There is a stagnant pool in a Florida forest particularly lonesome and secluded. Thirty years ago a lover was shot and thrown into it by the father of his sweetheart, who at once drowned herself in the same water; and the belief is held among the people of that region that no visitor to the spot can avoid an intense depression of spirits, occasioned by the brooding ghosts of the pair.

"Melindy," said Zeke, as he and the old woman were discussing some purchases to be made in the city, "I kan't see whatcher want with so menny little trimmin's and fixin's; you ain't no young gal now, an' I think you orter be satisfied with one nice kalliker dress." "Yes, I s'pose so," was all she said. The next morning Zeke rose at his usual hour, and proceeded to his little brown jug to take his morning nip, when lo! it was empty. "Melindy," he yelled, "whar's my likker gone to?" "Zeke," she said smiling sweetly, "you ain't so young as you uster be, an' I kan't see whatever you want with so many fixin's; so I jis emptied the jug, an' think ye orter be satisfied with nothing but a purty little jug." Zeke caved.

IRELAND AS SHE IS.

What Father Davis and Lady Burdett-Coutts Have Done for Cape Clear Fishermen.

The fisheries of Ireland are the only industry which are likely to be left exclusively or principally to Irish home enterprise. The geographical position of the Emerald Isle permits her inhabitants to make of this industry a source of wealth more plentiful and more lasting than the gold of California. Hitherto the unaccountable indifference of the imperial Government, as well as the reckless improvidence of the great Irish landlords, had left that wealth as untouched by the needy and destitute populations of the long line of seacoast as if these teeming waters bathed the shores of Alaska or Kamschatka. The extraordinary success which has attended the patriotic zeal of one poor priest and the creation in this, the remotest corner of South Cork of a prosperous fishing industry, have suddenly concentrated upon this spot the attention of not only Irish patriots, but of British statesmen.

Here I am, writing to you from the chapel of the Rath, overlooking Baltimore harbor, with Carberry's hundred isles, chief among which are the large islands of Innisherkin and Cape Clear. There was terrible suffering among the starving fisherfolk of this large, desolate, and most picturesque district during the years of the great famine, 1846 and 1847. Thanks to the intelligent energy and priestly devotion of one man, the Rev. Charles Davis, and to the disinterested generosity of one true-hearted woman, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the situation is changed. Each of the two great islands of Innisherkin and Cape Clear has for resident priest a curate of Father Davis, so that they have on each Island Sunday services and a chapel of their own. Father Davis, when he came to Baltimore, in 1879, found the once flourishing borough town reduced to a few wretched tumble-down houses, the only decent and comfortable dwellings being those of the Protestant rector and his confrere of Youghal, who occasionally spends the summer here. The harbor, from the beginning of March till August, is frequented by large fleets of Scotch, Manx, and French fishermen, who have hitherto had the monopoly of the mackerel fishery in these waters. The native fishermen, possessing only small rowboats,

COULD NOT VENTURE FAR OUTSIDE THE HARBOR,

and were thus unable to take any share in the deep-sea fishing. They were compelled to look on helplessly, year after year, while strangers and foreigners bore off the treasures which are by right the possession of Irishmen. The herring and such other fish as can be caught in shallow waters were the only resource they had, together with the scanty crop of vegetables raised in the rare patches of land, along the shore or in sheltered nooks in the islands. Even for the privilege of cultivating these patches they had to pay high rents to the owners of the soil. Yet they are a noble race, these islanders and Baltimoreans, eager to profit by every opportunity to improve their own social position.

It was generally believed and openly asserted, that the chronic state of abject poverty and hopeless destitution prevailing among the populations of Skibbereen and this district was the result of Irish idleness, shiftlessness, and stupidity. Father Davis has forever and peremptorily given the lie to this blind, traditional prejudice. He has often heard it affirmed dogmatically that the Irish are unwilling to work even when remunerative work is offered them, and incapable of improving even when the utmost pains are taken to ameliorate their condition and their methods of labor. To be sure, the contrary was evident to all beservers both in the United States and throughout the British colonies. Everywhere the Irish laborer has proved himself to be able to compete with the most intelligent and to rival the most successful. Still the majority of Englishmen and the dominant proprietory class in Ireland continued to believe and to say that Irish destitution was the fruit of Irish sloth, thriftlessness and improvidence.

Father Davis's immediate predecessor had applied to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, but without obtaining any favorable answer. The new pastor, thoroughly acquainted with what this lady's spontaneous generosity had done for the costermongers of London, felt sure the daughter of Sir Faancis Burdett would not close her ear or steel her heart against an appeal properly made from the neediest district in Ireland. He wrote, inspired by priestly zeal and patriotic ardor. Without delay came an answer bidding him to write again and lay before Lady Burdett-Coutts a detailed statement of his people's needs and of the remedial measures he judged to be most urgent. He did so, and forthwith Lady Burdett-Coutts sent her confidential agent to Baltimore to confer with Father Davis. For three entire weeks the English gentlemen, in every way worthy of the mission intrusted to him, stayed with the priest, verifying every assertion of his, and verifying every one of the remedies suggested. Upon his reporting, £1 000 was at once deposited at the Bank of Skibbereen. This was soon afterward increased to £6 000. No interest was demanded. The fishermen were to receive loans, under the direction of Father Davis, and these were to be

PAID BACK IN YEARLY INSTALLMENTS.

The new boats with their equipments were thus to become the property of the fishermen. So, at length, after many centuries of heartsickening discouragement, the brave men obtained the means of laboring for themselves, and by well-requited labor of lifting themselves up from poverty and all its degrading influences! The men clubbed together, and joyously accepted the conditions sent them, they believed, by God's merciful providence. How well they have profited by this golden opportunity, the following facts will tell better than the most ornate narration.

The boats are constructed in the Isle of Man, on the best models, of the very best materials, and cost, each, from £500 to £800. A Manx crew, in the beginning, brought these large craft to Baltimore and taught the islanders how to manage them. They proved themselves to be apt scholars. Irish intellect, enthusiasm, and courage soon made of every schooner's crew accomplished sailors and most successful fishermen. They had now a chance to prove, in their own native waters, that they could do better than Manxmen, Scotchmen, or Frenchmen, and they proved it speedily and triumphantly. In 1879 there were but four boats in this district belonging to native fishermen that were in any way fit for deep-sea fishing. Now there are forty-two boats of 30 tons and upward, of an aggregate value of £20 000, or $100 000. The owners have nobly and scrupulously paid back the money loaned by yearly instalments, and there is in every fisherman's home in Baltimore and the islands independence, comfort, competence—all the blessings which are the fruit of labor, when the to ler is a good and true man, and when his time and his labor and his implements are his own.

Father Davis related to us one incident which vividly paints the revulsion of feeling wrought in these good souls by the unhoped-for chance of becoming the proprietors of each large craft. Two stout-hearted fellows had worked for the priest from time to time at one job or another. They saw with a kind of envy the rising prosperity of their neighbors. But such was their own poverty, and so crowded was the labor market in Baltimore, that they could only support wives and children by doing such chores as chance offered them. Father Davis, seeing how willing to work and rise in the world they were, asked them one day, as they were gazing at a beautiful new craft, "if they would like to have a boat of their own." The poor fellows did not answer, for they did not think he had seriously put the question. "Would you really, boys," he again said, "like to have such a boat yourselves?"

"Ah, your reverence, do not be laughing at us; only give us a chance," was the answer.

"Indeed I will, my brave fellows," the good priest replied. "I'll get you a boat."

The promise was made good without a moment's delay. When their boat at length was brought to Baltimore and hauled upon the beach to receive its complement of gear, Father Davis went down to present it to its proprietors. They could not believe their eyes. They would walk round and round the pretty craft, and

STOP IN SILENCE TO LOOK AT IT,

as if asking themselves if this were a dream, a delusion.

Indeed, this is the very question which the inhabitants of this district ask themselves as they see, each spring and summer, the fleet of stout boats which comes into their harbor daily, manned and owned by their brethern, laden with the treasures of the deep. They cannot believe their eyes as they see, under the fatherly hand of their priest, Baltimore rising from its ruins—commerce, prosperity, education revisiting these shores so long desolate and seemingly forsaken of God and man.

Besides the mackerel fishing in which the Baltimoreans now outstrip all rivals, the pilchard has lately become another source of profitable enterprise. This fish, rich and oily, is unpalatable to Irishmen but, when salted, packed, and carefully preserved, it find a ready market in Spain and all along the shores of the Mediterranean. For this ever increasing industrial activity, Father Davis is ever watchful to provide new means and appliances. He has obtained the building of a new pier in Baltimore harbor, and of other piers on both sides of Cape Clear and Sherkin Islands, thereby creating safe ports of refuge for the fishermen at the approach of every storm. At this moment, too, the Government, at his solicitation, is about to construct a lighthouse on the headland opposite Baltimore Beacon, so that his brave fisherman can run into the harbor at all hours of the darkest night.

Decline of the Influence of the Press.

It will not be denied that the influence once exerted by the public press has greatly diminished, and if a reaction does not soon occur, will become a thing of the past. Way this is true, is plain to all who have given the subject a thought. It is an utter disregard for the truth, not only in dealing with advertisers, the real supporters of the press, but with readers as well. Partisan journals let nothing pass that they can turn to account against a rival, no matter how untrue or unjust. Some will say this is to be expected. It ought not to be. But a short time ago we saw published in several newspapers laying claim to high standing in journalistic circles, the statement that the editor of a rival journal was born at a time and place he had said over his own signature he was not, the object being not only to cloud his word but rob him of his birthright, and all this for demagogy.

Many newspapers proceed on the assumption that their readers are fools, while the only reason for such an opinion can be based upon the fact that they are the readers of such characterless newspapers.

We might say American politics had much to do with this sad state of affairs, and perhaps they have, but as will be seen by the following extract from a London dispatch, this decline of the press is not confined alone to the American press: "It is not a long time since the *Times* occupied a position of so great authority that a publication by it of such as it printed this morning would have thrown the city of London into a tumult and the financial markets of Europe into a fever. To-day's occurrence marks plainly how far the influence of the *Times* has waned."

As stated, the newspaper that has made this great decline is none other than the London daily *Times*, and the matter it published on this occasion was a sensational dispatch about the operations of the French fleet bombarding Chinese ports. The only object apparent that the *Times* had in view was an increase in the sale of that single edition by a few thousand copies. To accomplish this fiend, throwing the "markets of Europe into a fever" and unsettling business of all kinds—perhaps bankrupting many persons—was of small account. Such a perfidious course should bankrupt the *Times'* management instead. Its waning power is deserved.

In this country many newspapers try to increase their sales by beastly obscenity. We have more than one that are simply sewers through which all the vile and loathsome side of life as brought out in the police courts are filtered. Even stories of the vilest character—stories that only have an existence in the low and vile minds of the writers, are published. We wish it was possible to trace to the press all the wrong it has wrought. We wish we could hold up to the public gaze all the lies and deceptions it has practised, the homes it has wrecked, the young men and women it has led astray. If we could, it would not be a question of its decline, for the outraged public would not let it appear at all. We believe in the freedom of the press as we do of the man until after he has committed crime, and then we believe that the same law that punishes him should be meted out to the press.—*Agents' Herald.*

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

NOTICE.

TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a by-law to open the allowance of road between lots 17 and 17 in the 10th and 11th concessions.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, September 1st, 1884. 383-4

MUNICIPALITY OF

ELZEVIR & GRIMSTHORPE.

Tender for Bridge Building.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned, marked "Tenders for Bridge Building," will be received until Thursday, the 16th day of October, next, for building a Truss Bridge across Black Creek, on side road between Lot 5 and 6 in the 2nd Concession of the township of Elzevir, to be commenced as soon as practicable in the summer of 1885, and finished not later than the first day of September in the same year. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Township Clerk, Bridgewater. The party whose tender is accepted will be required to furnish two approved sureties (to be named in the tender), for the satisfactory completion of the work in the time specified.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

E. JAMES,
Clerk of the Municipality of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe.

Bridgewater. September 18th, 1884.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots
FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. McLEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

E. B. Cochrane & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel, AND GENERAL HARDWARE. Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E. B. Cochrane & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN B. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 389. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 16, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR.—It is really a source of satisfaction to the Scott Act promoters, to see how rapidly the interest is spreading. It is no matter of talk, but of solid action. At a large and influential meeting, held in Bancroft, after able addresses by Rev. O. E. Lambley, M.A., A. Wilson, and T. G. McDonald, and the Chairman, Hon. Alex. Flint, an unanimous resolution was carried favoring immediate action for the adoption of the Act. On the 9th inst., a similar meeting was held at Tweed, presided over by E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., and addressed by Revs. O. E. Lambley, M.A., W. R. Young, and the writer, and Chairman. A large committee was appointed, and a resolution adopted with a view to speedy action. And what seems more strange still is, that without knowing of the doings in the north, Belleville and Trenton simultaneously began operations. Two meetings have been held in the city favoring action, while in Trenton, at a large gathering, an unanimous resolution was carried, affirming the propriety of immediately circulating petitions for the passing of the Act in the county of Hastings. The overwhelming majority of 1177 votes in the large county of Simcoe, on Thursday last, for the Scott Act, as also, the 247 of a majority in Stanstead, will give renewed courage to all temperance workers, as "each victory will help them some other to win." And now that the matter is fairly started, with your permission Mr. Editor, I will endeavor to answer some of the questions proposed by many honest ones, on both sides, touching the Scott Act, as but very few I find have seen it, or know anything about it. "Why not give us a Provincial or Dominion law at once instead of this piece-meal business!" say some temperance people, because it was thought better to test public sentiment with a local option law first, then if a large majority of the constituences carried it the next step would be to place it on the statutes of the Province or Dominion, as they have done in Maine. The parliament that would then refuse, would find a speedy death. "What territory must be covered by any one petition!" A city or county, or a group of them taken together. The Act says, that the word "county" includes every town, township, parish, and other division or municipality, except a city, within its territorial limits, and also a union where united for municipal purposes. "What does the phrase "Intoxicating Liquors," as prohibited by the Act, mean!" it comprehends any and every spirituous or malt liquor, and every wine, and any and every combination of liquors or drinks that is intoxicating. "What proceedings must be taken for bringing the Act in force!" 1—Petitions securing one-fourth of all the *bona fide* electors in the constituency submitting the Act, who have a right to vote for an M. P., must be secured. 2—A deposit of the names shall be made in the Sheriff's office, or that of the Registrar of Deeds, for the county or city, for public examination, for ten days, and a previous notice of such deposit must have been given two weeks, in two newspapers. 3—A notice of said petition, and evidence that it has the requisite number of genuine signatures, must be laid before the Secretary of State, and in case he is satisfied that it has the number of "genuine signatures" then His Excellency in Council may issue a proclamation, such proclamation to be inserted three times in the Canada Gazette, and also in the Official Gazette of the Province where the voting is to be held, setting forth the number of signatures day on which the poll is to be taken, &c., &c. 4—Within two weeks after polling of votes notice must be given to the Secretary of State of the result, and if a majority of the votes cast favor the adoption of the Act, then, after the expiration of sixty days, from the day in which the Act was adopted by Order in Council, as published in Gazettes, the Governor General may declare the Act to be in force, and to take effect at the time of expiration of licenses then in force, provided there be ninety days intervening, if not that period, then at the expiration of the licenses for the following year. 5—No repeal of the law can be had under three years from the time of its adoption. Having briefly noted the course of procedure in order to the adoption of the Act, I will next endeavor to answer the question "How does it Prohibit" 1—From the day in which the Act comes into force in any county or city, no person, unless as hereinafter provided, shall by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, expose or keep for sale, directly or indirectly, or on any pretence or device, sell or barter, or in consideration of the purchase of any other property, give to any other person any spirituous or other intoxicating, or any mixed liquor capable of being used as a beverage. 2—No license issued to any distiller or brewer, nor yet for retailing on board any steamboat, or other vessel, brandy, rum, whiskey or other spirituous liquors, wine, ale, beer, porter, cider, or other vinous or fermented liquors,—shall in any wise avail to render legal any act done in violation of this section. In my next I will show under what provisions, and stringent restrictions, liquors may be made and sold. I am, etc.,

F. B. STRATTON.

Madoc, Oct. 14th, 1884.

The petitions asking for the submission of the Scott Act in the county of Middlesex will be deposited in the office of the sherriff in London on the 21st inst.

Wollaston Show Prize List.

The Wollaston Agricultural Show went off with good spirit, notwithstanding the wet weather. There were 332 entries, and nearly $130 awarded in prizes.

P. Conlin, 1st—Stallion, Oxen, Bull, Cabbage; 2nd—Horses, Sow; 3rd—Cow.

John White, 1st—Citron, Watermelon; 3rd—Colt.

A. Hennessey, 1st—Carriage Horses, Rag Carpet; 3rd—Sow, Children's work.

W. Blackburn, 1st—Colt, Ram, Lamb; 2nd—Oxen.

W. H. Gunter, 2nd—Steers.

John McKee, 1st—Heifer, Calf; 2nd—Oats, Heifer.

John Short, 1st—Lambs, Parsnips, Beets, Cauliflowers, Turnips, Colts; 2nd—Pumpkins, Mare and Colt, Geese; 3rd—Cabbage, Potatoes.

D. Peacock, 1st—Oats, Butter, Carrots, Sugar; 2nd—Steers; 3rd—Wheat, Potatoes.

Jas. Blackburn, 1st—Steers, Heifer, Rye, Timothy.

J. Maitland, 1st—Carrots, Hops; 2nd—Colt, Cabbage; 3rd—Beans.

E. Blackburn; 1st—Socks, Yarn, Blankets, Butter, Childrens work; 2nd—Quilt, Petticoat, Sugar, Lambs.

W. Bristol, 1st—Mangles; 2nd—Peas; 3rd—Timothy, Quilt.

R. S. Tivy, 1st—Quilts, Braidwork.

John Henderson, 2nd—Colt, Squash, Beans, Apples.

John Henderson, 1st—Horses, Apples; 2nd—Wheat, Butter; 3rd—Peas.

Jas. Patterson, 2nd—Colt.

Jas. Wilson, 1st—Lambs, Calf, Corn, Mitts, Braidwork, Stockings; 2nd—Mat, Socks; 3rd—Oxen, Onions, Bread.

W. Elliott, 1st—Bull, Cow, Potatoes, Pumpkins, Squash, Peas, Pillow; 2nd—Calf, Mangles. Corn.

C. Gunter, 1st—Pig, Beets, Basket; 2nd—Bread, Flannel.

Seth Welch, 1st—Steers, Sow, Colt, Onions, Crotchet, Lace; 2nd—Pig, Potatoes, Tomatoes, Onion Tops, Citron.

John Wager, 1st—Steers, Yearlings; 2nd—Yoke.

C. Murphy, 1st—Full Cloth; 2nd—Flannel; 3rd—Mare and Colt, Turnips.

R. Waddington, 1st—Turnips; 2nd—Peas, Onions; 3rd—Oats, Quilt.

H. T. Miller, 1st—Mat, Sunflowers, Lace, Shirt; Petticoat, Honey; 2nd—Potatoes, Cloud Crotchet, Yarn, Needlework.

William Conlin, 1st—Mare and Colt; 2nd—Cow.

Geo. Pattison, 1st—Wheat, Peas, Potatoes, Head-Yoke; 2nd—Turnips, Carrots stockings.

J. McGregor, 1st Horse Shoes, Yokes, axe helves, Barley, Fallwheat, Farm, Bendiwork; 2nd—Shirt, Oats, Socks, Mits; 3rd—Flannel, Crotchet work.

A. Smith, 1st—Ram.

T. B. Watt, 2nd—Steers, Heifer.

C. Payne 1st—Onions, Tomatoes, Beans; 2nd—Timothy, Hops, Potatoes, Carrots, Parsnips.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless, that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

LAND FOR SALE.

THE following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

N. ½	30	in 10th concession	Hungerford.
W. ½	3	in 11th, "	Huntingdon.
S. ½	18	in 13th "	"
W. ½	1	in 1st "	Madoc
E. ½	8	in 1st "	"
E. ½	13	in 1st "	"
W. ½	16	in 1st "	"
	29	in 1st "	"
W. ½	15	in 4th "	"
E. ½	8	in 6th "	"
E. ½	30	in 9th "	"
	29	in 2nd "	Marmora.
W. ½	29	in 3rd "	"
W. ½	29	in 4th "	"

For particulars apply to

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, Jr., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 634,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro'.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P.O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RAWSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Milleridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared; with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 23, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose.
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, What-nots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as news was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.

Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W. ½	13	in 1st concession	Madoc,
	29	5th "	"
	29	7th "	"
W. ½	30	9th "	"
N E ¼	13	10th "	Marmora,
	27	11th "	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dafoe Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 9 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—First door north of A. F. Wood's.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1877

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK. Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first-class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

E. A. SEYMOUR,

General House Painter,

AND GLAZIER,

Madoc, - Ontario.

ICE CREAM

—AT—

LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS.

Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.

Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
64 Front St. West, Toronto.

A SAILOR'S GHOST STORY.

the Swede and the Man who Haunted Him.

"I have never yet seen a ghost, but I think I have been taken for a ghost, and unless I am out of my reckoning there's a man, if he is still alive, who has been haunted by me these 30 years." So said an intelligent looking man who represented himself as the second mate of an East Indian clipper as one day recently in the office of a South street chandler shop. There was much in the remark to excite curiosity, and the man who had undergone the strange experience referred to was begged to spin his yarn, which he readily consented to do.

"About thirty years ago—perhaps more," he began. "I was in London, where I landed a lad of 15 after my first voyage. It was the time of the gold fever out in Australia, but I wasn't anxious then to go to the diggings so I shipped on a bark of about 800 tons that was bound for Singapore. The skipper was the greatest tyrant I have ever sailed under, and his mate was nearly as bad as he. Both were Englishmen, I am sorry to say, because I'm English myself. The second mate was a decent enough fellow, I thought, but he didn't seem to be of much account on board. The skipper and the mate thrashed me every now and then, but I was a hardy youngster, and managed to stand it. The cheap who came in for the most thrashings was a Spanish sailor we called Antone. He took the lickings quietly, but at times he looked mighty revengeful. There was a big, heavy-built sailor that we called Pete the Swede. Somehow neither the mate or captain ever tackled him. Pete was a powerful man when he had got into the Straits of Malacca, and were, as we understood, within less than a day's sail of Singapore. Antone dropped a bucket of slush on the clean deck. The skipper and mate knocked him down and, springing upon him, and began to pound him. Suddenly the skipper sprang up and I saw blood spurting out of a gash in his side. He staggered forward on his knees, and, seizing his own knife, plunged it into Antone. The latter was then struggling with the mate. Several of the watch ran up and pulled the two apart. But there was a wound near the heart of the mate which had been made by the knife in the hand of Antone. The latter was then dead, and the skipper and mate never spoke again. The mate did not live 10 minutes, while the skipper died within thirty minutes.

"The second mate was called on deck by one of the sailors, but he did not get up in time to see the stabbing. All hands, of course, debated as to what we should do. The second mate was entitled to take command, but he had little to say in the matter. Pete the Swede did all the ordering, and every one obeyed him. We had been running close to the wind, but Pete had the yards squared and it stood in toward the land. We all went aft so that the man at the wheel could have his say in the council of war. The crew were divided. Pete and the majority wanted to scuttle the bark and to divide the money in the cabin, and to leave it to be supposed that the bark had been lost in a storm. The second mate agreed with Pete. The carpenter said that we ought to keep on our regular course until we fell in with a pilot and to report the killing of the skipper and mate. Pete said our story would never be believed. We would probably all be arrested, and perhaps hanged on the charge of mutiny. The carpenter had only the steward, cook, one able seaman, and myself to back him, while Pete and the second mate had eight men besides themselves on their side. We were rapidly getting in toward the shore, but we were leaving the track of other vessels and of the pilots. The carpenter protested against this, but Pete kept on just the same. Shortly afterwards soundings showed about 10 fathoms of water, and Pete ordered one of the anchors to be let go. The sails was simply clewed up, and no attempt was made to furl them. The matter was talked over again, but the carpenter's party still held out. Pete went into the cabin and burst open the locker where the money was kept. He said that there was several thousand pounds, and that we had only got to divide it up evenly. The carpenter called us that were backing him to one side and told us that we had better pretend to give in. I noticed at the time that Pete and some of his men were looking at us suspiciously.

"We agreed to the carpenter's proposal with the understanding that as soon as we got in to Singapore to report the matter to the proper authorities. Pete said that before we divided the money we had better lower the long boat and drop it astern. Weights were then made fast to the bodies of the dead men and they were dropped overboard, and the deck where they did the killing was washed up. It was getting near dark, and Pete said that we could not very well scuttle the bark before morning, and proposed that we should break into the stores and get a drink or two. Then I felt myself suddenly seized from behind. I was overpowered and my hands tied. I looked around and saw that the carpenter and his other three backers were in the same fix. We were walked to the forward hatch, which was opened and were pushed down into the hold. Pete the Swede told us to get down and watch over each other, and if we tried to kill one fellow but I can't trust you; if we hit on a plan to-night for saving you we'll give you a chance when we scuttle the bark.' Then we found ourselves in the dark. We knew that we were in a tight fix, but while there was life there was hope. We turned to and helped one another until we got our hands free. Then we sat down on the bales of cargo and talked our case over. We could hear occasional yells, which showed us that the men had got at the whisky and were making the most of it. The steward said there was a spare cask of water in the cabin, and he was afraid that the men wouldn't be apt to deal kindly with us while they were in liquor.

"The hold was filled with bales and boxes of cargo up to within a few feet of the forward end where a bulkhead of heavy boxes left a place where one could climb down into the fore peak. Here we supposed was where they would go to work to scuttle the bark. 'I wish I had my oyster here,' said the carpenter. 'What good would they do you —would you scuttle the bark now?' asked the cook. 'No,' answered the carpenter, 'but I could cut a hole in the bottom of the boat here for one of us to squat through, and swim aft to the boat. Then he could bring her around here, and we could all climb out into her and escape.' The cook seized the carpenter and said, 'I saw them putting in the cargo at London, and they stowed right down here about twenty carpenters' chests.' In just one second we five were groping around for that sort of cargo. In about two minutes the carpenter found a chest under some bales. We got this out and broke it open, and the carpenter felt for the tools he wanted. 'We must wait a bit,' said he 'they'll all be dead drunk in a little while, and no one will be on the lookout.' The shouts of Pete's gang soon stopped altogether. Then the carpenter slid down into the fore peak with his tools. He decided on a spot which he thought was a little above watermark and went to work. It took him some time to start a place for his saw to begin work. In the meantime we listened, ready to warn him in case any of Pete's gang came to the fore hatch. The carpenter's saw was music to us. Finally we saw a ray of what looked like light, although it was long after dark. We all climbed down into the fore peak, and the cook undressed, and, putting a knife in his teeth, got through the hole the carpenter had made and dropped into the water and swam away. It seemed an age while we listened to the sound of an oar. Frequently water would dash through the hole on to us, but we had to attribute it to the wind. Finally the skipper's gig reached us, and the cook came round with the boat, into which we all got. He told us that he had cut the painter close to the boat. Then we rowed away. I'll never forget the black hull of that bark as it looked when we began to draw away from it.

"There was a little bread and water in the boat, but no compass, and no one knew the coast. We soon reshed on our oars and drifted about. It was probably then a little before midnight. It was clear, but no moon was out. Toward morning the sea grew rough and we had to bail out the boat with our hats several times. As soon as day broke we began to look about for some passing vessel. The land seemed to lay about as it did the afternoon before, and we steered toward it. In a moment one of us spoke about two pilot schooners out of the water. We got better to them, and could make out the fore and main royal masts of the bark. We could tell them by the gilt balls at the ends. The bark was scuttled and the hole we made had done done the business. 'They might have done it themselves,' said the carpenter. 'Not as long as the whisky lasted,' said the steward. We concluded that the men had remained in a drunken stupor until the ship in sinking, had hauled over to one side, and then water had filled the cabin, drowning every one there. We agreed that we did not intend to drown the fellows and our conferences did not trouble us. The carpenter might have cut the hole a little higher up, but we all thought he ought to be excused for his mistake. And we didn't mourn much for Pete and his gang. We got in close to the shore, but found no place where we thought it safe to land. So we rowed along keeping the land in sight, until it was nearly evening, when we found ourselves approaching the harbor of Singapore.

"A sailing vessel came along and we hailed her. The Captain agreed to take us in tow, and asked a few questions. He may have taken us for a pleasure party which we were not. The vessel dropped anchor well in the harbor, but it was late at night before we reached the quay. We agreed to say nothing about the loss of the bark to any one until we had reported to the agent, whose name the steward knew. We were making inquiries along a street fronting on the water when the carpenter pointed out a public house on the corner a little way ahead and told me to ask the people there if they knew where our agent could be found. As I came up to the public house I mistook the window on the side street for the door. The latter was on the main street. But as the latter was open I looked in. At the bar stood a large man drinking. I looked at him closely and saw that it was Pete the Swede. He laid down his glass and glanced toward the window just outside of which I stood. When he saw me his eyes seemed to stick out of his head and his hair seemed to stand on end while he shook like a leaf. I stood looking at him. I was frightened out of my senses and I must have stood like a block of stone or a ghost. I didn't know whether to cry out or run. Pete looked at me for a few seconds and then backed slowly away, keeping his eyes on me till he reached the door. Then I heard steps as if some one was running. I waited for a moment and then went in to the public house and asked if any one knew where our agent stopped. No one there did. I went back to the carpenter and told him what I had seen. We concluded that the whole gang had escaped. We kept up our search until nearly morning before we could find the agent. We told our story, and he tried to have Pete and his gang arrested. All the vessels bound for Australia were searched during the next day, but we afters ards found that Pete and his fellows paid their passage on a ship bound for Europe, which sailed early in the morning after I had appeared to Pete the Swede. That made it seem as if the fellows had got away with the money in the cabin. The agent threw us our wages and shipped us on a bark bound to Melbourne, where we separated, all but the cook and I going to the diggings. We made up our minds that the fellows come to just before the bark sunk, and that they launched one of the other boats, thinking that the panser of the one lowered the day before had parted. They probably thought the bark had in swinging struck a rock, and that we were still in the fore hold when the bark went down. They couldn't have dreamed of our cutting our way out. They knew the coast better than we, so that accounted for their getting into Singapore before us.

"Pete must have taken me for a ghost as I stood in the dark just outside the window of the lighted room of the public house. Somehow he read back about the loss of the vessel didn't get out. It was generally believed that she was wrecked. And I believe that Pete and the fellows of his gang took care afterwards to give a wide berth to Singapore, and rarely said anything to strangers about the voyage that came so near wrading up with the drowning of them. And I have no doubt, up to the present day, if he's alive, Pete the Swede once in a while sees just outside some public house window the ghost of a lad in whose death he believes he bore a hand."

"Will you have your oysters scalloped?" asked the waiter at an Austin restaurant, of a green countryman. "Have the oysters scalloped? Has every thing in the restaurant got hair on it? Why don't you scalp the butter?"

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Interesting Items About Prominent People.

Alma-Tadema contributes to the Royal Academy Exhibition of Berlin a life-size portrait of his daughter. A shell necklace encircles her neck, and she wears a gray dress.

A daughter of Dr. Pavy, the physician of the Greely expedition, who died at Cape Sabin, lives, in Paris Kentucky. She is a little girl, and her father left no money for her support.

President Arthur is talked of for the presidency of Union College after his reign at Washington. He is a graduate of the institution, and it elected will still be President Arthur.

"I would sooner have the cordial support of the women in an audience than the men," says Mr. Robert Mantell, the actor; "first, because they lead the men, and secondly, because they are always able to catch the finer points of a play more quickly than the coarser part of the audience."

Mr. Myone, Foreign Minister of Japan, lives in a beautiful cottage in the neighborhood of Tokio. It is furnished partly in the European style. The hard woods used in the interior are highly polished. The coloring of the walls would please a French artist.

The celebrated English painter G. F. Watts, whose highly imaginative works are soon to be exhibited, was the first husband of Ellen Terry. He did not suit the charming actress, and she left him for an architect named Godwin. Her present husband is an actor named Charles Kelly, with whom, however, she does not live.

Mr. Hurbert Herkomer is building a medieval tower at Loch, Bavaria, his birth-place. Its will contain five rooms, and be used as a studio. Many of its decorative pieces will be of hammered iron, Mr. Herkomer, like Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, having a keen appreciation of the artistic possibilities of that metal, as well as a practical acquaintance with them.

Miss Cobbe thinks that the position of women is improving. Fifty years ago, one Ash Wednesday, in England, she heard the principal of a young ladies' school tell her pupils, after giving them salt fish and roast mutton for dinner, that fasting was very meritorious, and that they were free to take meat or not, as they pleased, but that if she so hoped that they would fast—it would be good for their souls and their figures.

Miss Anderson has been telling a London reporter that during her late tour of six weeks in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and Birmingham, she met "audiences of a generous and enthusiastic character, and my efforts to please them were recognized most cordially. The Scotch people I found more eager and responsive than I had expected them to be; they are not cold people but equally warm-hearted and intellectual."

De Nittis, the Italian painter, who died recently in Paris, was told by King Humbert a few years ago that "Italian artists should work at Rome on Roman subjects," "Sire," he replied, "had I remained in Rome I surely should not enjoy the reputation I have. It is to Paris that I owe the pleasure of being claimed by Italians as a compatriot." This story is of a kind to be appreciated by American artists who have been successful abroad.

Frenchman claim that the inventor of the steamboat was not Robert Fulton, but one of their own countrymen, Jouffroy. They raised a statue to his memory at Besancon on the 18th of August, in which he is represented as standing thoughtful, with one hand on his first steam engine. The Minister of Public Worki, who unveiled the statue, coupled the names of Jouffroy and De Lesseps—the one the inventor of the steamboat, the other the enlarger of the sphere of its use.

William Earl Dodge, grandson of William E. Dodge, and a member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge, & Co., who died recently at Riverdale, New York, in his twenty-sixth year, was a graduate of Princeton, and at his funeral Dr. McCosh said: "He was the most influential man in his class, and he was one of the few students with whom I conferred as to class matters. I had anticipated for him a long career of usefulness, and looked upon him as the one on whom his venerated grandfather's mantle had fallen."

Du Maurier's studio is described as lighted by two large mullioned windows. An Indian matting dado runs around its walls, and above this a sage green paper, adorned with mythic forms or fruit. The carved stone chimney-piece supports a reduction of the Venus of Milo, and a pedestal clock of ancient date tinks on a bracket. There is a semi-grand piano of oak and brass, at which the artist and many of his friends have often "attered themselves in song." The orange-tawny skin of his famous dog Chang, nearly eight feet long from tip to tip, hangs opposite. Du Maurier's lasting affection for that fine brave beast is well known.

The "King of Cyprus," as he entitled himself, has died in St. Petersburg. His name was Colonel Louis de Lusignan, and his descent was from the Crusaders and Lusignans of France. A soldier in the Russian army, he nevertheless preserved the hope of becoming King of Cyprus and Armenia, and advanced his claims with the persistency of a Henry V, as often as a crisis arose in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire. When Lord Beaconsfield attached Cyprus to the English Empire he issued a solemn protest, and demanded from Turkey a bonus of $100,000,000 for the surrender of his rights. He was an excellent specimen of the almost extinct species of royal pretenders.

The late Duke of Wellington, son of the Iron Duke, says that the famous words attributed to his father, "Up, Guards, and at them," were really uttered by Lord Saltoun; or rather that the latter's correct words were, "Up, Guards, and give 'em, low." The Iron Duke's horse, Copenhagen, came from Spain, and was ridden by the great soldier during all his Spanish campaigns. When the animal was buried in Strathfieldsaye Park, England, the old Duke, then very infirm and feeble, surprised his family and servants by appearing at the ceremony. He had one of his hoofs made into an inkstand.

The famous French chemist M. Chevreul, now ninety-nine years old, has told a friend "the secret of long living." "I have never been a pessimist," he says, "and I have cautiously kept myself from being too much of an optimist. Let us not trouble ourselves about tomorrow. Let us enjoy the present. I had a model of a wife, the mother of a most exemplary family. She has left me a posterity that I love, and by whom I am loved. Why, one of my little great-granddaughters—she is three years old—salutes the bust of her old great-grandfather every morning. I have always put in practice the adage, 'Seek and ye shall find.' I have sought and I have always found something, at the domestic fireside as well as in the laboratory."

Optical Illusions.

Many of you know about *optical illusions* and the curious mistakes which the eye sometimes makes concerning an object at which it is looking; but few of us know how frequently we ourselves are the victims of optical illusions of one sort or another. The fact is, we see nearly as much with our experience as we see with our eyes. We know an object to be of a certain form in one position, and of a certain color in one light; and we are too apt to fancy that we see it of that form and color in all positions and lights regardless of the fact that, seen from another stand point, the contour of it may appear entirely different, and that a different light may totally change the color of it. We all know that the actual color of clean boots is black, and a beginner in painting almost always paints them perfectly black, whereas the direct rays of the sun or of an artificial light may make them appear nearly white in parts, while if they be placed near some bright substance, such as a piece of orange-peel, or a crimson scarf, they will reflect the color of that object, and so on. A picture composed in parts and an expert painter would so represent them. We hear people speak of "the white of the eye," and beginners with the brush often give a very ghastly expression to their attempts at portraiture by painting the white of the eye pure white; whereas owing to the projection of the brows, the lids, and the lashes, it is often thrown into deep shade, and may be even darker than some of the flesh tints. Now, if their eyes were trained like those of a skilled artist, they would know the true color of all objects they beheld. But this is the very hardest thing an artist has to learn, namely, to know really what he does see.

In coloring almost everything depends upon the nature of the light. A white handkerchief is black in a dark room. An excellent aid to the study of color is to take a white card, and with your paints try to match on it some tint in any oil-painting, chromo, or even colored fabric which you may have. Then cut a small hole in the card adjoining your tint, and place the card over the tint you have copied, so that you can see it through the hole side by side with your own attempt. Then you will see at once how nearly you have matched the tint.

Monte Carlo.

It is impossible that evils so gigantic as the gaming establishments at Monte Carlo should long outlive the chorus of reprobation they have aroused. I am reluctant that they should expire without having lifted a finger to aid in their subversal. Europe in the last century was studded with gambling resorts. Apart from the public gaming tables at Baden, Homburg, or elsewhere, there was scarcely a watering place, or a place of Summer resort like Carmobie or Aix, where a man burdened with loose cash might not find a congregation of gamblers and chevaliers d'industrie ready to ease him of it. Slowly public opinion has put down public gambling as immoral, and now Monte Carlo is a solitary representative of one of the most mischievous of human institutions. Gorged with the spoils of its predecessors, it stands a moral posthouse. In the midst of the loveliest scenery Europe can boast, in the chief health resorts of the South, it remains a centre of contagion. Seven hundred million francs is annually drawn from its victims, which means, according to the calculations which cannot be disputed, that between £20 000,000 and £30,000,000 are annually won and lost at the tables. The difficulty seems to be how to get at the owner. If a princeling were to maintain in Europe—and close to such countries as Italy, France and Switzerland, practically Spain also—a physical pesthouse, and a seat of disease whence smallpox or cholera spread to adjoining countries, he would find himself compelled to put his house in order. A collective remonstrances from the powers would, in such case, bring about an immense change. If not the process described by an Eastern Prince as that he would employ to England if he went to war with it might be recommended, and an army of sappers and miners might be sent to tumble the entire Principality into the sea.

The Bantu Negro and His God.

I believe that much that is said about fetich-worship rests on no solid foundation; neither a kind of worship nor any serious service is addressed to the harmless toy we call a fetich, but only a mysterious good or evil spirit is fancied to dwell within it. A negro, as is his habit, is sitting and drinking about nothing. Casually he casts his eye upon a knotty limb of strange growth that may bear some indistinct resemblance to a human face. Amused at it, he takes a knife and makes an effort to help out Nature by scratching the nose, mouth and eyes into plainer prominence. At last the thing appears so curious that he concludes he will take it home and set it up before his hut. It becomes his "fetich," and grins to-day pleasantly, to-morrow with a cross air, at him. To heighten the effect, he paints it red around the eyes, or adorns it with bright ornaments. In some such way as this, I believe, we may explain the origin of the first images of the gods, new illustrations of which we may still observe to be brought before us from time to time. I do not regard the process as a religious one, but rather as an instance of the development of the first idea of art.

They Were Marked Down.

Old Moneybagge stood in front of his store the other morning, hanging a "reduced price" mark on several rolls of carpeting. Along comes Harris, and him to Moneybagge:

"Those ain't feathers."

"Well, who said they was?" retorted Moneybagge, with ungrammatical tertiness.

"Why, you; that is, you've marked them down."

And Moneybagge fell through a plate-glass window with a sickening thud.

Thus it is shown that every man will have his joke, feather it be good or feather it be evil.—[Rockland Courier-Gazette.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

In twenty years the yield of single packages of patent medicines in Great Britain have increased from [illegible] to 18,457,000.

Scientists propose to employ as a source of emergency power for use of war forces an [illegible] which petroleum is burned along with superheated steam and [illegible] air.

Diphtheria has recently been observed in pigeons in Germany. According to Prussian veterinary reports the disease is incurable and highly contagious.

Professor Bell, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, in an address on comets, considered that the meteoroids seen as shooting stars in 1866 were actually the remains of the tails of comets.

Dr. Eh. Guenot reports that he has removed a large crop of warts occurring on the hands of a patient by giving daily a teagrain dose of calcined magnesia in the morning before breakfast.

The *Lancet* informs a correspondent that "the possibility, say the certainty, in many cases, of flies being a medium of infection, especially in warm climates, has been repeatedly pointed out, though perhaps the fact is not sufficiently borne in mind."

Strave upholds Dr. Biedert's suggestion that only cream should be used for the earliest nourishment of young children brought up by hand, as the digestibility of any milk is inversely as the quantity of casein which remains in the skim milk.

The *Gazette Medicale de l' Algerie* calls attention to a great number of facts which appear to show that cider drinkers are not troubled with stone, and that patients having this affection are either cured or greatly relieved by that beverage.

According to Professor Young the central portion of the sun is probably for the most part a mass of heated gases, the photosphere is a shell of luminous clouds, the chromosphere is composed mainly of incondensible gases, and what constitutes the corona is entirely unknown.

According to the *Journal de Medicine*, of Brussels, if the normal temperature of mankind were 1,000, that of a moderate smoker would be represented by 1,003, and the normal pulse under like circumstances would increase to 1,180. The heat is overworked to just the extent represented by the latter figures.

Tabulated results of 250 experiments, with forty-two distinct explosive substances, were published in March by MM. Berthelot and Vieille, of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, bearing on the amount of pressure developed at the moment of explosion, the temperature produced, and the specific heats of the gases, especially those of the compound ones, at various temperatures.

A recent writer on the emotions of infants says curiosity shows itself the minute a child begins to take interest in other things besides its food, and when, though it still carries everything to its mouth, it does so merely because the tongue is the finest as well as the most exercised organ of touch. At this stage the child handles things, looks at them closely, pulls them to pieces, and so in playing instructs itself.

The height and velocity of clouds may be determined by means of photography. Two cameras are placed 800 feet apart and provided with instantaneous shutters, which are released by electricity at the same moment. The angle of inclination of the cameras, and the position of the clouds as photographed are then obtained, and simple trigonometrical processes give the height and distance from those data.

The microscope reveals that there are more than 3,000 minutes in a caterpillar, and that the eye of a drone contains 1,000 mirrors. There are spots on the wing as small as a grain of sand, and they spin a thread so fine that it would require 400 of them to equal the size of a single hair.

According to the *Journal of the Society de la Chimie Industrielle*, bituminous coal takes fire at 392° F., coke at 482° and anthracite at 578° F. This spontaneous combustion has been attributed to the presence of sulphate of iron, but recent experiments demonstrate that the coals absorb oxygen, and ignite quicker than the sulphate, and that the rate of this absorption depends entirely upon the temperature and other conditions of the air and upon the size of the coals.

The Chicago *Druggist* recommends the following for the cure of severe scalds and burns: Cover the injured parts freely with soft soap. If the burn be severe apply soon after linseed oil, with a plentiful dressing of flour. This cakes on, and fresh oil and flour can be added. When this covering falls off a new skin will have formed, and no scar left. Carron oil is also regarded as an excellent remedy where the skin is unbroken, care, of course, being taken to exclude the air from the injured part.

Sir J. Fryer inclines to the belief that, notwithstanding the fact of the toothless upper jaw, deer do actually consume their cast horns. He picked up recently at the deer forest at Dunrobin, Scotland, a horn which appeared to show that it had been in great part eaten away, and that, it seems, was the belief also of the members of the Zoological Society of London, to whom he recently exhibited the gnawed specimen. The marks on the horn are such as would be made by the broad incisors of the lower jaw, and here scientific observation seems to confirm popular opinion.

The *Popular Science News* says that the agreeable beverage known as champagne is, according to a French recipe, made as follows: Take sixty gallons of water; add forty pounds of ginger cut in small pieces, and gently boil for half an hour, carefully removing any froth that may arise. Cool the liquor as quickly as possible, and when at a blood-heat (100° F.) add nine pounds of raisins chopped fine and the juice of six dozen oranges and six dozen lemons. Allow the liquid to ferment, and after standing a month it may be bottled in the usual manner. If desired, the ginger may be omitted and the number of oranges increased to eighteen dozen.

Must be Distinguished.

"Who is that old gentleman going toward the beach?"

"I don't know, but he must be a very distinguished personage."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, I know it."

"But what do you judge by?"

"The fact that no one knows him, and his name does not appear in any of the seaside papers.—[Philadelphia Call.

AGRICULTURAL.

Increasing the number of cattle does not necessarily imply decrease in the amount of grain grown, as very many suppose, but simply decrease in the number of bushels of the coarser grains sold. It means increase in the amount of grain grown, whenever common sense is exercised in the care of the cattle, but usually on a less acreage sown, which should be welcome tidings to the farmer, who very well knows that the main difference between the cost of labor expended upon a good crop and a poor one mainly consists in the handling.

In stock-raising it is of the utmost importance to make the most of the pasture-land and so to manage it as to get from it the largest possible returns. Many portions of pasture-land possessing a soil of undying fertility, are comparatively valueless from lack of drainage. We feel curious to get an approximate idea of the amount of land under pasturage in the Dominion that is thus in a manner lying waste. At some seasons the draining of these lands would be attended with much difficulty from their possessing a great excess of moisture; but not so during the months of September and October, when there is less of water on or near the surface than during any other months of the year. Draining should therefore, be pushed vigorously forward during these months, as no investment can be made that will so well repay the outlay. It is all very well to spend a few days at fairs, but it is a very serious matter to spend weeks away at a season when greater variety of labor can be done, to better advantage, than at any other. Prizes may be paid for at too dear a rate. If you can do nothing more, put in at least one main drain, which cannot fail from the result to stimulate to higher efforts.

Earthing up Celery.

Here is a way to earth up celery to blanch: First, the earth is worked up to it with the hands, the leaves being held close together with one hand; this is what is termed handling. Then it is allowed to grow for a week or ten days, when common brown wrapping paper is wrapped around the stalks and tied with twine, and the earth is worked up to within one inch of the top of the paper. In about a week or ten days it is wrapped and tied as before, and the earth is partially worked up to the top of the paper. In a short time it will be blanched sufficiently for use, which may be known by the blanched stalks growing out at the top of the paper. For crispness, tenderness, and fine flavor, I think celery grown in this way cannot be excelled. Certainly, it takes work to tie and wrap it, but I think all lovers of this excellent vegetable will feel repaid for the extra work when they have eaten it treated in this fashion.

Keep the Best.

The New York *Tribune* says that one capital error—because a waste of capital on the farm—is to keep poor horses and cows. A $50 horse is not worth one-fourth as much as one that is worth $100. It will eat as much and cost as much for harness, and will neither do as much work nor live so long. A $20 cow, that makes three pounds of butter in a week, costs as much for everything, labor and utensils included, as one worth $100 that makes 10 pounds a week. Another error is to work poor land. Many a man has broken his back and lost his heart on a poor farm which he has suffered to run down by bad management. He has spent his labor and capital over 100 acres, when, by confining himself to 25 or 30, he might have become happy and rich. The way to repair such a capital error is to begin with one field and get that into good condition, and let the rest lie, and so go on through the farm. One rich field will then make it easy to enrich another or two; and while the beginning is slow, it is downhill work, and as the end is nearly reached progress is fast and easy...... The worst of all capital errors is for the farmer to neglect his own improvement and education. A man who has $10 000 in a farm and stock, may easily have twice as much in himself and make his work pay 10 per cent. on his value. He is the greatest part of his capital and it is the greatest of all errors to misuse himself.

Ensilage.

When is the question of the value of ensilage to be determined? The battle still rages in Britain, and America, as to its comparative value, between the friends and opponents of this system of curing fodder. Experiments have been conducted by leading men on both sides of the Atlantic for years, and are we now, we ask, any nearer definiteness than we were long ago? Numerous improvements have been carried on tending to show that ensilage fodder is indispensable in dairying, while other experiments, made by parties equally able, go in quite the opposite direction. While we have every faith in the propriety of calling in the aid of science in farming and stock-raising, we at the same time should be very cautious in receiving the conclusions of science where these are contradictory or even not concurrent. The idea forces itself upon our minds that this question will be settled more by a certain class of farmers than by scientists and that it will resolve itself into a matter of dollars and cents, the degree of its value to be determined by those men who somehow have a wonderful tact in determining what pays and what does not. Men argued for years, some do yet, that fattening cattle does not pay, their figures regarding this matter seeming most conclusive, as they dwelt upon the comparative prices of grain and beef and the value of the labor involved. The answer that those engaged in the fattening business gave was, that they grew rich by the business—a very conclusive answer. If there is virtue in ensilage it will be discovered, and the value of it as a food adjunct may by and by be safely gauged by the number of silos erected and sustained throughout the land. If we may venture an opinion it is this, that its principal value will be found as an adjunct to other cured foods used in this country in the winter season, a less proportion being required than in Britain, on the principle that a less portion of turnips is beneficial. It seems clear to us that in this cold climate the food ration for man and beast should materially differ in winter and summer. Salads are in a manner indispensible in summer, in our climate, but who will say this of them in winter? However, where Mr. Henry Wood and Sir J. B. Lawes are not agreed, it is doubtless the part of wisdom for us to stand uncovered at a respectful distance and maintain a prudent silence. We may add that the system seems to be gaining ground in Britain. We notice that in the British papers machines designed for cutting ensilage are being advertised, while silos are becoming more and more numerous. —[Canadian Stock Raisers' Journal.

More than a "Spectre Bark" Roving the Sea.

The lumber-laden schooner Maggie M. Rivers, which was abandoned waterlogged, near Cape Hatteras, on January 7, still outlives the raging Atlantic gales. A vessel arriving at Halifax last week reported passing this derelict on the 11th inst. in latitude 37 deg. 05 min. north, longtitude 64 deg. 16 min. west, dismasted and covered with barnacles. After the crew left her she drifted 300 miles in an easterly direction right across the Gulf Stream current, then altered her course, travelling 120 miles due southeast; then for forty days moved to the northeast. In May she was heading for the Florida coast; in June she turned towards Savannah, and since then she has been twice reported drifting to the northeastward in the Gulf Stream current.

She is now probably about 250 miles southeast from New York, and having gotten by the aid of ocean currents fairly within the "anti-trade" wind belt, she will be speeded by combined wind and current agency into the great ship routes between America and Europe. She is not a "spectre bark," but an almost solid mass of lumber, and hence a grave menace to navigation, which may for years survive the disintegrating power of the waves unless someone blows her to pieces. The government would do a good service to commerce by dispatching a swift steamer to find and sink, or otherwise destroy this derelict rover of the deep.—[New York Herald.

CURRENCY.

A Kansas woman and a bulldog and a club drove four cowboys a distance of two miles and then she let up because she stuck a sliver in her foot.

It is estimated that $50,000,000 has been squandered in trying to solve the problem of perpetual motion. It's a good thing to keep a man home nights.

The horse of a Russian peasant is first in his estimation; then comes his cow; then his dog, and if he has anything left it is bestowed upon his wife and children.

A Duluth man who was jealous of his wife hid her bustle so as to keep her at home, and the papers speak of it as "an outrage worthy of the dark ages."

A case has been found in Chicago where a woman was paying a pawnbroker $58 per year for the use of $25. That's about the average female idea of finance.

A druggist in a new town in Wyoming advertises a good opening for a doctor who knows how to read, write and spell. Any other sort will be given the cold shoulder.

A Philadelphia burglar has his opinion about burglar-alarms in houses. He says that not more than one in twenty five will ring in an alarm after the house has been occupied three months.

New York's death rate comes close to a thousand a week, and they are wondering how long they can continue to spare a good-sized city out of their population each week and keep smiling.

The woman who wants to look utterly flat and silly in the eyes of common-sense people has only to pin a sunflower to her left shoulder. It answers just as well as if she carried her tongue hanging out.

The doors in Japanese dwellings are made so small that a person must turn sideways and squeeze in. This is the reason why a Jap throws his wife out of the window when he gets on a spree.

"I'm a plumber!" answered a burglar who was discovered by a plumber in a house in Cincinnati at midnight, and the owner turned over in bed with the remark: "Oh, I was in hopes it was a burglar, and he might leave me something."

After half a dozen persons had died in a fine-looking dwelling house in Washington, an investigation was demanded, and it was found that the plumbing had been done without a single trap. The owner saved about $12 by leaving them out.

Newspapers Afloat.

On board the Hecla, one of the ships belonging to Capt. Edward Parry's expedition in search of the northwest passage, a paper was printed called the *North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*. The first number was dated the 1st of November, 1819, and its twenty-first and last the 20th March, 1820. The Great Britain steamer, which started for Australia on the 21st of August, 1852, may claim to have inaugurated the practice of publishing a newspaper on board ship, as a paper, entitled the *Great Britain Times*, was published every week during the voyage and distributed among the passengers. At the present time these seaborn broadsheets are a source of considerable amusement and go a long way to relieve the monotony of the passengers. At the present time these seaborn broadsheets are a source of considerable amusement and go a long way to relieve the monotony of the passage, as the passengers not only read but supply the articles. Burlesque telegrams, jokes made by the passengers, and all the news, whether social nautical, or personal, of the voyage, are published in their columns.

Plantation Philosophy.

Er tired mind kain' hab er rested body. No matter how healthy a tree looks, ef de sap ain't right, de fruit ain't gwineter be good.

'Ligion sorter 'pens on sarcumstances. I doan b'lebe dat er hongry man ken sen' up ez putty er prayer ez de man what hab had er good meal an' has er putty good idea whar he's gwine ter git de naixt one.

De man whut spen's his time in groanin' 'bout de wickedness o' dis hear worl' may cut or bigger figger at er camp meeting den de hustlin' sort o' feller, but he ain't gwineter raise nigh so much cotton. Er little sweat mixed with "Oh, Lawd, gin us so and so," heps de cause mightily.—[Arkansaw Traveller.

What are the North American Indians?

Dr. E. B. Taylor made some remarks before the American Association on North American races and civilization. In attempting to answer the question: "What are the North American Indians?" he stated that whenever he had been among the Indians the thought had always struck him that, if these people were dressed up as Asiatics, there would be little observable difference. Admitting this supposition the next question that arose would be: "How came they here?" To answer this question, Dr. Taylor warned his hearers that they must beware of taking for granted that the physical geography of this continent has not changed. The next question would be: "How it is that among tribes, physically so similar, there should be such a diversity in language as we find among the North American Indians?" For the solution of this question, we must look to the geologists to prove the antiquity of man. Dr. Taylor remarked that even if the North American Indians was the result of the migration of one stock to this continent, the remoteness of the time when that migration must have taken place, would fully account for the great diversity in speech. We are so accustomed to consider the patriarchal system the only natural one, that we do not look for any other, yet the matrimonial system which Sir George Gray found among the Australians is also prevalent among the Indians. This system is not so uncommon as may be supposed, and lingers in many curious customs. Thus among the Kaffirs of South Africa there is a custom by which a man is supposed to completely ignore the existence of his mother-in-law. If the two should meet in the street they turn away from each other. This custom, traces of which Dr. Taylor thought existed among the Spartans in historic times, points to a matriarchal system of society in which marriage is surreptitious and unrecognized. These speculation were strangely confirmed by the report during the past year of some Dutch residents in Sumatra. The inhabitants of that island still live in the matriarchal system. When a man and woman marry they do not set up housekeeping for themselves, but both stay in their mother's house. The father has no control whatever over his children, the head of the family being the maternal uncle. It would be considered a grave offense against his wife's family were a man to undertake to reprove or chastise his children. The curious state of affairs which exists in Sumatra is the key to customs, common to the Kaffirs of South Africa, to the hill-tribes of India, and the Indians of North America.

Don't Worry.

One of the crimes of the age—and it is really a crime—is the hurry and bustle with which nearly everything is done. The business and professional man, the farmer and mechanic, hurry themselves in their clothes in the morning, hurry their breakfasts into their stomachs, and rush off to their work as though it was their last day on earth. A certain amount of energy is always to be commended, and the sin of overwork is better than the sin of laziness. But among those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows there is entirely too much worry, for they are the men and women whose lives should be prolonged as being beneficial to the community. The lazy, trifling person is of no consequence, and it really matters little whether his good-for-nothing form reposes on a dry goods box or in the grave, but no man or woman can be in a continual state of worry and excitement and do a full day's work without soon breaking down. In very many instances the useless worry and excitement in regard to tasks to be performed is much harder on the vital forces than the work itself—and the premature gray hairs which adorn the heads of most middle aged men can be attributed to needless concern and mental strain in regard to their daily tasks. While attending as strictly as possible to work, let all worry as little as they can in regard to their various occupations and matter concerning them.—[Detroit Chaff.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing so cements and holds together in union all the parts of a society as faith or credit; which can never be kept up, unless men are under some force or necessity of honestly paying what they owe to one another.

What a vast deal of time and ease that man gains who is not troubled with the spirit of impertinent curiosity about others; who let his neighbor's thoughts and behavior alone, who confines his inspections to himself, and cares chiefly for his own duty and conscience.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he was poor; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty.

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money, and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligations.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subjected to change.

Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain; their birth, rank, title, and its appendages are at best invidious; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantages of it, they make their superiority set more easy.

Keenness in a man is not always to be taken as a sign of capacity, for it is generally observed the most in those who are selfish and over-reaching; and his keeness generally ends in that kind of penetration [illegible] other people .interests which will [illegible] benefit his ow

Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate to prefer the latter.

Next to the Clergyman.

"Are you the Rev. Dr. B.?" a young man inquired of a citizen on the street.

"No, sir, but I am frequently taken for him. We resemble each other closely. I am a lawyer, and make a specialty of divorce cases. Has your object in finding the Rev. Dr. B. any connection with matrimony?"

"Well, yes," the young man blushingly acknowledged.

"H'm, I thought so. Just put that card where you won't lose it."

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

Death, the great overtaker, prepares the way for the undertaker.

Those who have Tried it Say

The best proof of the great power of Polson's Nerviline over every kind of pain is obtained by the use of a ten cent bottle. Nerviline requires no puffing; every bottle tells its own story. It cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain-subduing remedies know to medical science. Nerviline is equally useful in external or internal pains. Try the great remedy. Ten cent bottle at any drug store. Large bottles only twenty-five cents.

Those three Kings could raise the deuce in Europe if they felt so disposed.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Is it any wonder that "boards of aldermen should sometimes be wooden-headed?"

Have You Thought of It.

For four thousand years or more the world groaned, suffered, and fumed about its corns, for there was no positive relief—no certain and painless cure until Dr. Scott Putnam gave to the world his great Corn Extractor. If there is suffering now it is a result of carelessness, for the remedy is at hand. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor. It is sure, painless, and prompt. Beware of substitutes. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

The widow of a Hindoo is about the only individual whose career really "ends in smoke."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

"Are shrouds classed as kilt suits?" asks the Pittsburg *Telegraph*. We have heard them called "spirit wrappers." Although they are intended for the close of life they they are not designed for the clothes of life.

A.P. 198

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For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co, Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Leve & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

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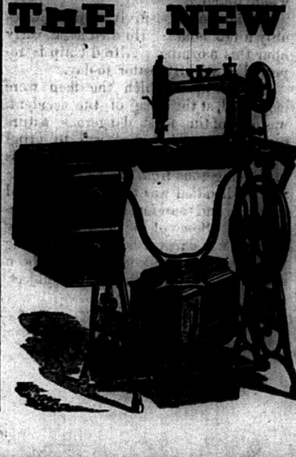

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North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 16, 1884.

——It seems strange that the cholera in Europe can have any effect upon the price of paper in America, but it is true nevertheless. As there was great danger of cholera being imported by means of rags, the governments of Canada and the United States prohibited the importation of rags. That seems a small matter to people generally, but the paper manufacture through differently. They depended upon Europe for a supply of old rags for making paper, and when the supply was cut off the business became demoralized. The paper manufactures of the United States will hold a convention at Cleveland on October 25, to discuss the Question of raising prices. This would be a good time to go into the business of collecting rags in this country. Cholera insures a protection more certain than the highest customs tariff could, and the anti-protection organs will have an opportunity to talk about these bloated monopolists, the Canadian and American rag pickers.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

THREE MEN ROASTED ALIVE BY MOLTEN IRON AT A FURNACE.

NASHVILLE, TENN., 10.—Three men have been killed and one fatally injured at Warners Furnace in Hickman county. A man tapped a furnace before the signal was given, and three men standing near were covered by a mass of molten iron. Two were burned to death instantly; the other waded through the melted iron and lived two hours in great agony. The flesh dropped off all their bodies. The tapper was burned fatally. A mule and cart standing near were consumed.

PARALYZED WITH FEAR.

MATTAWA, Ont., October 13.—While No. 38 mixed was coming East, a few miles west of here, at a high rate of speed, on Wednesday, the driver observed a dark object on the track a short distance ahead. Every effort was made to bring the train to a standstill, but without success, and next moment the obstruction was struck and sent flying from the track. It proved to be a large moose, which becoming bewildered at sight of the approaching train was utterly powerless to move from the spot. Its side was literally smashed to a jelly. The animal weighed 750 pounds and is said to be one of the largest specimens of the moose killed in that locality for years. The head was handed over to Mr. W. P. Martin, station agent at this place.

FIGHT OVER A COFFIN.

DISGRACEFUL ROW DURING A FUNERAL CEREMONY.

A Columbus, Ga., dispatch says:—Nancy Morton, colored, died in Pike county, where her funeral was attended. The brother and husband of the dead woman have been life-long enemies. While the funeral was in progress the brother whipped out his knife, and, rushing upon Morton, laid his left leg open from the knee to the thigh, inflicting a wound which is apt to result fatally. Both men began a hand-to-hand encounter, and several of their friends rushed in to separate them. During the encounter, the coffin, a pine box, was thrown from its props and fell to the floor with a crash. One of the dead woman's sisters had a large piece of flesh carved out of her hand while attempting to disarm her brother, and several others were more or less seriously cut. The congregation stampeded in a panic, but no one was seriously hurt. Both men were eventually placed under arrest and the obsequies proceeded.

TWENTY-ONE CARS SMASHED.

TWO FREIGHT TRAINS COLLIDE NEAR LONDON EAST.

LONDON, Oct. 15.—A collision involving great loss of property occurred about half way between Waubuno bridge and London East shortly after 1 O'clock yesterday morning, between No. 39 west-bound freight and a special in charge of Conductor Fulford. The atmosphere was exceedingly foggy, and it is said the headlights could not be seen fifty yards ahead. The special was going at a moderate speed, but the two trains came together with a terrible crash. Most of the flat cars were shattered into splinters and the remains tossed down a twenty-foot embankment at one side. Some six or eight box cars were also demolished, four or five of them rolling down the bank. The two engines reared up on end, and were only kept from falling back by the pressure from behind. The wreck was most complete, about twenty-one cars being shattered. Two train hands were injured one having several ribs broken, but it is confidently expected that he will recover.

BLOWN TO ATOMS.

DESTRUCTION OF THE HAMILTON POWDER MILLS.

FOUR MEN INSTANTLY KILLED.

HAMILTON October 9.—To-day about noon a shock as of a terrific explosion at some distance was felt in this city. Soon after the news reached here that the Hamilton powder company's mill, between Kilbride and Cumminsville, about 9 miles north of here, had blown up. Rumors of a terrible loss of life created great excitement, but no particulars have been received up to the present as the Cumminsville telegraph office is not working. It is said that Cumminsville is in flames. Mr. Watson, president of the company in this city, has gone to the scene of the disaster.

A LATER ACCOUNT.

COMMINSVILLE, Ont., 9 The Hamilton Powder Co. mills were blown up to-day at 12.30. They are situated one mile from here. Four men were killed and two wounded. The names of those killed are: Wm. Murray, who leaves a wife and seven small children; Henry Tibbles, who leaves a wife and two small children; George Mathews, who leaves a wife and five small children, and Wm. Heatherinton, who is a single man. The names are; Albert Culp, badly burned about the face and legs; Daniel Dougherty, badly burned and some limbs broken. The cause of the explosion is unknown, and the damage cannot now be estimated, though it will be considerable.

A SICKENING SIGHT.

The sight is a sickening one and it was with difficulty that some of the bodies were found and when found they were stripped naked and a long distance off in the bushes, with legs and arms broken and burned black. Indeed so horribly were they disfigured that they could scarcely be recognized. Many of the men had narrow escapes. This is the fourth time that these mills have had an explosion, but it is the first time that an explosion has been attended with any loss of life. The excitement is intense. Spectators were present from long distances in almost an incredibly short time. So great was the explosion that glass windows were broken more than a quarter of a mile distant from the scene of the explosion.

At 12.30 exactly a tremendous explosion shook the earth, followed in a second by another lighter one, and immediately after a third, the most severe of the three, made the ground tremble, amd rocked the houses like an earthquake. Whole timbers were carried in the air as if they had been twigs, and pieces of charred wood several pounds in weight were picked up a mile away. The force of the explosion may be learned from the fact that an iron shaft weighing 400 pounds hurled a distance of quarter of a mile. The debris in the immediate vicinity of the explosion was burning fiercely when the other workmen and the villagers arrived, but it was speedily extinguished. With desperate energy the crowd began searching among the ruins. Deep groans led several persons to the brink of the mill-race, near the place where the press building had stood and they found there the charred and mutilated form of Daniel Doherty. He had been blown into the race but crawled out on to the bank where he lay unable to go further. Alfred Culp, the only other workman who was not instantly killed had been blown into the mill race, but had strength enough left to pull himself out and crawl home. Very soon the dead bodies of Murray, Heatherington and Tibbles were found. Heatherington had been blown clear over one of the trees—a height of more than forty feet—and part of his clothes stuck in the branches. It was an hour and a half before the body of Matthews was discovered. It was lying on the mill flume near the road, and was covered with a heap of leaves and debris. It was thought that his body was in the mill race, and the water was turned off in order to find it. Matthews was found forty yards from where he was working, Tibbles about the same distance, Heatherington 75 yards, and Murry 50 yards. The bodies were almost entirely denuded of clothing when found.

Daniel Doherty survived his injuries only a few hours. He died at an early hour this morning. Alfred Culp is reported as slightly better to-day.

The job upon which the men were employed, at the time of the accident, was one of the most dangerous nature conceivable. That work was to grind down large powder into fine. This was more dangerous from the fact that the powder handled was not new, but old and dry, and therefore all the more combustible. Some of the men state they knew it was dangerous, and unavailing remonstrances are said to have been made with the authorities on the subject.

Martin Repeating Rifles, Kennedy Repeating Rifles, and Ballard Rifles and Carbines at J. Dale & Son's.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAY.

CAME into the enclosure of the undersigned, on or about the 12th of September, a stray Mare. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges.

C. PLANK,
1-389 Lot 12, 1st Con., Madoc.

LOST.

TWO milk heifers, strayed from Delora, one light, the other white with red neck, and little red on lower part of hind legs, also spotted with red on body, last seen on Saturday, October 4th. Any one giving any information will be rewarded for their trouble.

JAMES ARCHER,
1-389 Delora, P. O.

STRAYED.

INTO the enclosure of the undersigned, lot 27, in the 5th concession of Madoc, on or about the 1st of September, a blue yearling bull, with a line back. The owner is requested to prove property, pay damages, and take the same away.

THOMAS SARGENT.
Bannockburn, Oct. 9th, 1884. 3t-389

FIREMEN! ATTENTION!

EVERY Member of the ALERT Fire Company is requested to turn out, in full dress, on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 6th), at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m. No excuse will be taken except ing sickness.

By Order,
G. A. ROLLINS, Captain.
E. A. MAYBEE, Assist. Chief.

Dominion Express Co'y, Limited.

OPERATING ALL LINES, AND THE Steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railway, The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway, and Kingston & Pembroke R'y. General Express forwarded to all parts of the Dominion. Collect Notes, Drafts and Accounts, and make prompt returns. Collect Bills accompanying goods, C.O.D. Make the following low rates, on small remittances of Currency and Gold Coin, between any two offices of this Company:—

Sums of $20 or less—15c.		Sums of $60 to $70—35c.	
" " $20 to $40—20c.		" " $70 to $80—40c.	
" " $40 to $50—25c.		" " $80 to $90—45c.	
" " $50 to $60—30c.		" " $90 to $100—50c.	

No Bonding fees, and no Invoices required on shipments to Manitoba and the North-West during navigation.

Rates always low, and time as quick as by other Expresses. All information cheerfully furnished on application to any of the Company's Offices.

W. S. STOUT, Supt.,
4t-389 Toronto, Ont.

AUCTION SALE,
—OF—
VALUABLE FARM,
In the Township of Marmora, in the County of Hastings.

There will be sold, on
FRIDAY, 7th day of NOVEMBER,
1884, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at
McWilliams' Hotel,
Village of Marmora.

BY virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the Sale, the following Properties:

Under Mortgage of Edmund Robson.

North-west ¼ Lot No. 3, in the 1st Concession of the Township of Marmora, County of Hastings, containing 50 acres more or less.

The following improvements are said to be on the premises: 40 acres cleared, an Orchard of about 100 Fruit Trees, good Frame House and Barn.

TERMS—One-tenth of the purchase money to be paid down on the day of sale. For balance, terms will be made known at the sale.

For further particulars apply to
JONES BROS. & MACKENZIE,
Or to Solicitors, Masonic Hall, Toronto.
W. PHILLIPS, Esq., Malone.
Toronto, Oct. 9th, 1884. 3t-389

Cash Business.

Having decided to give up the Credit system and do a Cash business in the future, I am closing up my books. All accounts owing me must be settled before the 15th of November, those remaining on my books after the above date will be placed in court for collection.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Hardware

WE HAVE

REMOVED

OUR ENTIRE

Hardware stock into our Dry Goods Store

One door south of old Hardware Store.

Parties in want of Hardware will save money by giving us a call, as we wish to clear the stock by spring.

N.B.—We are offering SCOTCH IRON at $2 per cwt. Horse Shoes $4.15 per Keg.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Selling Out!

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

MRS. J. WRIGHT,

Having sold out her business to Mr. J. B. Church, and being obliged to give up possession of her premises on the 1st of November next, now offers the balance of her stock to the public

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Call and see the Bargains offered.

JANE WRIGHT.

Our Fall Stock of new and fresh

GOODS

in all departments, now ready for the inspection of customers,

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

D. C. CLARKE,

MADOC BAKERY

THOS. REYNOLDS,

Having purchased the business lately carried on by W. Hudgins in the Victoria Block, Madoc, and having secured a first-class Baker from Belleville, is now prepared to supply the public with the best Bread, Cakes and Confectionery in the place.

Fresh baked Cakes & Buns every day.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

LUNCHES, ICE CREAM AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

Local Chit-Chat.

—Trenton had its annual holiday last Tuesday.

—The Deseronto Tribune will in future be issued on Saturday.

—Mr. Jas. Whytock removed into the Wilson block last week.

—Mr Arnold Sine, returned to his duties in Toronto on Monday last.

—Mr. Lester McTaggart has opened a grocery store in Whytock's old stand.

—Miss Lottie Francis departed from the village for Toronto on Monday afternoon.

—Our stock of Carpets and Floor Oil Cloths is now complete. John Dale & Son.

—It is rumored that Mr. A. A. McDonald, (Gream & McDonald), is about removing his family to this village.

—Revival meetings, at the Methodist church, in this village, are being held every night during the present week.

—The county men and teams are engaged in giving the Belleville road a coat of broken stone and gravel, about four and a half miles south of here.

—We are pleased to notice that Mr. Will. Crobe, son of Thos. Crobe, Esq., of this village, took nigh honors at the recent examinations at Upper Canada College, Toronto.

—Bay State cheese factory was consumed by fire last Tuesday morning. 140 cheese were lost with the rest of the contents. Insured for $1000. Cause of fire unknown.

—The Scott Act Committee have issued circulars to that a public meeting will be held, consisting of delegates from the different municipalities, in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday, October 26th. It is hoped it will be well attended.

—On Saturday evening, about 8 p. m. Mr. R. Simmons' team ran away. Mr. S. who pitched out on his shoulder, and one of the front wheels of the vehicle was smashed otherwise there was no damage done. Mrs Simmons was in the rig, secured the lines, and getting the team under control when they were stopped.

—Messrs. R. S. Jenkins and Ed. James, son of E. James, Esq., of Bridgewater, paid their friends here a visit last week. They are both holding lucrative and responsible positions in Winnipeg, Man., in the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Jenkins being Superintendent of the Company's telegraphic service, and Mr. James train dispatcher. Both were early operators in Mr. Wilson's office, in this village, and their advancement to their present positions is an evidence of their ability. They left the village on Tuesday last, by C. P. Ry. for New York.

Scott Act Meeting.

The Scott Act Committee in Madoc evidently means business. At the adjourned meeting, on Monday evening reports came to hand from different municipalities favouring the calling of a general convention, with a view to organize for unanimous action throughout the county. After some discussion, as between Stirling and Madoc, it was finally decided that the latter was the more central place, and accordingly the call is to be made, by circular and otherwise, for said convention to be held in the Presbyterian Church, in this village, on October 28th at 2 o'clock p. m. to which it is confidently believed the temperance people of the county will rally.

A Puzzle.

Some of our exchanges are passing along the following, which is warranted to beat 13, 15, 14 as a destroyer of peace in the family. Take a strip of cardboard or paper 18 inches long and 5 wide, thus giving a surface of 65 inches. Now cut this strip diagonally, as true as possible, making two pieces in the shape of a triangle. Now measure exactly 5 inches from the larger end of each strip and cut it in two pieces. Take the pieces and put them into an exact square, and it will appear to be 8 inches each way, or 64 squares inches, a loss of one square inch of superficial measurement, with no diminution of surface. The question is, what becomes of that inch?

WHAT TO DO.

If troubled with an unhealthy, slow-healing sore use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. You will find it invaluable for healing, cleansing and completely removing your trouble. If the Blood is out of order take with it a few doses of McGregor's Speedy Cure, from Wilson's Drug Store.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

MERIT PROVEN.

Dollar upon dollar is frequently spent on the faith of recommendations for articles entirely worthless. Not so with McGregor's Speedy Cure you are not asked to purchase it until its merits are proven. Call at Wilson's drug store and get a free trial bottle, and if not convinced it will cure you of the worst forms of Dyspepsia Liver Complaint, etc., no matter how long standing, it costs you nothing. Sold in 50c. and $1.00 bottles. See testimonials from persons in your own town.

The seventh annual convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Ontario opened Tuesday in Toronto.

We American and Canadian Coal Oil at G. A. Rollins, Hardware Store, Dale's Block.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, of London south, were seriously poisoned on Sunday by eating canned mackerel, put up by an American firm.

We are showing extra value in Dress Goods our 25c. line would be good value at 40c.
John Dale & Son.

DISTRICT DOINGS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from Our Exchanges

$500 counterfeit bills are in circulation. We watch our small change carefully, and expect to escape.

Arnprior has a nine-year-old boy—Alfred Farmer, son of Mr. W. Farmer—who tips the scales at 146 lbs.

John Turner, of Sidney, was putting a ring in a bear's nose the other day, when the brute bit his left thumb clean off.

The Brinkworth post-office has been closed. Those receiving their mails there hitherto will now be served at Stirling and Hoards.

During the thunderstorm last week two cows belonging to Mr. Martin Mulvihill, of Admaston, were struck by lightning and killed.

Mr Ehlrey Brown, of North Fredericksburg, has an apple tree in full bloom. This is a very rare occurrence at this season.

James McCool, aged 26, son of James McCool, of Fort William, had his arm torn off by a saw in a Mattawa mill, and died in a few hours.

Mr. Abraham Woodcock, of North Fredericksburg, has a sample of oats grown on his farm, the head measuring 22 inches. This beats the record.

Mr. F. F. McNab, of Arnprior, recently saw the Chats Lake sea serpent. It appeared to be as large around as a man's body and about forty or fifty feet long.

The Knights of Labour have paid Mr. McAdoo, of Belleville, $600 to compensate him for injuries received by the falling of a platform at their picnic on August 19th.

There is at least one brave lady in Stirling. Being called on by a tramp some time since, she ordered him off the premises on his getting "tippy," and as he was slow in obeying, she unceremoniously "ran" him to the gate and saw him safe in the street.

As H. W. Mack, with some friends, was coming home from Campbellford on Sunday evening (26th) between ten and eleven o'clock, they saw a rainbow. There had been a shower and it is supposed the bow was caused by the moon, something seldom if ever seen before.

Mr. Archibald McDonald, of Matawatchan, met with a peculiar and serious accident a couple of weeks ago. He was door-yard, chatting with a neighbour who was loosely holding an axe by its handle. One of Mr McDonald's dogs suddenly gave chase to a pig, and struck the axe, as he was bounding by, with such force as to send the blade into Mr McDonald's leg just below the knee on the inside, splintering the bone. The wound is so serious as to make his recovery doubtful.

Campbellford was made a most advantageous offer by the woollen mills company, to the effect that if the village would lay pipes at an expense of $3,000, and connect them with their pumps, they (the company) would supply the pumping free, thus giving the village a better protection against fire than it could get in any other way by the expenditure of many times that amount. The ratepayers voted on the question on the 27th, and the *Herald* fairly blushes for their short-sighted parsimoniousness when it states that the measure was voted down by two to one.

In view of the story that comes to us from the neighborhood of Ashton we are disposed to say the days of miracles are not ended. Whilst engaged in watering horses Mrs McFarlane fell through the covering of the well, and found herself in six feet of water and fifteen feet from the surface of the ground. To add to her danger a horse fell through after her, and in falling did not strike her. Mrs McFarlane managed to keep herself above the water and to make her cries heard, and was ultimately got out, considerably bruised. The horse was dead when brought to the surface.

A decided sensation has been caused in Cobourg, by the discovery that over 1,000 names have been purloined from the petition lying in the Sheriff's office, praying for the submission of the Scott Act in the united Counties of Northumberland and Durham. The petition bore signatures of 4,112 bona fide electors of the united counties, 800 more than required. The discovery of the theft was made by Mr T. T. Reins, a Port Hope barrister, who was going through the petition on behalf of certain interested clients. The abstracted sheet contained the signatures of petitioners in the villages of Brighton and Colborne, and in eight other township municipalities. The result of this daring act on on the part of the opponents of the Scott Act, will be to so delay the submission of the Act in Northumberland and Durham that it cannot take effect, in case of adoption, till the end of the next license year. All the work of obtaining signatures will have to be gone over again.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Abscesses, Erysipelas, Piles.—Unvarying success attends all who treat these diseases according to the simple printed directions wrapped round each pot and box. They are invaluable to the young and timid, whose bashfulness sometimes endangers life. Though apparently local, diseases of this nature are essentially blood disorders, but a little attention, moderate perseverance, and trifling expense will enable the most diffident to conduct any case to a happy issue without exposing secret infirmities to any one. The Ointment checks the local inflammation and alleviates the throbbing pains. These directions also clearly point out when and how Holloway's pills are to be taken, that their purifying and regulating powers may assist by adjusting and strengthening the constitution.

FLUID LIGHTING.

There are but few that have never suffered alm at intolerable pain from Toothache, Neuralgia or like acute pains. To them such an instant relief as Fluid Lighting is an untold blessing in the time of trouble. No disgusting offensive medicine to be taken for days. One application of Fluid Lighting Cures. Sold by C. G. Wilson, Druggist.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

October 7th.—The Agricultural Show was held at Dungannon, and was well up to the average standard of late years. A large number of persons were present, including the Hon. M. Howell, and A. F. Wood, Esq., M.P.P., who have been taking a tour through the rear townships of North Hastings.

It has been too often the fate of our Agricultural Show to be insulted by unmitigated rain, but on the present occasion we had not our usual show weather, but fair weather instead, so that we had a "fair show" for our Show Fair. the day being remarkably fine. At Mr. Jarman's an endless variety of good things were provided for the fortification of the inner man, and that well-known travellers rest was full, to over-flowing, from morning till night. The stores also did a rushing business, and there were peddlers and refreshments, and Aunt Sally on the ground, so that the lads of the backwoods, if so disposed, could indulge in a constant round of dissipation.

Mr. J. C. Jarman having succeeded in making up a purse, the races came off on a level piece of road, south of the Church Hill. The following is a list of the winners:—

Horse Race,—1st—J. R. Tait's horse, Jack ridden by G. Jarman; 2nd—C. Cross's horse George, ridden by owner.

Mens' Foot Race, run in heats.—This race excited great interest, as some of the bush runners in this section were present. In the first heat G. Jarman ran a dead heat, but sprained himself, and so lost his chance of winning. 1st—W. Niles; 2nd—R. Stewart; 3rd—W. Spurr. Boys' Race.—1st Class.—1st—A. Barker; 2nd—T. Burton. 2nd Class. 1st—J. Barker; 2nd—T. O'Neill. Juniors. 1st—H. Jarman; 2nd—W. Hennessey.

October 8th.—The Cattle Fair was held, buyers from the front attended, and a goodly number of cattle were sold, some of which were driven here from neighbouring townships. It is to be hoped that this Fairs will continue to thrive and prosper, as it offers a good outlet for our surplus stock, and an inducement for cattle buyers to come in.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, Oct. 11th, 1884.

FOR SALE.

A NUMBER of Cows, also a number of Sheep. Apply to

JOHN BROWN,
Lot 12, 3rd Con., Madoc.

MONEY.

I HAVE a large amount of Money to Loan at the lowest rate of interest upon Mortgage.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Barrister.
Ashley Block, Belleville, October, 1884. 387-4mos.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to call and settle their accounts before November 1st, 1884.

JANE WRIGHT.
Madoc, Oct. 2nd, 1884. 44-387

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST

and bring your

Lamb and Sheepskins, Hides, Furs,

&c., and get top prices, CASH, from your old friend,

M. SCOTT.

Thomas Scott, Agent, and auctioneer.

N. B.—There is not a dealer in the Dominion can give you more—don't forget it.

BUY YOUR

Boots and Shoes

FROM

T. ROBERTS,

Weiss Block, Madoc

Millinery,
Fancy Goods,
Dry Goods.

Miss ELLIOTT,

Has removed to Wilson's Block, and now has a choice stock in the above department.

FALL OPENING,

Of the latest New York, London and Paris Styles, from

Thursday to Saturday,
October 9th to 11th.

Miss L. ELLIOTT.

Farmers and threshers of all will do well to use "Queen City Oil 300 cold test" "Pearless" Illuminating Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $4 75	to 0 00
Fall Wheat, $0 80	to 0 00
Spring Wheat, $0 80	to 0 00
Oats, 35 cents	to 00 cents
Rye, 50 "	to 50 "
Barley, 50 cents	to 60 cents
Peas, 60 cents	to 00 cents
Potatoes per bag, 60 cents	to 80 cents
Butter per pound, 16 cents	
Eggs per dozen, 10 to 12 cents.	
Tallow, 0 cents	
Lard, 10 "	
Calfskins, 36 cents	to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 35 cents	to 45 cents
Wool, 15 to 17cents	
Hay, per ton, $ 00	to $12 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00	to $5 00
Cheese, 10c	to 12c

G. A. ROLLINS,

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse.
Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,

CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

A GOOD GIRL.

CAN hear of a situation by applying at the REVIEW OFFICE, Madoc.

FOR SALE.

THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.

H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

NOTICE.

To the Electors of the Village of Madoc:

GENTLEMEN.—The undersigned intends offering his services as Reeve for the village of Madoc, for 1885.

STEPHEN REED.

Madoc, Sept. 24, 1884.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE east half of lot No. 6, 9th Concession, township of Madoc, containing one hundred acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn and log house, and the property is well watered, a never-failing spring on the place. It is situated within three miles of the village of Madoc, and about a mile from a school. Title perfect. Apply to

WM. McMECHAN,
Rose's Corners, Belleville P. O.
or to THOS. McMECHAN,
Stone Brook, Rawdon.

September 22nd, 1884. (386-4w)

1862. **WHITE'S** 1884.

AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

FARMERS

Look to your interests, and

BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,

and avoid all trouble about points, etc.

Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

J. & J. WHITE.

CITY

Art Gallery,

FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.

I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

I HAVE IN IT

TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City;

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

J. H. FORD,

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Mirrors, &c.

NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILL

A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER V.

The two men kept their secret. Mr. Poindexter convinced Mrs. Tucker that the sale of Los Cuervos could not be effected [illegible] the notoriety of her husband's flight [illegible] been fairly forgotten, and she was forced to accept her fate. The sale of her diamonds, which seemed to her to have realized a singularly extravagant sum, enabled her to quietly reinstate the Pattersons in the *tienda*, and to discharge in full her husband's liabilities to the *ranchero* and his humble retainers.

Meanwhile the winter rains had ceased. It seemed to her as if the clouds had suddenly one night struck their white tents and stolen away, leaving the unvanquished sun to mount the vacant sky the next morning alone, and possess it thenceforward unchallenged. One afternoon she thought the long sad waste before her window had caught some tint of gayer color from the sunset; a week later she found it a blazing landscape of poppies, broken here and there by blue lagoons of lupine, by pools of daisies, by banks of dog roses, by broad outlying shores of dandelions that scattered their lavish gold to the foot of the hills, where the green billows of wild oats carried it on and upward to the darker crest of pines. For two months she was dazzled and bewildered with color. She had never before been face to face with this spendthrift Californian Flora, in her virgin wastefulness—her more than goddesslike prodigality. The teeming earth seemed to quicken and throb beneath her feet; the few circuits of a plough around the outlying *corral* were enough to call out a jungle growth of giant grain that almost hid the low walls of the *hacienda*. In this glorious fecundity of the earth, in this joyous renewal of life and color, in this opulent youth and freshness of soil and sky it alone remained—the dead and sterile Past—left in the midst of buoyant rejuvenescence and resurrection, like an empty churchyard skull upturned on the springing turf. Its bronzed *adobe* walls mocked the green vine that embraced them, the crumbling dust of its court yard remained ungerminating and unfruitful [illegible] stirring voices [illegible] remained mute, unresponsive, and unchanged.

During this time Don Jose had become a frequent visitor at Los Cuervos, bringing with him at first his niece and sister in a stately precision of politeness that was not lost on the proud Blue Grass stranger. She returned their visit at Los Gatos, and there made the formal acquaintance of Don Jose's grandmother—a lady who still regarded the decrepit Concha as a giddy *muchacha*, and who herself glittered as with the phosphorescence of refined decay. Through this circumstance she learned that Don Jose was not yet fifty, and that his gravity of manner and sedateness was more the result of fastidious isolation and temperament than years. She could not tell why the information gave her a feeling of annoyance, but it caused her to regret the absence of Poindexter, and to wonder, also somewhat nervously, why he had lately avoided her presence. The thought that he might be doing so from a recollection of the innuendoes of Mrs. Patterson caused a little tremor of indignation in her hot pulses. "As if——" but she did not finish the sentence even to herself, and her eyes filled with tears.

Yet she had thought of the husband who had so cruelly wronged her less feverishly, less impatiently than before. For she thought she loved him now the more deeply, because, although she was not reconciled to his absence, it seemed to keep alive the memory of what he had been before his one wild act separated them. She had never seen the reflection of another woman's eyes in his; the past contained no haunting recollection of waning or alienated affection; she could meet him again, and clasping her arms around him, awaken as with a troubled dream without reproach or explanation. Her strong belief in this made her patient; she no longer sought to know the particulars of his flight, and never dreamed that her passive submission to his absence was partly due to a fear that something in his actual presence at that moment would have destroyed that belief for ever.

For this reason the delicate reticence of the people at Los Gatos, and their seclusion from the world which knew of her husband's fault, had made her encourage the visits of Don Jose, until from the instinct already alluded to she one day summoned Poindexter to Los Cuervos, on the day that Don Jose usually called. But, to her surprise the two men met more or less awkwardly and coldly, and her tact as hostess was tried to the utmost to keep their evident antagonism from being too apparent. The effort to reconcile their mutual discontent, and some other feelings she did not quite understand, produced a nervous excitement which called the blood to her fair cheek and gave a dangerous brilliancy to her eyes—two circumstances not unnoticed nor unappreciated by her two guests. But instead of reuniting them, the prettier Mrs. Tucker became, the more distant and reserved grew the men, until Don Jose rose before his usual hour, and with more than usual ceremoniousness departed.

"Then my business does not seem to be with him?" said Poindexter, with quiet coolness, as Mrs. Tucker turned her somewhat mystified face toward him. "Or have you anything to say to me about him in private?"

"I am sure I don't know what you both mean," she returned with a slight tremor of voice. "I had no idea you were not on good terms. I thought you were! Its very awkward." Without coquetry and unconsciously she raised her blue eyes under her lids until the clear pupils coyly and softly hid themselves in the corners of the brown lashes, and added—"You have both been so kind to me."

"Perhaps that is the reason," said Poindexter, gravely. But Mrs. Tucker refused to accept the suggestion with equal gravity and began to laugh. The laugh, which was at first frank, spontaneous, and almost childlike, was becoming hysterical and nervous as she went on, until it was suddenly checked by Poindexter.

"I have had no difficulties with Don Jose Santierra," he said, somewhat coldly ignoring her hilarity; "but perhaps he is not inclined to be as polite to the friend of the husband as he is to the wife."

"Mr. Poindexter!" said Mrs. Tucker, quickly, her face becoming pale again.

"I beg your pardon," said Poindexter, flushing; "but——"

"You want to say," she interrupted coolly, "that you are not friends, I see. Is that the reason you have avoided this house?" she continued, gently.

"I thought I could be of more service to you elsewhere," he replied, evasively. "I have been lately following up a certain clue rather closely. I think I am on the track of a confidante of—of—that woman."

A quick shadow passed over Mrs. Tucker's face. "Indeed!" she said, coldly, "Then I am to believe that you prefer to spend your leisure moments in looking after that creature than in calling here?"

Poindexter was stupefied. Was this the woman who only four months ago was almost vindictively eager to pursue her husband's paramour? There could be but one answer to it—Don Jose. Four months ago he would have smiled compassionately at it from his cynical pre-eminence. Now he managed with difficulty to stifle the bitterness of his reply.

"If you do not wish the inquiry carried on," he began, "of course——"

"I? What does it matter to me?" she said coolly. "Do as you please."

Nevertheless, half an hour later, as he was leaving, she said, with a certain hesitating timidity, "Do not leave me so much alone here—and let that woman go."

This was not the only unlooked for sequel to her innocent desire to propitiate her only friends. Don Jose did not call again upon his usual day, but in his place came Dona Clara, his younger sister. When Mrs. Tucker had politely asked after the absent Don Jose, Dona Clara wound her swarthy arms around the fair American's waist and replied, "But why did you send for the abogado Poindexter when my brother called?"

"But Capt. Poindexter calls as one of my *friends*," said the amazed Mrs. Tucker. "He is a gentleman, and has been a soldier and an officer," she added with some warmth.

"Ah, yes, a soldier of the law—what you call an *official de policia*—a chief of *gendarmes*, my sister; but not a gentleman—a *camarero* to protect a lady."

Mrs. Tucker would have uttered a hasty reply, but the perfect and good natured simplicity of Dona Clara withheld her. Nevertheless she treated Don Jose with a certain reserve at their next meeting, until it brought the simple minded Castilian so dangerously near the point of demanding an explanation which implied too much that she was obliged to restore him temporarily to his old footing. Meantime she had a brilliant idea. She would write to Calhoun Weaver, whom she had avoided since that memorable day. She would say she wished to consult him. He would come to Los Cuervos. He might suggest something to lighten this weary waiting—at least, she would show them all that she had still old friends. Yet she did not dream of returning to her old Blue Grass home. Her parents had died since she left. She shrank from the thought of dragging her ruined life before the hopeful youth of her girlhood's companions.

Mr. Calhoun Weaver arrived promptly, ostentatiously, oracularly, and cordially—but a little coarsely. He had—did she remember?—expected this from the first. Spencer had lost his head through vanity, and had attempted too much. It required foresight and firmness as he himself—who had lately made successful "combinations" which she might perhaps have heard of—well knew. But Spencer had got the "big head." "As to that woman—a devilish handsome woman, too!—well, everybody knew that Spencer always had a weakness that way—and he would say—but if she didn't care to hear any more about her, well, perhaps she was right. That was the best way to take it." Sitting before her, prosperous, weak, egotistical, incompetent, unavailable, and yet filled with a vague kindliness of intent, Mrs. Tucker loathed him. A sickening perception of her own weakness in sending for him, a new and aching sense of her utter isolation and helplessness, seemed to paralyze her.

"Nat'rally you feel bad," he continued, with a large air of a profound student of human nature. "Nat'rally, nat'rally you're kept in an uncomfortable state, not knowing jist how you stand. There ain't but one thing to do. Jist rise up, quiet like, and get a divorce agin Spencer. Hold on! There ain't a Judge or jury in California that wouldn't give it to you right off the nail, without asking questions. Why you'll get it by default if you wanted to—you'll just have to walk over the course! And then, Belle"—he drew his chair nearer her—"when you've settled down agin—well! I—I don't mind renewing that offer I once made ye, before Spencer ever came round ye—I don't mind. Belle, I swear I don't! Honest Injin! I'm in earnest; there's my hand!"

Mrs. Tucker's reply has not been recorded Enough that half an hour later Mr. Weaver appeared in the courtyard with traces of tears on his foolish face, a broken falsetto voice, and other evidence of mental and moral disturbance. His cordiality and oracular predisposition remained sufficiently to enable him to suggest the magical words "Blue Grass" mysteriously to Concha with an indication of his hand to the erect figure of her pale mistress in the door way, who waved to him a silent but half-compassionate farewell.

At about this time a slight change in her manner was noticed by the few who saw her more frequently. Her apparently invincible girlishness of spirit had given way to a certain matronly seriousness. She applied herself to her household cares and the improvement of the *hacienda* with a new sense of duty and a settled earnestness, until by degrees she wrought into it not only her instinctive delicacy and taste, but part of her own individuality. Even the rude *rancheros* and tradesmen who were permitted to enter the walls in the exercise of their calling began to speak mysteriously of the beauty of this garden of the *almarjal*. She went out but seldom, and then accompanied by the one or the other of her female servants, in long drives on unfrequented roads. On Sundays she sometimes drove to the half ruined mission church of Santa Inez, and hid herself during mass in the dim monastic shadows of the choir. Gradually the poorer people whom she met in these journeys began to show an almost devotional reverence for her, stopping in the roads with uncovered heads for her to pass, or making way for her in the *tienda* or *plaza* of the wretched town with dumb courtesy. She began to feel a strange sense of widow-hood, that, while it at times brought tears to her eyes, was not without a certain tender solace. In the sympathy and simpleness of this impulse she went as far as to revive the mourning she had worn for her parents, but with such a fatal accounting of her beauty, and dangerous misinterpreting of her condition to eligible bachelors strange to the country, that she was obliged to put it off again. Her reserve and dignified manner caused others to mistake her nationality for that of the Santierras, and in "Dona Bella" the simple Mrs. Tucker was for a while forgotten. At times she even forgot it herself. Accustomed now almost entirely to the accents of another language and the features of another race she would sit for hours in the corridor, whose massive bronzed enclosure even her tasteful care could only make an embowered mausoleum of the past, or gaze abstractedly from the dark embrasures of her windows across the stretching *almarjal* to the shining lagoon beyond that terminated the estuary. She had a strange fondness for this tranquil mirror, which under the sun or stars always retained the passive reflex of the sky above and seemed to rest her weary eyes. She had objected to one of the plans proposed by Poindexter to redeem the land and deepen the water at the *embarcadero*, as it would have drained the lagoon, and the lawyer had postponed the improvement to gratify her fancy. So she kept it through the long summer unchanged save by the shadow of passing wings or the lazy files of sleeping sea fowl.

On one of these afternoons she noticed a slowly moving carriage leave the high road and cross the *almarjal* skirting the edge of the lagoon. If it contained visitors for Los Cuervos they had evidently taken a shorter cut without waiting to go on to the regular road which intersected the highway at right angles a mile farther on. It was with some sense of annoyance and irritation that she watched the trespass, and finally saw the vehicle approach the house. A few moments later the servant informed her that Mr. Patterson would like to see her alone. When she entered the corridor, which in the dry season served as a reception hall, she was surprised to see that Mr. Patterson was not alone. Near him stood a well dressed handsome woman, gazing about her with good-humored admiration of Mrs. Tucker's taste and ingenuity.

"It don't look much like it did two years ago," said the stranger cheerfully. "You've improved it wonderfully."

Stiffening slightly, Mrs. Tucker turned inquiringly to Mr. Patterson. But that gentleman's usually profound melancholy appeared to be intensified by the hilarity of his companion. He only sighed deeply and rubbed his leg with the rim of his hat in gloomy abstraction.

"Well!—go on, then," said the woman laughing and nudging him. "Go on—introduce me—can't you? Don't stand there like a tomb stone. You won't? Well, I'll introduce myself." She laughed again, and then, with an excellent imitation of Patterson's lugubrious accents, said: "Mr. Spencer Tucker's wife that *is*—allow me to introduce you to Mr. Spencer Tucker's sweetheart that *was*! Hold on! I said *that was*. For, true as I stand here, ma'am—and I reckon I would'nt stand here if it wasn't true—I haven't set eyes on him since the day he left you."

"It's the Gospel truth every word," said Patterson, stirred into a sudden activity by Mrs. Tucker's white and rigid face. "It's the frozen truth and I kin prove it. For I kin swear that when that there young woman was sailin' outer the Golden Gate Spencer Tucker was in my barroom; I can swear that I fed him, lickored him, give him a hoss, and set him on his road to Monterey that very night."

"Then where is he now?" said Mrs. Tucker. suddenly facing them.

They looked at each other and then looked at Mrs. Tucker. Then both together replied slowly and in perfect unison. "That's—what—we—want—to—know." They seemed so satisfied with this effort that they as deliberately repeated. "Yes—that's—what—we—want—to—know."

Between the shock of meeting the partner of her husband's guilt and the unexpected revelation to her inexperience, that in suggestion and appearance there was nothing beyond the recollection of that guilt that was really shocking in the woman—between the extravagant extremes of hope and fear suggested by their words, there was something so grotesquely absurd in the melodramatic chorus that she with difficulty suppressed a hysterical laugh.

"That's the way to take it," said the woman putting her own good-humored interpretation upon Mrs. Tucker's expression. "Now look here! I'll tell you all about it." She [illegible] the easiest chair and [illegible] hands in her lap. "Well, I left here on the 13th of last January on the ship Argo, calculating that your husband would join the ship just inside the Heads. That was our arrangement, but if anything happened to prevent him, he was to join me in Acapulco. Well! He didn't come aboard, and we sailed without him. But it appears now he did attempt to join the ship, but his boat was capsized. There now—don't be alarmed—he wasn't drowned, as Patterson can swear to—to—[illegible] not a hair of him was hurt—but I—I was bundled off to the end of the earth in Mexico, alone, without a cent to bless me. For, true as you live, that hound of a Captain. when he found, as he thought, that Spencer was nabbed, he just confiscated all his trunks and valuables and left me in the lurch. If I hadn't met a man down there that offered to marry me and brought me here I might have died there. I reckon. But I did, and here I am. I went down there as your husband's sweetheart; I've come back as the wife of an honest man, and I reckon it's about square!"

There was something so startlingly frank, so hopelessly self-satisfied, so contagiously good-humored in the woman's perfect moral unconsciousness that even if Mrs. Tucker had been less preoccupied her resentment would have abated. But her eyes were fixed on the gloomy face of Patterson, who was beginning to unlock the sepulchres of his memory and disinter his deeply buried thoughts.

"You kin bet your whole pile on what this Mrs. Capting Baxter—ez used to be French Inez of New Orleans—hez told ye. Ye can take everything she's unloaded. And its only doin' the square thing to her to say she hain't done it ous o' no cussedness, but just to satisfy herself, now she's a married woman and past such foolishness. But that ain't neither here nor there. The gist of the whole matter is that Spencer Tucker was at the *tienda* the day after she sailed and after his boat capsized." He then gave a detailed account of the interview, with the unnecessary but truthful minutiæ of his class, adding to the particulars already known that the following week he visited the Summit House and was surprised to find that Spencer had never been there, nor had he ever sailed from Monterey.

"But why was this not told me before?" said Mrs. Tucker, suddenly. "Why not at the time? Why," she demanded almost fiercely, turning from the one to the other, "has this been kept from me?"

"I'll tell ye why," said Patterson, sinking with crushed submission into a chair, "When I found he wasn't where he ought to be, I got to lookin' elsewhere. I knew the track of the hoss I lent him by a loose shoe. I examined, and found he had turned off the high road somewhere beyond the lagoon, jist as if he was makin' a bee line here."

"Well," said Mrs. Tucker, breathlessly.

"Well," said Patterson, with the resigned tone of an accustomed martyr, "mebbee I'm a God-forsaken idiot, but I reckon he *did* come yer. And mebbe I'm that much of a habitooal lunatic but thinking so, I calkilated *you'd* know it without tellin'."

With their eyes fixed upon her, Mrs. Tucker felt the quick blood rush to her cheeks, although she knew not why. But they were apparently satisfied with her ignorance, for Patterson resumed, yet more gloomily:

"Then if he wasn't hidin' here beknownst to you, he must have changed his mind agin and got away by the *embarcadero*. The only thing wantin' to prove that idea is to know how he got a boat, and what he did with the hoss. And thar's one more idea, and ez that can't be proved," continued Patterson, sinking his voice still lower, "mebbee it's accordin' to God's laws."

Unsympathetic to her as the speaker had always been and still was, Mrs. Tucker felt a vague chill creep over her that seemed to be the result of his manner more than his words. "And that idea is?" she suggested with pale lips.

"It's this! Fust, I don't say it means much to anybody but me. I've heard of these warnings afore now, ez coming only to folks ez hear them for themselves alone, and I reckon I kin stand it, if it's the will of God. The idea is then—that—Spencer Tucker—*was drownded* in the boat—the idea is—that it was no living man that kim to me that night, but a spirit that kem out of the darkness and went back into it! No eye saw him but mine—no ears heard him but mine. I reckon it weren't intended it should." He paused, and passed the flap of his hat across his eyes. "The pie, you'll say is agin it" he continued in the same tone of voice—"the whiskey is agin it—a few cuss words that dropped from him, accidental like, may have been agin it. All the same they might have been only the little signs and tokens that it was him."

But Mrs. Baxter's ready laugh somewhat rudely dispelled the infection of Patterson's gloom. "I reckon the only spirit was that which you and Spencer consumed," she said cheerfully. "I don't wonder you're a little mixed. Like as not you've misunderstood his plans." Patterson shook his head. "He'll turn up yet alive and kicking! Like as not then. Poindexter knows where he is all the time."

"Impossible! He would have told me," said Mrs. Tucker quickly.

Mrs. Baxter looked at Patterson without speaking. Patterson replied by a long lugubrious whistle.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Tucker drawing back with cold dignity.

"You don't?" returned Mrs. Baxter, "Bless your innocent heart! Why was he so keen to hunt me up at first, shadowing my friends and all that, and why has he dropped it now he knows I'm here, if he didn't know where Spencer was?"

"I can explain that" interrupted Mrs. Tucker hastily, with a blush of confusion. "That is—I——"

"Then mebbee you kin explain too," broke in Patterson with gloom significance, "why he has bought up most of Spencer's debts himself, and perhaps you're satisfied it isn't to hold the whip hand of him and keep him from coming back openly. Pr'aps you know why he's movin' heaven and earth to make Don Jose Santierra sell the ranch, and why the Don don't see it at all."

"Don Jose sell Los Cuervos! Buy it, you mean!" said Mrs. Tucker. "*I* offered to sell it to him."

Patterson arose from the chair, looked despairingly around him, passed his hand sadly across his forehead, and said: "It is come! I knew it would. It's the warning! It's suthing betwixt jim jams and doddering idiocy. Here I'd hev been willin' to swear that Mrs. Baxter here told me *she* had sold this yer ranch nearly two years ago to Don Jose, and now you——"

"Stop!" said Mrs. Tucker in a voice that chilled them.

She was standing upright and rigid, as if stricken to stone. "I command you to tell me what this means!" she said, turning only her blazing eyes upon the woman.

Even the ready smile faded from Mrs. Baxter's lips as she replied hesitatingly and submissively: "I thought you knew already that Spencer had given this ranch to me. I sold it to Don Jose to get the money for us to go away with. It was Spencer's idea——"

"You lie!" said Mrs. Tucker.

There was a dead silence. The wrathful blood that had quickly mounted to Mrs. Baxter's cheek, to Patterson's additional bewilderment faded as quickly. She did not lift her eyes again to Mrs. Tucker's, but slowly raising herself from her seat, said, "I wish to God I did lie; but it's true. And it's true that I never touched a cent of the money, but gave it all to him!" She laid her hand on Patterson's arm, and said, "Come! let us go," and led him a few steps toward the gateway. But here Patterson paused and again pressed his hand over his melancholy brow. The necessity of coherently and logically closing the conversation impressed itself upon his darkening mind. "Then you don't happen to have heard anything of Spencer?" he said, and vanished with Mrs. Baxter through the gate.

Left alone to herself, Mrs. Tucker raised her hands above her head with a little cry, interlocked her rigid fingers, and slowly brought her palms down upon her upturned face and eyes, pressing hard as if to crush out all light and sense of light before her. She stood thus for a moment motionless and silent, with the rising wind whispering without and flecking her white morning dress with gusty shadows from the arbor. Then with closed eyes, dropping her hands to her breast, still pressing hard, she slowly passed them down the shapely contours of her figure to the waist and with another cry cast them off as if she were stripping herself of some loathsome garment. Then she walked quickly to the gateway, locked out, returned to the corridor, unloosening and taking off her wedding-ring from her fingers as she walked. Here she paused, then, slowly and deliberately re-arranged the chairs and adjusted the gay [illegible] that draped them and quietly re-entered her chamber.

Two days afterward [illegible] steed of Capt. Poindexter was [illegible] in the corral, and a moment later the Captain entered the corridor. Handing a letter to the decrepit Concha who seemed to be utterly disorganized by its contents, and the few curt words with which it was delivered he gazed silently upon the vacant bower, still fresh and redolent with the delicacy and perfume of its graceful occupant until his dark eyes filled with unaccustomed moisture. But his reverie was interrupted by the sound of jingling spurs without, and the old humor struggled back into his eyes as Don Jose impetuously entered. The Spaniard started back, but instantly recovered himself.

"So I find you here. Ah!—it is well!" he said passionately, producing a letter from his bosom. "Look! Do you call this honor? Look how you keep your compact!"

Poindexter coolly took the letter. It contained a few words of gentle dignity from Mrs Tucker, informing Don Jose that she had only that instant learned of his just claims upon Los Cuervos, tendering him her gratitude for his delicate intentions, but pointing out with respectful firmness that he must know that a moment's further acceptance of his courtesy was impossible.

"She has gained this knowledge from no word of mine," said Poindexter, calmly. "Right or wrong, I have kept my promise to you. I have as much reason to accuse you of betraying my secret in this," he added, coldly, as he took another letter from his pocket and handed it to Don Jose.

It seemed briefer and colder, but was neither. It reminded Poindexter that as he had again deceived her, she must take the government of her affairs into her own hands henceforth. She abandoned all the furniture and improvements she had put in Los Cuervos to him, to whom she now knew she was indebted for them. She could not thank him for what his habitual generosity impelled him to do for any woman, but she could forgive him for misunderstanding her like any other woman—perhaps she should say like a child. When he received this she would be already on her way to her old home in Kentucky, where she still hoped to be able by her own efforts to amass enough to discharge her obligations to him.

"She does not speak of her husband—this woman," said Don Jose, scanning Poindexter's face. "It is possible she rejoins him, eh?"

"Perhaps in one way she has never left him, Don Jose," said Poindexter significantly.

Don Jose's face flushed, but he returned carelessly, "And the *rancho*—naturally you will not buy it now?"

"On the contrary, I shall abide by my offer" said Poindexter quietly.

Don Jose eyed him narrowly, and then said, "Ah, we shall consider of it."

He did consider it, and accepted the offer. With the full control of the land, Capt. Poindexter's improvements, so indefinitely postponed, were actively pushed forward. The thick walls of the *hacienda* were the first to melt away before them: the low lines of corral were effaced, and the early breath of the summer trade winds swept uninterruptedly across the now leveled plain to the *embarcadero*, where a newer structure arose. A more vivid green alone marked the spot where the crumbling *adobe* walls of the *casa* had returned to the parent soil that gave it. The channel was deepened the lagoon was drained until one evening the magic mirror that had so long reflected the weary waiting of the Blue Grass Penelope lay dull, dead, lustreless—an opaque quagmire of noisome corruption and decay to be put away from the sight of man forever. On this spot the crows—the titular tenants of Los Cuervos—assembled in tumultuous congress, coming and going in mysterious clouds or laboring in thick and writhing masses, as if they were continuing the work of improvement begun by human agency. So well had they done their work that by the end of a week only a few scattered white objects remained glittering on the surface of the quickly drying soil. But they were the bones of the missing outcast Spencer Tucker!

* * * * * *

The same spring a breath of war swept over a foul decaying quagmire of the winter land before which such passing deeds as these were blown as a vapor. It called men of all rank and condition to battle for a nation's life, and among the first to respond were those into whose boyish hands had been placed the nation's honor. It returned the epaulets to Poindexter's shoulders, with the addition of a double star, carried him triumphantly to the front, and left him at the end of a summer's day and a hard won fight sorely wounded at the door of a Blue Grass farmhouse. And the woman who sought him out and ministered to his wants said timidly as she left her hand in His, "I told you I should live to repay you."

[THE END.]

Ingleside Reflections.

I have a morbid love of truth. It is wrong I know. It is even false, to use a microscope when all others employ a field glass.

There is a wide distinction between gossip and the intelligent discussion of character.

There is an element of the ridiculous in a man who is graceful at all times and in all places.

A child's questionings seriously answered supply the chief's basis for that child's education.

How I hate an Irish woman. She occupies the whole atmosphere. She breathes up all the air; and leaves one *gasping*, for lack of breath.

The one thing which most agitates the world is that dreadful question of expense.

We wish for God, for He completes time. We wish for love for that completes life.—[San Francisco Ingleside.

The Antiquity of Advertising.

In all ages people seem to have needed a reminder of their wants and the advertisement enabled the busy or the lazy to supply them without extra trouble. We find no mention of the peripatetic advertisements which now greet our eyes on street corners, in various outre and ridiculous garbs, but perhaps they may have had their origin from antiquity and the peripatetic philosophers, who studied and discussed their learned theories while perpetually perambulating the walks of the gymnasium.—[Philadelphia Times,

A STRANGE DECEPTION.

Gertie Fuller, the Wisconsin White, Married to a Man—Discovered Her Sex—Arrested.

A great scandal was created a year ago by the circumstance that two women living in Waupun, Wis., had been quietly married and were living together as man and wife. The case attracted widespread attention, and the developements were closely watched. An investigation showed that Mrs J. L. Hudson, who came with her husband from a small town in Illinois and settled at Fond du Lac, had deserted her family and, donning male attire, found work as a farm hand near Waupun. Mrs. Hudson called herself "Frank Dubois," and in her bifurcated garments readily passed for

AN EXTERMINATE-LOOKING COUNTRYMAN.

She was about 30 years old. After living near Waupun for several months Dubois met and began courting a good-looking girl named Gertie Fuller, whose mother was a respectable widow living in the outskirts of the village. After a short courtship the couple were married, and took up their residence with the bride's mother. A few weeks after the wedding it began to be whispered around that the groom was a woman, and the village gossips set their tongues wagging. The news spread, and in a few weeks the leading papers of the country contained long despatches in regard to the queer case, and its peculiar phases were discussed in their editorial columns. Dubois and "his" pretty young wife stoutly denied the stories, but they were so bothered by inquisitive visitors and newspaper correspondents that they decided to leave the town, which they did at dead of night, going to a small place named Brandon, where they began living under an assumed name. At last Mrs. Fuller took up the case, and decided to find out for herself whether her daughter's

HUSBAND WAS A MAN OR A WOMAN.

She invoked the aid of officers and followed the couple, overtaking them at a Brandon hotel. She induced them to return to Waupun. But they fled a second time, and were lost sight of for several months. Hudson heard of the case, and after making an investigation, felt satisfied that Frank Dubois owned other than his rightful spouse. Then he began searching for the queerly matched couple. After considerable trouble he discovered them, and sure enough "Frank Dubois" proved to be the missing Mrs. Hudson. She refused to return with her husband at first, but upon being threatened with arrest decided to leave "her wife" and return to her abandoned home and her four children. Gertie Fuller returned to her mother's home in Waupun, where she continued to live until a few days ago. She refused to talk to outsiders about her marriage, but contended to the last that Dubois was a man. Hudson took his wife home and later on returned to their former place of residence in Illinois. Last fall Gertie Fuller became a mother, and she strenously asserted that Dubois was the child's father. The strange case has never been explained satisfactorily, but all kinds of theories have been advanced. It certainly was one of the strangest matrimonial marriages on record. The last chapter was enacted at Chicton, a small town in the northern part of the State, where Gertie Fuller Dabois was married to a man named Lehman, and they have gone to Maine, Wis., where they will in future reside.

A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

Chevalier, generally known as Madam, D'Eon, was born of good family at Tonnerre, in France, in 1728. D'Eon was a man of brilliant parts, a writer by no means contemptible on various subjects, an accomplished diplomat and a brave officer, and at one period he was minister plenipotentiary to the British court. A little quarrel with the Court de Guerehy, who succeeded him as ambassador, was assigned as a reason for his not returning to France, but, it is probable, that the real cause of his stay in England was his acting as the private agent of Louis XV., by whom he was allowed a pension. D'Eon continued to reside in London for fourteen years, and was in habits of friendship with the most distinguished persons. Rumours, at first faint, but gradually acquiring strength said,

THAT D'EON WAS A WOMAN.

There were certain feminine indications in his voice, and he was known to be averse to all affairs of gallantry and to manifest extreme caution with respect to females. At length it began to be generally believed, both in England and France, that he had no right to the title to wear the dress of a male. Wagers to a large amount were laid upon this subject; and in 1771 one of them produced a most sensational trial before Lord Mansfield. The action was brought by Surgeon Hayes against Jacques, a broker and underwriter, for the recovery of seven hundred pounds, Jacques having about six years before received premiums of fifteen per cent. for every one of which he stood engaged to return a hundred guineas, whenever it should be proved that the Chevalier D'Eon was actually a woman. In this cause three seemingly unexpected witnesses, two of whom were of the medical profession, positively swore that they had obtained such proof as admitted of no contradiction that D'Eon was of the female sex.

A VERDICT WAS IN CONSEQUENCE GIVEN

for the plaintiff; but it was afterwards set aside on a point of law. After this trial M. de Vergennes, one of the French Ministers, in a letter which he wrote to D'Eon, declared that it was the king's will that he "should assume the dress of his sex"—meaning the dress of a woman—and this injunction was repeated to the chevalier arriving in France. It was obeyed, and till the end of his long life D'Eon dressed and was looked upon as one of the softer sex. Early in the French revolution he returned to England still as a female, and remained there till his decease in 1810. Death proved the folly of those who forced him into petticoats, for his manhood was placed beyond all doubt by an anatomical examination of the body. Why he was metamorphosed, and why he continued to acquiesce in the change, when he might have safely asserted his sex, there appears to be no means of discovering.

A bank of earth caved in on a labourer at Kansas City, and while three or four men in the crowd were trying to figure how long it would take to dig him out the rest waited. He ought to have lived, according to the figures, forty-five minutes, but was dead when they reached him in forty-three.

English Members of the Cabinet.

In countries where the Minister of War is always a General, the Minister of Marine an Admiral, the Minister of Education a Professor, &c., the advent of every new Ministry is the signal for hasty, costly changes in all directions. Every Minister having, as he conceives, ample professional experience, comes to his work with his mind full of crotchets, and thinks he must signalize his term of office, however short, by abolishing something and setting up something else. In England a man of talent, who may have been rather presumptuous and flighty as an independant member, quickly gets sobered when he is set to learn the difficult work of managing a department about which he knows nothing. He must rely at first upon his permanent staff and this prevents him from attempting rash innovations; by and by, when he has acquired experience, whatever reforms he may see fit to propose will be mounted in a prudent spirit, and are more likely on that account to be satisfactory and durable. It is certainly a pity that a Minister of proved abilities should be turned out of office just as his services are beginning to be appreciated; but under our English system the services of a statesman who goes into Opposition are not lost to the country, for he brings his experience to bear in controlling the work of his successor; besides which there is a departmental etiquette which binds a Minister under ordinary circumstances to carry on and complete good work commenced by his predecessor. Two or three little facts will shew how harmoniously both parties in the State combine to keep the mechanism of Government in good working order, despite their struggles for power. An incoming Minister always received in his department by the outgoing chief, who puts him in possession of the facts about current business to be transacted. In acknowledgement of this the new Minister during the whole of his stay in office takes care that his predecessor shall be the first informed of all events connected with the department which may be made public. Thus, if important news arrived from abroad, a copy of the dispatch would be forwarded at once by the present Foreign Secretary to the former holder of the office—the idea of this being that the latter, as ex-officio of the Indian policy of the Government, has a claim to be supplied with ample and rapid information. These patriotic courtesies are not practised in any other country, and one may allude to them with pleasure as showing how

"For some true result of good
All parties work together."

But if they have so worked the result is largely due, as we have shown, to the Queen's wisdom in siding with neither party and in establishing relations of personal friendliness with both of her Ministers, so that no jealousies could arise among them. The late King of Bavaria used to make the lives of Ministers whom he disliked unbearable by questioning them about the affairs of their departments until he had exposed their ignorance. This would be a resource always open to an ill-natured sovereign; and it must be remembered again that the personal influence which Mr. Gladstone has praised her Majesty for exerting in her correspondence with foreign rulers is an influence which need not have been given, as it constantly has been, to serve Ministers of either party who happened to want it. The Queen might have refused her good offices to get incompetent Ministers out of struggles, and she could have had constitutional warranty for so doing; but Ministers who are not loth to solicit her Majesty's assistance when they were in distress have sometimes not scrupled to cavil at letters written to help their opponents.—[Temple Bar.

The Height of Waves.

Many experiments have been made to measure the height of waves in all condition of weather. One authority goes as high as sixty-four feet, and another as low as five feet, giving it as his reason that the penetrating power of wind cannot reach below that depth. Of this philosopher it may be presumed that he was a martyr to sea sickness and that he must have contented himself with making his calculations in his study. On the other hand, a height of sixty-four feet is almost as absurd, though it is true that the earthquake wave has been known to rise to sixty feet; yet surges of this kind are happily scarce, since when they occur they are not only in the habit of rasing whole towns upon the coast line where they break, but of carrying some of the vessels they may encounter at anchor in the neighborhood to the distance of a day's walk inland. Practical experience, however, will look with suspicion on most of the scientific theories touching the altitude and velocity of waves. Professor Airy's table couples speed with dimensions, and, as a sample of his calculations, it may be shown that the wave one hundred thousand feet in breadth will travel as the rate of 533 90 feet per second in water that is ten thousand feet deep. This is possible, but it is difficult to accept such conclusion as exact. At all events, there is nothing more deceptive than the height of waves. The tallest seas in the world run off Cape Horn, where whether the wind blows east or west, they have a holiday ground within a belt of eight or ten degrees that compass the globe without the intervention of a break of land. Any man who has run, say, before a strong westerly gale round the Horn will know the magnitude of the seas that follow his ship. Viewed from the stern when the vessels sink in the trough, the oncoming sea that is about to underrun the ship and lift her soaring to the flying heavens will seem to heave its rushing summit to the height of the mizzen-top; but when the summit is gained by the observer and the waves viewed from there, it will then be seen that those crests which from the deck looked a long way up will now appear to be a long way down. It is a common shore-going phrase that the sea ran "mountains high." The idea implied is not very generally accepted by sailors, though the term may be sometimes used by them for convenience. The truth is if waves were as tall as they are popularly supposed to be, no ship could by any possibility live in them. They are lofty to the fancy, because at sea they are usually surveyed from low freeboards. To a spectator on a steamer, with a six foot height of side an Atlantic or Pacific surge would necessarily appear as a mountain compared to the aspect it would take from the deck of an old line-of-battle ship, with a thirty-foot "dip;" or from one of those lofty, glazed and castellated structures which in former times took six months to jog soberly from the Thames to the Hooghly.—[London Telegraph.

A FLOOD OF FLAMING OIL.

A Terrible Scene in the Oil Country Recalled By a Recent Calamity.

The announcement of the death of Wallace Riley, at Saylersville, O., recalls the first terrible casualty in the history of the petroleum development in this country, of which disaster he was the last surviving victim. It left him a blind and helpless cripple, and subject at times to fits of insanity during which he seemed to suffer all the agonizing experiences through which he passed on the day of the great disaster, twenty-three years ago.

In April, 1861, there was a cluster of wells, yielding from one hundred to three hundred barrels of oil a day, on the then newly-developed territory on Oil creek. Flowing wells were then as yet unknown. Harley and Merrick sank a well to the depth of two hundred feet, but as the yield was small they took out the pumps, and started the drill to make the well deeper. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon of April 16, the drill had gone to a depth of three hundred feet, when it struck a vein of oil and gas, and instantly the oil rushed up through the five and a-half inch tubing, hurling the tools high in the air, and gushing up in a fountain fifty feet in height. This was the first flowing well ever struck in the region. The great noise made by the escaping oil was heard for half a mile around, and in a few minutes the fountain of oil was surrounded by a crowd of excited men, women, and children. The well was spouting at the rate of one hundred barrels an hour. Above the roaring mass of oil the gas rose so densely as to be visible as a cloud at least sixty feet high. As soon as the oil began to gush forth all the fires of the engines in the vicinity were extinguished. There had been no preparation made to receive so unprecedented and unexpected a rush of oil, and in a few minutes petroleum was running in streams in every direction. Dams were built and trenches dug to collect the fluid that was running to waste, and in a short time a lake of oil surrounded the derrick.

Wallace Riley, then a young man of 24, arrived at the scene of the excitement at 6 o'clock, from Meadville. He was to be married that evening at 8 o'clock to the daughter of a farmer who lived on Oil creek, near the Harley & Merrick well. Riley went with his prospective father-in-law and joined the crowd at the flowing well.

The nature of petroleum gas was then unknown, and while the crowd stood about with no thought of danger, the gas from the spouting well was slowly spreading in every direction and filling the air. There was no fire nearer than a quarter of a mile to the well. That was the boiler-house of a well then drilling. By seven o'clock in the evening the gas from the flaming well had reached the boiler, and, taking fire in a second, the whole air was in a flame with a crash and roar like the discharge of a field of artillery. The fountain of oil became a stream of solid fire, falling back to the ground, over an area of a hundred feet around, in blazing globes of boiling oil. Instantly the ground was covered with flames. A scene of indescribable horror ensued. Scores of people were thrown to the ground by the explosion and surrounded by the burning oil as it seethed on every side, while the flaming gas reared above them. The most of these managed to reach the outer circle of fire with their lives, but were horribly burned. At the time of the explosion everything in the neighborhood for the distance of a quarter of a mile around took fire, and shanties, derricks, engine-houses, and dwellings, were at once wrapped in flames. The boiler at Dobb's well, eighty rods from the original fire, blew up with a tremendous report, instantly killing the engineer, Wesley Skinner. At this time the whole air was afire. The jet of oil, rushing up for fifty feet, was a pillar of living fire, while the gas above it to the distance of one hundred feet was flashing and exploding like some terrific electrical display during a thunder-storm. The sounds of the explosions were almost continuous, and the roar of the flame was like the rushing of a violent hurricane. The heat of the fire was so intense that no one could approach within 150 feet of the limits of the fire.

Among those who were prostrated by the first explosion of gas was the young man Wallace Riley. He succeeded in gaining his feet, and being fortunately only a few steps from the outer edge of the fiery circle, he made his way through the burning oil, and fell, all ablaze, just beyond the limit. He was seized by others, who plunged him into a hogshead of water, extinguishing the fire, and carried him to a neighboring shanty.

Within the circle of flame, not ten feet from the edge, at the spot where Riley escaped, four bodies could be seen boiling in the seething oil. One man who had been digging at a trench to convey the oil to a lower part of the ground, was killed as he dug, and he could be seen, as he fell over the handle of his spade, roasting in the burning oil. H. R. Rouse, of Warren county, one of the most prominent of the early oil producers, for whom Rousseville was subsequently named, and whose revenue from oil wells at the time of the great disaster amounted to $1,000 a day, was standing near the trench this man was digging, when the explosion occurred. He was lifted in the air and thrown more than twenty feet away, alighting in a pool of blazing oil. He rose to his feet, and ran, all ablaze for a short distance, and fell. He was seized by several men, his burning clothes extinguished, and carried to a shanty. Not a vestige of clothing was left upon him except his stockings and boots. His hair was burned off as well as his ears, his eyelids, and his fingers. His eyeballs were entirely burned out. His body was blistered from the breast down. He never lost consciousness, but lived nine hours, during which time he deliberately dictated his will to his lawyer. In this will he left $100,000 to the poor of Warren county, but he died before he could acknowledge and sign the document.

Besides Mr. Rouse, twelve dead bodies were taken from the flames before they were entirely destroyed. Of these only six could be recognized—the brothers Walker, two leading oil men of Clarion county; Wesley Skinner, of Wattsburg; John Stevens, Judd Mason, and Albert Gardiner. Twelve men, who are known to have visited the spot, strangers sight-seeing in the oil regions, were believed to have been among the victims of the disaster, as they could not be found, and were never heard of afterward. Thirty-four men were rescued, as Wallace Riley was, but their injuries were so great that twenty-two of them died.

The scene at the height of the fire is described as having been the most frightful and at the same time the grandest spectacle ever witnessed. The flow of oil continued unabated for months, and as no human power could extinguish the flames it continued burning furiously. The well finally gradually exhausted itself, and the fire was at last conquered. Hundreds of thousands of barrels of oil were consumed, and the well which would have been an enormous fortune to its owners ruined them.

Wallace Riley was burned in almost exactly the same manner as the unfortunate Mr. Rouse had been. For weeks his sufferings were intense, and he constantly begged to be killed. The young woman whom he was to have married on that terrible evening was his constant attendant during all his suffering. His life was saved, but he was left sightless and without hands, while his face was terribly disfigured, and his lower limbs were fleshless and drawn out of shape. His mind was also badly affected, and although he recovered in a great measure his mental powers, he was subject to frequent lapses, which lasted sometimes for days. During these spells he raved continuously about the horrors of the scenes at the burning well. It was during one of these paroxysms that he died, apparently in the greatest agony. He had been cared for for twenty-two years by a brother. The young woman to whom Riley had been engaged to be married died within a year after the frightful catastrophe of the burning well.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Railway Travelling.

A London paper calls attention to the fact that the managers of English railways are now studying to provide for the comfort of passengers instead of trying to secure more gorgeous accommodations and greater speed. This subject should receive the attention of railway managers in this country. With all the recent improvements in cars, railway travel is still very uncomfortable. The time of leaving and arrival of trains running between great cities is often very inconvenient. On some of the trunk lines between Chicago and New York, the trains leave about 5 in the afternoon and arrive at about the same hour in the morning. Persons who leave home at the hour named go without supper. Perhaps the train stops twenty minutes for refreshments at some unimportant station where there is but a single eating-house. If this is the case, half of this time is occupied by the passengers in going from the train to the dining room, in waiting to be served, and in returning to the cars. Ten minutes do not afford a sufficient time in which to eat a meal. Five or even six in the morning is a very inconvenient time in which to arrive in a great city. Especially is this the case if the passenger is a stranger. He does not know where to go, and is generally at the mercy of "hotel runners." There is no opportunity of transacting business for at least three or four hours. To avoid discomfort, it is generally necessary to go to a hotel in a carriage, and be at the expense of paying for a room. The rapid speed of the train is no gain to the traveller. It is in fact a loss in both time and money. The proper time for arriving in a large city in the morning is when public conveyances are making regular trips, the hotels are ready to serve breakfast, and the stores are open for business.

The perpetual annoyance of railway passengers by the venders of worthless books, stale pop-corn, unwholesome fruit and prize packages is an abomination that should never be tolerated. Peddling is prohibited or restricted in most cities, and the peddler is a nuisance in a first-class car. He is a train-robber whose presence is almost as objectionable as a hack-man's bandit. He renders travelling a burden. The attempt on many railway companies to monopolize the trade in food, drinks, and cigars is not commendable. It shows a very small spirit. The comfort of passengers would be promoted by having several places for the sale of refreshments at the stations where long stops were made. Many people travel who can not pay a dollar for a meal. They should have an opportunity to obtain meals that are within their means. A lavatory should be provided for every passenger car. Passengers, especially in summer, become covered with dust and smoke after riding a few hours. They can enjoy little comfort unless they have an opportunity to wash. Lavatories are needed for cleanliness, health, and comfort. Passengers would care much more for them than for expensive ornamentation. The number of women who travel with young children is always large. The children are generally a source of great annoyance to the passengers. It would cost but little to partition off and fit up an apartment for a nursery on one car on each passenger train. A car having an apartment for women with young children would be a great convenience and would add to the revenue of a road by increasing the number of passengers. Common comfort is in greater demand than highly ornamented cars and very rapid speed.—*Chicago Times.*

Life in St. Petersburg.

People here all arm themselves for the winter. There can be no question as to its severity. Indeed, one would be inclined to imagine it were almost welcomed as a friend, for keen disappointment is expressed when the snow is tardy in falling. After the heavy rains which fall in the late autumn snow roads are almost a necessity of existence. If frost suddenly sets in before they are made it is under great difficulties that the country people bring supplies to the metropolis; the price of provisions rises in proportion, and distress ensues. Double windows are universal; they are an absolute necessity. For the admission of fresh air one pane in each window is left so that it may be opened at pleasure. The rest of the window is so thoroughly secured that not a breath of the keen air can enter. The process accomplished, the difference of the temperature within doors is sensibly perceptible, and heating by means of stoves may then be delayed for some time. The interior of a Russian house is not familiar to all, so, under favor of the Lares and Penates, we will enter the sacred domicile, first premising that a well-kept house in St. Petersburg or Moscow is exceedingly comfortable. A tall portly *suisse* (house porter) admits you, when a footman ushers you up a mostly spacious, handsome staircase, often of marble, and after passing through the usual double doors you are introduced into an anteroom where you leave your inevitable garment—your fur cloak. The reception rooms are then entered, and these often seem interminable; eight or nine in number in the houses on the Palace or English Quays are not uncommon, generally opening into one another. The inlaid parquets of the rooms are often very beautiful—the floor polisher is an important institution in Russia; of course, some rooms are richly carpeted and do justice to the looms of Turkey and Persia. The silk or damask curtains, wall hangings, and coverings for the ottomans are superb. All is luxurious; vases of *pâte-tendre*, porphyry, and malachite, pictures, and objects of art in general are in profusion. The Russians are very fond of promenading through their suites of apartments, and ample space is left for this purpose. The winter being so long, every conceivable means is used to shed around the charms of warmer climates; fruitless, along which various creepers are trained, are introduced; pretty baskets of plants (tulips, hyacinths, and camellias in full bloom, while winter is still raging outside,) the constant warm temperature indoors being favorable to their cultivation. The Continental fashion of living in flats much prevails here. Sleeping rooms are not invariably numerous in proportion to the reception rooms; but this state of things naturally disappears with the increase of civilization.—[Temple Bar.

Cremation of an Indian Rajah.

A case of cremation has occurred at Etretat under very remarkable circumstances. A rich Indian, the Rajah Abusabid Koanderao, with a suite of 12, came lately to the Hotel des Bains, coming from Nice by the cholera. He died of an anthrax, or carbuncle, rather suddenly. His friends asked that his body might be burned with Asiatic rites. The Mayor of Etretat, greatly embarrassed, telegraphed to Paris for instructions, and an authorization was given, but great pains were taken to prevent the public from seeing the unusual spectacle. At 2 in the morning the corpse was placed on a bier on the sands at the foot of one of the great white cliffs of Etretat, where it was set fire to, and continued burning to 6 in the morning. There were scarcely any spectators except the native friends of the deceased and some fishermen, who appeared greatly astonished at the unusual spectacle of which they were witnesses. The ashes, when the incineration was complete, were divided into three portions. One was thrown to the winds, another into the sea, and a third placed in a vase to be sent to relatives in India.

A Venetian Wedding Day.

A Venetian festival is a synonym of all that is magnificent and romantic. From the earliest history the fetes have been events of the greatest popular interest and importance. They have been celebrated most frequently to perpetuate the memory of some triumph of the Venetian army, and the patriotism of the people has been kept alive by these fetes quite as much as by the consciousness of commercial importance and power.

For centuries the Marian festivals were the most important holidays of the year. It was a custom introduced early in the tenth century to select from the different parishes of the city twelve poor maidens, distinguished for virtue and beauty, who were provided with dowry at the cost of the State, and fitted out with wedding trousseaus from the Treasury of St. Mark. The girls were dressed in long robes of white, with loosened hair interwoven with threads of gold, and in richly barges were carried to the Church of St. Peter, followed by a cortege of gayly decorated gondolas, with music and singers. The Doge and Signory accompanying the procession. Each maiden bore in her hand a small box containing her dowry, and next her appointed husband in the church. Mass was celebrated, and the bishop officiated in the marriage ceremony. This was the beginning of the fete, which lasted a whole week. With the growth of luxury and laxity of morals the festival lost its original character, and it became necessary to limit its observance, and during the Genovese war, in the fourteenth century, the celebration was neglected and fell into disuse. An incident which happened in the tenth century during the observance of this festival has long been a favorite theme of artists and poets, and illustrates too well the spirit of the day and the isolation of the new republic to be omitted here. The Trieste pirates long watched an opportunity to rob the festal barge of its treasures, both human and monetary, and one fine morning of St. Mary's eve they burst open the doors of the church, surprised the congregation and escaped with the brides and treasures. The Doge, who was present, urged immediate pursuit. Every boat capable of carrying rowers was manned and put to sea in the greatest haste. Venice rose as one man to join the pursuit of the pirates and to assist in the recovery of the brides. The enthusiasm of the Venetians was so irresistible that the pirates were overtaken and beaten in one of the entrances to the lagoon. Not a pirate escaped, such was the fury of the pursuers. The brides were recovered entirely unharmed, and the ceremony of marriage took place with increased pomp the same evening.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a Free Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

NOTICE.

TOWNSHIP OF MADOC,

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a by-law to open the allowance of road between lots 15 and 17 in the 10th and 11th concessions.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, September 1st, 1884. 383-4

MUNICIPALITY OF

ELZEVIR & GRIMSTHORPE.

Tender for Bridge Building.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned, marked "Tenders for Bridge Building," will be received until Thursday, the 16th day of October, next, for building a Truss Bridge across Black Creek, on side road between Lot 5 and 6 in the 2nd Concession of the township of Elzevir, to be commenced as soon as practicable in the summer of 1885, and finished not later than the first day of September in the same year. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Township Clerk, Bridgewater. The party whose tender is accepted will be required to furnish two approved sureties (to be named in the tender), for the satisfactory completion of the work in the time specified.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

E. JAMES,
Clerk of the Municipality of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe.

Bridgewater, September 15th, 1884.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC;

MADOC, - ONT.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

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LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

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150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

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Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

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STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
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COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

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WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
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WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

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A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

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Weiss' Block, Madoc.

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North Hastings Review.

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JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 390. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 23, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

In your last issue you notice a large yield of potatoes, of the White Star variety, planted by Mr. Silas Sine. I think I can beat it. I planted one pound of the Early May Flower and dug one hundred pounds. They are a very fine large variety, smooth and even sized. The seed were procured from D. M. Ferry, of Detroit, by Mr. James Tuttle, Merchant, of this place. Yours, etc.,

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, Oct. 21st, 1884.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—In my communication which appeared in last week's Review some errors occurred to which I wish to call attention. Referring to the weather at the Agricultural Show, you have it—"It has been too often the fate of our Agricultural show to be insited by unmitigated rain,"—it should have been "visited by unmitigated rain." Again speaking of the foot race, you have it—"This race excited great interest, as some of the bush runners in this section were present."—It should have been "best runners in this section were present." By inserting the above you will oblige. Yours, etc.,

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, October 18th, 1884.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—I am pleased to learn of our your paper that the Scott Act movement has begun in this County, and after having carefully considered the evidence adduced from places where it has been at work, I have come to the conclusion that it is a decided success, and therefore wish to add my word of encouragement to those who are already in the fight. I believe that a good many votes might be polled in this section, for the Act, even among those who are fond of the glass, as many of them are aware of the harm it does them, both physically and financially, but when exposed to the temptation they find it too hard to resist. To those the Scott Act is far ahead of a pledge, and it is just as easy to sign the temptation away on polling day as to sign the pledge, and they may be sure they will not stumble on the bottle if it is not in their way. I might mention that while in conversation with a farmer in this vicinity, (I did not ask permission to use his name) he said that he was in the habit of drinking too much, and that he would vote for the Act.

When we succeed in diverting the many thousands of dollars that are yearly wasted in this country on this rifle for of peace, freedom and prosperity, into channels that yield value for value, then, and not till then, may we see this fair young Canada of ours a prosperous nation. We boast of our freedom and "Live and let live," is the motto so generally unfurled by our generous population, therefore let every one who is armed with a vote come out on the day appointed, and wage war on the trade which thrives on the bondage of our fellowmen. Let us raise a young war and put down this rebellious foe of home and friendship. I would recommend the distribution of "War Notes," it is a stirring little temperance weekly in the interest of the Scott Act campaign, and gives the news of the "war" fresh from the field, (I have seen people who would not hesitate to say that it smelt of the powder), it also contains a considerable fund of information as to the working of the Act where it is in force; those who wish can assist in a quiet way by sending $1 to John Dougall & Son, Montreal, for which they will receive for distribution, 10 copies per week for 3 months, or 20 copies per week for 3 months, etc. I am. Sir,

Yours for Prohibition, (and not ashamed to own it),

JOHN BREMNER.

Cleroy's Farm, Oct. 16th, 1884.

INSUBORDINATE CANADIANS.

THREATEN A SERIOUS HINDRANCE TO THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—The Morning Post's Assouan dispatch says the Canadian voyageurs attached to the Egyptian relief expedition have become insubordinate, often flatly refusing to obey the officers in command, and are threatening to become a serious hindrance to the progress of the expedition.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A LITTLE BOY FALLS INTO A THRESHER AND IS TORN TO PIECES.

ORILLIA, Oct. 17.—This afternoon a distressing accident occurred at George Rix's farm near Rose Lake, about three miles distant from Orillia. Mr. Rix was threshing, and when about finishod his two little boys went up into the mow to play among the straw. One of them, a bright little boy of about ten years, tumpled over the beam and into the mouth of the machine. He was immediately swept in and torn to pieces. The body was horribly mangled, and minced up into an unrecognizable mass.

LOUIS RIEL SHOT.

RUMOR THAT MAJOR CROZIER AND HIS MEN HAVE BEEN MASSACRED.

Winnipeg, October 18.—[Special.]—Telegrams from Calgary state it is reported that Louis Riel was shot during a riot at Prince Albert; that the government's wires have been cut and that Major Crozier and his command at Battleford have been massacred. The last rumor is regarded as very improbable.

A Man and Child Attacked by Rats.

The family of a man named Moore, residing on Nazareth street, have been subjected to considerable annoyance of late by a horde of rats, which infest the premises. A few nights ago the household was awakened by piercing shrieks issuing from a room occupied by a little girl; on hastening to her assistance it was found that huge rat had attacked the child, who was asleep, and had bitten her nose very severely. A night or two later Mr. Moore was singled out as a victim. He was awakened very suddenly to discover that a rat was vigorously biting his eyelid. The feelings of the man at being awakened so rudely can be better imagined than described.—*Montreal Star.*

DEATH FROM STARVATION.

A MISER SURROUNDED BY WEALTH DIES OF HUNGER.

BARRIE, October 18th.—The Barrie police were notified the other day that an old maiden lady named Mary Ann Scawright, who kept a shop between here and Allandale, had not been seen for several days, and no one could gain admittance to her house. The premises were entered by the police, and a shocking sight met their view. The corpse of the woman was found lying across the doorway of the sleeping room with a dish of flour beside it, and every indication of squalor and misery surrounding it. The remains were evidently those of a person who starved to death as they presented a most ghastly appearance, the limbs being shrunken and every bone on the body standing out prominently under the shrunken skin. Search among the contents of the house revealed several boxes, most of which were filled with costly silks and other articles of value calculated to establish the fact that the old women was a miser. There were eight sovereigns sewed up securely in cotton and placed inside the underclothing, and besides this there was $8.50 in loose cash. Word was sent to a brother of deceased, Rev. Thos. Seawright, of Norwood, the coroner having declined to hold an inquest.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased a a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

LAND FOR SALE.

THE following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

N ½	30	in 10th concession	Hungerford.
W ½	3	in 11th "	Huntingdon.
S ½	18	in 13th "	"
W ½	1	in 1st "	Madoc
E ½	8	in 1st "	"
E ½	13	in 1st "	"
W ½	16	in 1st "	"
	29	in 1st "	"
W ½	15	in 4th "	"
E ½	8	in 6th "	"
E ½	30	in 9th "	"
	29	in 2nd "	Marmora.
W ½	29	in 3rd "	"
W ½	29	in 4th "	"

For particulars apply to

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Minoridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.
Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 80 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granary. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash: balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 23, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 188 4. 374

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	in 1st concession	Madoc,
	29	5th "	"
	29	7th "	"
W ½	30	9th "	"
N E ¼	13	10th "	Marmora,
	27	11th "	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,
CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed Conveyancer, Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD,

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—First door north of A. F. Wood's.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1881.

M. W. SINE, V.S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

E. A. SEYMOUR,

General House Painter,

AND GLAZIER.

Madoc, - Ontario.

ICE CREAM

—AT—

LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1880, for

PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
29 Front St. East, Toronto.

NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

Mine—all mine! Mine the grand sweep of meadow-land, green and fertile, looking like a sea of gold when the wind stirred the yellow buttercups! Mine the range of purple-tinted hills that lay in the distance, clothed with trees which had been the growth of centuries! Mine the pine forest stretching down to the sea, with its rich aromatic odours, and its ever-coming music as the wind swayed the heads of the stately pines! Mine the shady woods with their open glades, their leafy cloisters, where the sunlight fell on the sward, filtered, as it were, through the boughs of the interlacing trees, where the wild-flowers grew in lavish abundance—a lovely verdant kingdom wherein the merry brown hares roamed at will and the bright-eyed squirrels leaped fearlessly from bough to bough! Mine the magnificent gardens said to be the finest, the most extensive, and the best laid out in the country, with their wealth of terraces, and greenhouses, fountains, and statuary! Mine the fine trout stream that ran through the wide domain! Mine the numberless little brooks that meandered along peacefully and found their way to the river Fley, and were then swept on to mingle their waters with the ever restless ocean! Mine the grand old mansion called Jesmond Hall, one of the most ancient and picturesque houses in the country, a stately pile of gray stone standing on the slope of a hill! Originally it had been a castle, held by one of the early Saxon chiefs. It had changed hands many times, and had been added to, taken from, and altered until it became what it was now a confusion of architectural styles, in which the original was almost obliterated by the later additions; yet withal it was a picturesque home. The terraces and gardens had a gentle slope, and the deep swift river Floy ran at the foot of the hill; and in the distance there was a glimpse of the blue waters of the sea—for Jesmond stood on the fair coast of Hampshire. Mine the fine old ruins, with their ivy-clad walls and well-preserved keep! Mine all the wealth that had been hoarded in hidden coffers, the countless thousands that had been accumulating for long years! Mine the diamonds and rare jewels—Jesmond heirlooms! Mine the pictures—literally worth a king's ransom—the fine old silver, the treasures of gold, of rare old china, of buhl, of jaspor, and of marqueterie—all that the old Hall contained was mine—all mine!

As I, Felicia Gordon, stood on the summit of the steep grassy hill, everything on which I gazed was my own, except the vast expanse of sea which bounded my estate on the south.

I was not vain; but, looking back, I should imagine that my heart swelled at that moment with a sense of my own importance. On this large domain there were many tenants. Pretty little farms nestled in the valleys, quaint old-fashioned homesteads dotted the meadows, the straggling little village of Mead was all mine, and I owned many houses in the town that lay nearest to the Hall—Hoxton; so that numbers of men, women and children were dependent on me, many lives lay as it were in my hand; and on this bright May morning, when I stood on the hill top, looking over my miniature kingdom, my heart and mind were full of good resolutions.

This splendid fortune which had come so unexpectedly to me should not be spent on myself in lavish luxury, in galeties, frivolities, or senseless extravagance. That I seriously resolved. Heaven had given it to me, and I would do good with it and use it wisely. There should be no bitter abject poverty, no sickness that should go unrelieved, there should be no want of education on my fair estate of Jesmond; I would be queen and mother to my people. My heart warmed to them, yearned over them, as I stood and contemplated how bounteously Dame Nature had dealt with the fruitful lands before me. No motherless children should weep on these fertile lands. My first undertaking would be an orphanage, to be built down by the sea, yet so near Jesmond that I could visit it every day. No old men or old women should live half starving and die forlorn within the limits of my domain, for I would have almshouses that should yet be comfortable homes. The sick should not lie neglected and helpless in the cottages that were mine, for I would build a large hospital near the village of Mead, where the air was clear and bracing. The children should have their schools and play grounds and education should be free to all. I would be queen and mother in a true and real sense to those whom Heaven had in a measure confided to my charge. My heart and soul were fired with these resolves.

The blue heavens shone above me; the yielding earth laughed beneath my feet; the air was full of the luscious odours of May, the scent from the pine forest, the brine from the sea, and nearer to me came heavily-laden gusts of perfume from lilac and magnolia blossom. I shall never forget the moment when, standing on the green hill top, the shining, shimmering sea in the distance, I registered my vow to live for others and not for myself alone.

The will which gave me all this wealth was indisputably clear and simple, and had in it no flaw. My uncle Sir William Jesmond had but one son, Paul, who was his natural heir and successor.

The Jesmonds of Jesmond Dene were a very old family, but at the time when my story begins their number had greatly decreased. They had died away—fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers—until there was no one left of the once numerous race except Sir William, the owner and lord of Jesmond Dene, and his sister, my mother, Teresa Jesmond.

Sir William was at heart a miser. He loved money for its own sake, and the night of it never failed to bring a smile to his hard mean face. Although my mother was his own and only sister, when she married he gave her no dowry, but very unwillingly made her a present of a few hundred pounds with an intimation that she must ask for no more. She never did so—but in those days, when she deplored her brother's meanness, she never thought that all his gold was accumulating for me.

My mother had married a clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Gordon, and I was their only child. They both died when I was a girl of thirteen, and my father's sister, Annette Gordon, took charge of me.

Sir William Jesmond was married, and a son and heir had been born unto him; but in his lifetime the home at Jesmond Dene was not a happy one. I went there once. Lady Jesmond had asked aunt Annette to bring me for the summer holidays, and I well remember the magnificent old house with its treasures, the gardens and grounds, the woods and the sea. I remember Sir William, a tall spare man with a sneer on his face and small cunning eyes; I vividly recollect Lady Jesmond, a faded elegant woman, who seemed to me to be tired of life; but I remember best of all my handsome brigand-faced cousin Paul. I was thirteen years of age then, he five years older. He was very kind to me, and I loved him with all the ardor of a childish love. He was a young prince and a veritable hero in my eyes.

"Cheer up, Felicia!" he would say to me twenty times a day. "I am going out to see the world, and, when I have seen it, I shall come home and marry you."

"But Sir William will never give us any money," I would remark, with a keen conviction that nothing could be done without it.

"I will make plenty of money, dear. My father may keep his," he would answer cheerfully.

And, of all the memories of my girlhood that of my handsome, generous laughter-loving cousin stands out the brightest and the best. How little I dreamed in those days that I should ever take his place!

My life was spent quietly enough with my aunt Annette. She had a small annuity, out of which she fed, clothed, and educated me, for I had not in the wide world one shilling of my own.

It may be imagined therefore what a change it was for me—a penniless orphan—when I became sole heiress of Sir William Jesmond of Jesmond Dene, his land, shares, untold gold, all mine.

Lady Jesmond died when her son was nineteen, and after her death, Sir William became, if possible, a greater miser than ever, and almost refused himself the necessaries of life. None but the old servants bound by strong ties to the family would tolerate his meanness: even his son Paul could not endure it. He wanted to see the world, as he had always desired, and, after many disputes and arguments, Sir William purchased for him a commission in the—th Hussars. Three months after he joined the regiment it was ordered off to India, and Paul thankfully embraced the opportunity of getting away from the paternal roof and of "seeing the world" at the same time. Five years passed, and there was little communication between father and son. Sir Williams was a wretched, miserable life, and it ended as miserably as it had been spent. He was found dead in his chair, holding in his hand a letter written by Colonel Brownlow, of the—th Hussars, telling him that his son Captain Paul Jesmond had died suddenly of a malignant fever without having had time to write him one word of farewell.

The old Baronet had never seemed to care much for either his wife or child, but that letter killed him. He had given his life, his heart, his soul, to gold—he had worshipped his accumulating wealth to the exclusion of everything else in life; yet he could not live on, knowing that his handsome, careless, generous son had been snatched away in the bloom of early manhood, and he, his father—denied the consolation of one parting word or one last look at the face he loved.

Sir William was buried in due course; and, when his will was read, it was made clear that I, Felicia Gordon, was sole heiress of all his wealth. The terms of the will were simple enough. He left everything he had in the world—land, houses, money, scrip, and shares—to his son Paul Jesmond. If his son married and had issue, the property was to descend intact to his children. If Paul Jesmond died unmarried, it was to go without reserve to his niece Felicia Gordon, the only child of Teresa Gordon, his sister. It was to descend to her children if she married; if she did not, it passed to some distant relatives to whom Sir William had always entertained a strong antipathy. That I was next of kin there was no doubt. Sir William was dead, Paul was dead; Jesmond Dene, with its rich revenues, was mine.

It was early in February when I came with aunt Annette to take possession of my new home, and it was the beginning of May when I made my resolve to live for others and not for myself.

I had been at Jesmond Dene, about three months, and had grown to love the place and the people. I had just begun to put my philanthropic resolutions into shape, and my buildings were slowly rising beneath the hands of the many workmen engaged. The grand old mansion had been renovated—some of Sir William's hoarded thousands had been spent upon it—and the grounds and gardens had been rescued from the weeds and long standing neglect. I had increased my staff of servants—indeed everything was in the very perfection of order—I was unboundedly happy. I was to be happier still, although the full light of the sun was hidden from me for the present.

CHAPTER II.

A smile came over the kindly face of my aunt Aunt Annette when I told her of my resolves.

"Mother and queen!" she repeated. "I wish you health, strength, and wisdom to keep to them."

The May sun never shone on a brighter fate than mine or on a lighter heart. It was true the shadow of death lay over my new inheritance; but then I had seen my uncle only once, and that some years before. For the bright-faced handsome cousin dead in a far-off land I had the deepest pity, and one of my first acts was to erect to his memory a beautiful marble cross—and that memorial was always surrounded by fragrant flowers.

All the novelty of my position had died away when the month of May came round. I might have been Miss Gordon of Jesmond Dene all my life, everything came so naturally to me. The tenants liked and trusted me, the servants showed me absolute devotion; my buildings were all in process; my aunt and I were happy beyond words in the grand old mansion. Our neighbors had called upon us; but it was too soon after Sir William's death for us to receive or pay visits. We were happy enough without that—indeed the hours of the day were not sufficiently long for all the pleasant occupations we found to engage us. Aunt Annette was as young at heart as I was myself; and, when the moon was silvering the ripples of the sea, it was no unusual thing for us to wander down to the shore and gaze in rapturous awe and delight at the majestic scene before us.

I was nearly twenty when this great change of fortune came to me, but still a girl in lightness of heart, in want of knowledge of the world and its ways—a girl, with all a girl's fresh innocent love of fun and frolic. I had had no lover; my heart was fresh and untouched.

It is a hard thing for a girl to tell her own love-story as I have to tell mine—to tell of the dream that came to me before I knew that my fair inheritance was to be the scene of a tragedy—to disclose the beautiful love dream that came to me as the revelation of a newer, brighter, higher life than any I had yet known.

In the same green county, on the shore of the same shining sea, stood an old mansion called Dunroon. It was larger than Jesmond Dene, though not quite so picturesque; still there were not many finer old places than Dunroon. The great feature of it was the river Doon, which ran through the grounds. From the hill-top I could see the tall towers and turrets of Dunroon the ancestral home of the Saxons.

When we had been some time at Jesmond Dene, Lady Saxon called upon us, and was pleased from the first moment she saw me to take great interest in me.

"The Jesmonds and the Saxons have been friends for many generations," she said: "they have loved and intermarried. It seems strange that you and I—you a young woman and I an old one—should be the sole representatives of two such ancient families."

"But you have a son," I remarked—for I had heard much of Lord Saxon.

"I do not mean that," she interrupted hastily. "Of course my son is the representative of the Saxons. What I intended to say was that it seems strange we should both have the care of house and estate. My son is away in Italy, and I do know when he will return." Here she looked at me with sudden emotion in her face, "My son is more than the whole world to me," she went on. "He is the very core of my heart, the very light of my eyes. The world is shadow to me, but he stands out clear and distinct. It is the great pain of my life that he lives away from me, that he seems to love art better than nature, Italy better than England. I cannot understand it; but it is so."

Lady Saxon was still a handsome well-preserved woman, with a penchant for rich dress and costly furs, diamonds and priceless lace. I had heard others say that her son was "art mad." He had now been five years from home, during which time his mother had lived at Dunroon, and had managed everything for him. Indeed it was often said that but for his mother's continual mention of him Lord Saxon would have been forgotten on his own estate. My aunt and I both liked Lady Saxon, and I often listened patiently by the hour while she expatiated upon the virtues of her darling son He was the handsomest, the dearest, the best. There was no face, no voice like his. The only flaw in his otherwise perfect character was that he would loiter in Italy instead of coming home.

"Have you ever dreamed how beautiful a man's face can be?" she asked me. "Imagine one that is dark, proud, tender, and imperious, drawing the hearts of all women who look upon it—a face that seems always raised to the skies and hardly to see the lowly earth. That is my son. He is like that. I have seen women watch for the gleam of his eyes, for his smiles, for the words from his lips; but he did not see them. He sees the stars that illumine the skies, but he does not see the daisies that grow in the fields. When you come to Dunroon, I will show you his portrait, and when you see his face you will understand better."

So it happened that I thought a great deal and formed a very high opinion of Lord Saxon because his mother talked to me incessantly and almost always in praise of him.

"If he were but more like other men," she would say, with a sigh, "if he had ambition, I should not care at what he aimed. He thinks more of a broken statue than of a seat in Parliament. An old picture has a greater charm for him than any wordly honors. Music, painting, and sculpture are the three things he loves best; and he is an English nobleman, master of a large estate, and head of a grand old race!"

I ventured to suggest that all noblemen need not have the same tastes; but she was dissatisfied because her son preferred to study time and his opportunities upon art instead of cultivating the ordinary life of an English nobleman.

"My husband," she said, "was a staunch Conservative, yet I do not believe that my son knows the difference between a Whig and a Tory. My husband never allowed one foot of timber to be cut down on his estate; my son writes always about the preservation of pictures. But he is so good that I ought to be ashamed to grumble at his one great failing."

"My son is a dreamer of dreams," she told me one morning, when she had driven over to Jesmond Dene. "He is led astray by a passionate love of beauty. He detects loveliness where others see none. The curve of an arm, the graceful arch of a neck, the beauty of a dark straight brow, delight him. He is, in fact, one of those people, half artist, half genius, who 'can hear a leaf fall.' Do you know all that that phrase means?"

"I can imagine it," I replied.

"My son has a theory that the world can be set straight by a right understanding of beauty, and by a proper cultivation of it. He is a dreamer in a world of stern reality, and some day or other I am sorely afraid his dreams will bring him bitter sorrow. If he would but marry!"

"That would perhaps cure him of dreaming," I said laughingly.

After that we paid a visit to Dunroon. While aunt Annette talked to some visitors, Lady Saxon, addressing me in a low voice, said—

"Come with me to my boudoir. My son's portrait hangs there, and I want you to see it."

I went with her. There was a strange wild beating at my heart, a strange sense of something unusual. I felt more as though I were going to see a living person than a picture.

The boudoir was an elegant room facing the west; a soft light fell on the picture of the master of Dunroon, Lord Saxon.

We stood silent before it. She did not even turn to me and say, 'That is my son." Looking at the portrait, I seemed to know by instinct why he could not help his love of beauty, and why women loved him as they looked upon him. It was a handsome, even fascinating face. The kingly poise of the head, the well chiseled features, the dark straight brows, the keen dark eyes that seemed full of pride and passion—eyes that had in them the power of controlling others—the shapely mouth, combining the firmness of a man with the tenderness of a woman—the face altogether was one that once seen either in a picture or in real life must haunt you for ever. The eyes looked into mine as I stood silently marvelling at the beauty portrayed on the canvas.

"That is my son," said Lady Saxon, after we had gazed for some time upon the strangely fascinating picture.

Why did I stand there with fast beating heart and flushed face? Why did my hands tremble? Why did those dark tender eyes flash into mine as it were? I turned to her ladyship.

"What is your son's name?" I asked.

"Lionel," she answered, smiling; "but at home he was always called 'Nello.'"

Again I relapsed into silence.

"His face is full of power," said his mother proudly.

"Yes," I answered, with unconscious prophecy; "but the power is latent. It will not develop yet. He must dream out his dreams, and then——"

"Ah, then!" his mother echoed, with a sigh.

I had seen no face like the one before me. I had not believed that nature was so lavish in the bestowal of her riches upon mortal man. I went home haunted by Lord Saxon's portrait. I looked at the western sky where the great rosy clouds were gathered, it was there; if I looked along the serried rows of dark pine trees, it was there; when the moon shone out at night, and I looked down to see it glittering on the sea, the face was there. It came to me in the starlight, in my dreams, in the rays of the sun. I saw it in the chalice of the white lilies and the hearts of the red roses.

"I am haunted," I said to myself. And even as the face seemed to be photographed on my brain, so the name rang like music in my ears, "Nello, Nello!" The birds sang it, the wind whispered it, and I laughed at my strange fancies.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

The Armless Artist of Antwerp.

In Antwerp the only one of these mechanical artists who has gained more than a bare subsistence is "Felix," a man born without hands or arms, but who uses his feet instead, and with such dexterity that he paints three pictures while the every day young man whom nature has in no way distinguished barely gets through two of the same size. Needless to say, Felix finds customers while better pictures than his remain unsold at lower prices. There are too many, especially of the tourist order, who infinitely prefer a poor copy of the "Descent of the Cross," regarding which they can say: You see that picture? Painted by who do you call 'em—I forget the name—some great gun of a painter; well, sir, this copy was painted by a man named Felix—a fellow without any arms—he done it, every inch of it, sir, with his feet. I seen him to work on it myself in one of them everlasting galleries, I don't remember which one, they're all alike to me. I don't take so much stock to paintings, you know, but, by George! that fellow can do as good a picture with his feet as those big painters they make such a fuss over could do with their hands, and, as far as I can see, one's just as good as another. My daughter don't think so, but you know she's been to one of these here schools in New York. She don't take no stock in anything less its 600 or 700 years old in the way of a picture. It suits me, though. Yes, sir, painted it with his feet. I seen him do it." And so Felix, the armless artist of Antwerp, has through his affliction made enough money to purchase the house he lives in, and he could, if report be true, retire from his labors and live upon his income, while the better artist, his neighbor, in no way differing from the average brother in respect to legs and arms, starves under the shadows of the Sacred Tragedy!

Burmese Housekeeping.

The dwellings of the Burmese are built on small wood or bamboo posts; of bamboo mat walls; roofs of palm leaves, or dried grass; each house has a front verandah, closed only at the ends, if at all; the door from one to three feet from the ground, made of rough boards or of bamboos. Then the main or sleeping room is from four to six feet higher than the verandah, with its floor from seven to ten feet above the ground. The verands is the place of cooking, eating, visiting, buying, and selling. But you would look in vain for stoves, ovens, fireplace, or chimney. A bed of earth, or ashes, in one end of the veranda, is the centre of the kitchen; a large jar of water, two or three small earthern pots for cooking, one for rice and the other for some kind of curry, are usually sufficient; a water dipper, made of cocoanut shell, a wooden ladle for the rice pot, a broad wooden platter in which to put the rice when cooked, and around which the family squat to eat, with one or two brass or iron spoons for the curry, with perhaps two or three earthern dishes, constitute the furniture of the kitchen. Tablet, chairs, spoons, knives, forks, cups and saucers, etc., were not seen among them. To shuffle and manipulate a dozen and one articles that can't be eaten in order to get a simple meal into one's mouth is a vain display and needless hindrance; at least, so a Burman would say. A young Burman left his jungle home to follow an English officer; when he returned he entertained the astonished household with a description of the Englishman's table—its dimensions, splendid spread, rich china, plated and glassware, cutlery, etc., and the beautiful chairs. The old mother asked, "and do they eat all these things?" "O no, of course not," replied the young man "Well, then, what's the good of it all?" was the old lady's poser.

How Slaves are Made on the Congo.

The purchase of slaves continues at the value of £5 or £6 each. When they are not bought they are obtained in the following manner: An article is laid apparently out of the way, but within reach of the negro, who steals it at once, and being taken in "flagrante delictu," becomes at once a slave. If he is a person of importance, and is claimed by his relatives or by the chiefs of the village to which he belongs, he is sometimes given up in exchange for two or three substitutes who become slaves in their village, and are put in chains and made to work under the lash and rod. Therefore, should any government seriously wish to correct or avoid any further slavery and secure free trade, in order that the Congo should again be productive to commere, as it was ten or fifteen years ago, reforms must be made in the abuses mentioned above.—[Correspondence Boston Budget.

A Carnival of Cranks.

New York is the greatest city in the world for cranks. The reserve stores in Paris they are mostly lunatics who write for the papers, whose poems are shelved; in London they are suspected by the police; in Ireland they are shot; in St. Petersburg they are buried in Siberia, and in Boston they become Concord philosophers early in life, and devote themselves to study until they become too cultured for earth, when they die or come to New York. The cranks who are restrained in other cities of the world flock here by common impulse. The police do not interfere with their schemes, the public encourage them, and the newspapers treat them as legitimate sensations. Only one thing is positively known of the average New York crank, and that is that he eventually dies a violent death. The commonplace cranks are not of so much importance as men who just border upon crankiness, or who have manias of sufficient originality to entitle them to distinction.—[Exchange.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 500 patients treated during the past six months, 497 fully testify that they have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that just five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular physicians are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men, that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adopted means to their extermination; this accomplished the cure is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestionable, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one need hesitate to be tempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure. the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Those who may correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

Make poop's happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

No Disappointment.

Disappointments of one kind and another crop up all along life's pathway, for unfortunately it is the unexpected that always happens. There is at least one article of acknowledged merit that never disappoints. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR is sure to remove the worst corns in a few days, and as no claim is made that it will cure anything else, it cannot disappoint. If you have hard or soft corns just try it. Beware of the article "just as good." N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

If nobody loves you, be sure it is your own fault.

Suggestion.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL opposite Grand Central Depot. 300 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elegant Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live as well for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

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For all kinds of pain. Polson's NERVILINE is the most efficient and prompt remedy in existence for neuralgia, lumbago, and headache. For internal use it has no equal. Relief in five minutes may be obtained from Nerviline in any of the following complaints, viz: Cramps in the stomach, chills, flatulent pains. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle Nerviline at any drug store and test the great remedy Large bottle 25 cents.

Good temper is like a summer day; it sheds its light about everything.

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

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AERIAL FLIGHTS.

The Difference Between Birds and Balloon Flying.

In regard to the subject of balooning and the recent French experiments in steering a balloon, it may be noted that the analogies of nature are adverse to the attainment of artificial flight by means of a balloon. We do not mean by way of detail, but by way of principle. The theory of a balloon is that of levitation, that is to say, of counterposing gravity by the displacing of a given bulk of atmospheric air by a lighter gas. That the latter method involves the exposure of so large a surface to atmospheric currents as to require great force to overcome the resistance of a rapid breeze by fans, screws, or other mechanical means, is well-known. But the point to which we refer is this. In the flight of every bird or insect the weight of the animal is directly utilized for maintaining it in the air. At the will of the bird, the feathered surface that it exposes to the wind can be so inclined to the movement of the latter as to make the creature rise or fall at will, by the direct action of the wind, without any visible motion of the wings. From the deck of a vessel a gull may be watched, hovering for many minutes together, without one flap of its wings. The bird at such times is a living kite, its power of self-balance producing the effect of the string of the kite in maintaining a certain inclined position relative to the wind. And although some birds of the swiftest flight have an extraordinary area of wing surface in proportion to their weight, others, of equal or ever superior power of flight, have very little wing surface in proportion to their weight. Thus the problem of flight has been solved by nature in many ways; but in all of them the gravity of the living creature, far from being destroyed or counterposed, is an essential element of its mechanical action. The inference that we draw from this is that the opposition principle, that of levitation, is not likely to be followed with mechanical success, except on rare occasions.

Inventive Genius of Italians.

I was surprised to find how many excellent inventions the Milanese possess. Those about the house were particularly noticeable. The upper panels of the bedroom doors were swung on hinges and fastened with thumbscrews—an excellent device for ventilating the room. The bedstead rollers traveled in a light iron rail, which slid upon the carpet and thus saved it from being cut by the wheels. The bolts to the closed doors disclosed the word "libre" when open and "occupie" when shut. All this was a revelation to me. I fancied the Italians were behind the age in mechanical improvements. I found the Milanese, at least, a long way ahead of the English and French. But even here there is no running water in the bedrooms—a luxury only known in America. Gas lights are being introduced into the bedrooms of some few of the recently-built London hotels, but as a rule gas and running water in bedrooms, so common, almost universal, throughout the cities of the United States, are not to be found in those of Europe. In these respects, therefore, Milan is not a whit behind either London or Paris.

A Cool Client.

An acquaintance of mine—a young lawyer, tired of being friendless and fee-less in San Francisco — determined to establish himself in some interior county. A few months after he wrote me that he had his first case, and that he had won it. It was a hard case, he wrote; one that required hard study and ingenuity, but he had won it, and assured me that he considered his fee—fifty dollars, I believe—as well earned. His client was an old countryman, simple and unsophisticated, and he had endeavored to post him on the ways and doings of courts, so that he should attend the trial without embarrassment or trepidation. By his coolness in the court the client did honor to his lawyer.

My friend came down to spend his holidays, and we met. I asked him, laughingly, whether he had had another case since his first. He looked at me curiously, and told me that something incredible had happened in regard to that affair. That same morning he met his former client and over an appetizer they had discussed the matter.

"That only cost me a hundred dollars," said the client.

"A hundred!" asked the lawyer,

"Yes. I took the judge out for a drink, and gave him fifty dollars. That is why I was so cool in the court."

The feelings of my young lawyer friend can be better imagined than described. Still he looked upon it as a good joke. I rather spoiled his amusement by asking him whether he had returned to his clients his "well-earned fee."

A Good Year for Icebergs.

A New York dispatch says: The oldest inhabitant in Newfoundland does not remember anything approaching the iceberg phenomena of this year. In ordinary years a few icebergs have been seen on the 1st of August but now there is an immense fleet of them sailing past the island. Since the beginning of February a stream of icebergs have been passing down toward the Gulf Stream at intervals. At one time during the present month seventy icebergs of uncommon size were visible from Signal Hill, St. John, passing southward. Some great movement must have occurred in the Arctic regions of an unusual character to notice such an abnormal disgorgement cause call into existence the vast ice argos and the past seven months. fee of

A man's time when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produces more of what is useful to life, than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when overrun with weeds and brambles.

ALL SORTS.

Felo de se—Captain Kidd.

A hollow mockery—The echo.

Takes anything—A photographer.

Taking the stump—Picking up the cigar stub.

Shoving the "queer"—crowding an eccentric man.

Ask Bridget; she can tell you what a scrub game is.

Flirts are like fiddles—No good without the beaux.

Astronomers and theatrical managers both discover new stars.

Water is musical, we presume, when the fountains play.

A philly-tickle movement—Scratching a parrot with a straw.

The man who buys chewing tobacco does not always get quid pro quo.

Waiter girls may not be Spiritualists, but most of them are table tip-pers.

Never hurt a milkman's feelings by talking to him about the cream of a joke.

In matters matrimonial, eastern girls seem to require a little coaching.

Street altercations sometimes alter the expression of a man's countenance.

If big heads are a sign of astuteness a cabbage should be sharper than a pin.

"O where shall I find content?" sighs a magazine poetess. Have you tried the dictionary, dear?

A young lady asked a shop-keeper for a tight-fitting garment such as they wear in New Jersey.

The drowning man clutches at a straw. You may have seen the drowning man—or the man drowning his sorrow in the bowl—clutching at a straw.

There is one thing certain about investing in telephone stocks. It is a sound investment. It is not, however, equal to a telegraphic instrument, for that is sounder.

In South America there is found a fruit which boiled with tough meat makes it tender. The boarding house motto, "Bless Our Home," may yet become less of a mockery.

Richard Grant White says the letter "r" is disappearing from the American tongue. This is truly alarming. We shall presently have no month in which oysters may be safely eaten.

"Thank Heaven, the fuss is all over," said the groom. "and I have you all to myself." "Yes," returned the happy bride, "and now let us take one last look at the wedding presents before pa sends them back to the jeweler's."

"Oh, yes. Jovers is getting on first rate. He's just pointing money in his new business." "Ah, I'm glad to hear it. What is he engaged in?" "Counterfeiting."

A New View of his Case

The following new story will remind the reader of an old one. It has a point that will well bear illustrating.

The case being argued was old Farmer Closegrip vs. a railroad company for damages sustained in a collision.

The old man's lawyer was making a pitiful appeal to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, 'just gaze upon the true, honest, time-beaten face of my client, and suppose he had been fatally wounded; think of the sad blow his loving wife and little, innocent children would have to receive; but, thank heaven it was not so bad as that.

"But, oh, how he must have suffered during the long days of his illness! how the heart stricken companion of his life felt when they brought him home bruised and mangled! Now, tell me shall this poor old man go down to his grave a maimed and helpless creature without some aid from the cause of his affliction?"

During this delivery, Closegrip was noticed to be very much agitated, and rising as the lawyer finished he sobbed,—

"Judge, 'souse my breakin' in, but I must speak."

"Go on," commanded the court.

"I didn't know it were so bad as it air till the gentleman thar sot down; an' ef yo'll let me I'll—I'll—" here he faltered.

"You'll what?" asked his honor.

"Just raise them figgers on the rail road for a few dollars more—make it a thousand instid o' five hundred; won't ye, judge?"

It is needless to add that the judge didn't.

Over the Fence.

Mrs. Singleton put her head over the fence and thus addressed her neighbor, who was hanging out her week's washing.—

"A family has moved in the empty house across the way, Mrs. Clothes-line."

"Yes, I know."

"Did you notice their furniture?"

"Not particularly."

"Two loads, and I wouldn't give a dollar a load for it. Carpets! I wouldn't put them down in my kitchen. And the children! I won't allow mine to associate with them you bet. And the mother!. She looks as if she had never known a days happiness. The father drinks, I expect. Too bad that such people should come into this neighborhood. I wonder who they are?"

"I know them."

"Do you? Well, I declare. Who are they?"

"The mother is my sister, and the father is superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-School."

A painful pause ensues.

Careful.

Prof. Reuger, on feeding his monkeys, in Paraguay, with eggs, observed that at first they smashed them and thus wasted much of their contents; but they soon learned to hit one end against some hard body and pick off the bits with their paws, and if they cut themselves once with any sharp tool, they would either not touch it again or handle it with the greatest caution. Lumps of sugar were given them wrapped up in paper, and sometimes a live wasp was put in to try them so that in hastily opening the paper they got stung; but after this had once occurred they always held the packet to their ears to detect any movement.

It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge; that which we feel here as beauty, we shall one day know as truth.

Cancer.

Any disease which is acknowledged by all to be full of danger, is sure to be associated with quackery. Unprincipled men take the advantage of the popular ignorance of medical remedies to make money. In respect to no disease is this more true than in the case of cancer. And the success of imposition is made easier from the fact that the name is constantly applied to tumors of various kinds, which have nothing of a serious character, which will disappear of themselves if they are only *let alone*. If, however, the name of *cancer* has been suggested, and then either a "cancer doctor" has been called, or without any such addition some one of the boasted remedies has been employed, when the tumor gradually diminishes and eventually disappears, the case is heralded as a "cancer cure," and the delusion is greatly strengthened thereby. For instance, the common-red clover has a great reputation in some parts of the country for curing cancer, and to attempt to convince the believers in its efficacy that they are under a mistake is perfectly useless. The case of this one and of that is quoted in proof, whereas no one of them doubtless had ever the least reason for fear or the slightest sign of cancer.

The simple fact is that cancer is not at all a local disease. It affects the entire system; the change of tissues which constitutes what is recognized as the "cancer" is only the local manifestation. Hence the well known truth that removal of the ulcerated part, the tumor is constantly only a temporary relief; the disease returns to its power, and commonly is soon fatal. Hence the universal dread of "the knife," and hence the readiness to flee to those who give the comforting promise that they will "draw out the cancer by the roots;" and beyond question such men will be encouraged in this imposture by continued application for the use of their *skill*. If they treated only cases where true cancer exists there would be comparatively small evil done, for there is too much reason to believe that the disease is of its very nature fatal, and that its progress to a painful death is sure and steady despite the utmost human skill; but harmless tumors are constantly submitted to their care. Everything with them is invariably a "cancer," and it must be drawn out. The applications which are made destroy the tissues, for how can they draw the cancer out without it? That which was harmless becomes a source of suffering and even of danger, and if the patient recovers after the "doctor" has taken all the money available, it is paraded as a *cure*, whereas no cure was needed.

The domestic remedies, such as the clover above noted, are commonly harmless, and while they do no good they serve to pacify the patient. If cancer is there, it goes on its evil way unchecked; if a simple, non-malignant tumor is involved, it either disappears or remains stationary in progress, and presently clover or perhaps cancer root (*Conopholis Americana*) is in greater repute than ever.

A Remarkable Buffalo Hunt.

People living near Glendive, Montana, were surprised the other day by hearing a loud tramping, and through the clouds of dust kicked up they discovered a herd of buffalo making at a mad pace for the river. The animals appeared to be well-nigh run-down, but many of them were furious. As they came to the bank of the Yellowstone they plunged in pell mell, one on top of the other, and for a time it looked as though many of them would be killed, but nearly all got out uninjured. They had hardly reached the other side when a yelling, swearing crowd of white men and Indians came up on foam-covered horses. They paused here long enough to get refreshment, and then resumed the chase.

There were four or five hundred buffalo in the herd, and they were making for British America as fast as their legs would carry them. From the hunters it was learned that the hunt began down in Dakota, on the Cannon Ball River, where not less than 5,000 of the animals were found grazing. A few of the men had followed them the entire distance, but although the party that passed here numbered only thirty, its members estimated that from first to last three or four hundred men had taken part in the slaughter. Some of the men who had started out with the original party had remained behind at various points to secure the hides, and others, who only joined in for the sport, had dropped out after satisfying themselves with the chase. The rapidity with which these magnificent animals are slaughtered is shown by the fact that the hunters passing through here said they would have the hides of the remnant of the herd before reaching the boundary line.

Probably this is one of the last big buffalo hunts that will ever occur in this country. The Indian, now that he is assured of enough to eat at the agencies, is as reckless in his slaughter of the bison as the white man. He seems to consider the game as nearly extinct, and he goes in recklessly with the idea of having all the sport he can before the end is reached. The wanton destruction of this herd has caused great indignation throughout the entire section traversed, but as it seems to be the policy to exterminate the bison nothing will be done about it.

France is not prosperous. Allowing for the million and a half taken away by Germany, the population has made no progress at all since 1860. Its numbers are smaller now than they were fifteen years ago, while the load of taxation has almost doubled. Equally stationary has been the export trade. The average of recent years has indeed been lower than for the years immediately succeeding the war. Imports have, on the other hand augmented much, but not because the country has been internally prosperous. The increase is the consequence of bad harvests, and indicates a further denudation of the wealth of the people.

In The Next Great War.

If the next great war should be waged between the two nations which were parties to the last it will find the French wall protected by a granite wall of strong places, bristling with cannon, and here and there a gap, as it to tempt an unwary enemy to destruction. But no enemies so secure as the Germans would attempt to enter the country without first affecting a breach in the wall. To this end the plan of concentration and the plan of operation will have to be executed simultaneously. The campaign will open with great cavalry fights, each army trying to rid itself of these dangerous witnesses of its movements, and at the same time to ascertain those of its adversaries. The side that succeeds in beating back the enemy's horse will have scored a great advantage. The concentration of their *corps d'armee* will be rendered easier, the secret of their strategy more effectually guarded. This will be the object of the German commanders; and, as we may presume, also of the French. The cavalry combats will probably be followed by a great battle, offered by the army whose horsemen have been worsted, either in front of its fortifications, or in the intervals between them. This preliminary contest, though it can hardly fail to be murderous, is expected to be indecisive; for if the assailant be vanquished, he will return to the charge, while if the defenders should prove the weaker, they can withdraw behind their fortifications. Then will begin the tug of war. The iron and granite barrier that shelters the beaten foe will have to be forced at all costs. Regular siege operations will be out of the question. The delay would enable the defenders to rally and direct the bulk of their forces on the threatened point. The assailants must be able to cover their advance by an artillery fire superior at once to that of the forts and that of the army by whom they are supported. In the next great war the decisive battles will be preceded by combats of artillery greater than any the world has yet seen. After breaking the line the invaders will have to encounter the enemy a second time, if they will accept battle, or invest them in their fortified camps, if they should be so unwise as to take refuge there. Unwise, because an army in an intrenched camp is a lost army, and in this opinion Col. Hennebert, a French military writer, who discusses the subject in his "Europe Under Arms," is fully agreed with Baron von der Goltz. In the event of the defenders being a second time beaten the problem would be solved; the rest of the campaign could be conducted under normal conditions, save that the guarding of communications would require greater watchfulness and absorb many more men than previous ways were wont to do. The German staff do not seem much concerned with the idea of leaving behind them a line of strong places. They remember that in the last war the fortified camp of Langres, with its 17,000 men, did not cause them them the least embarrassment. Neither Baron von der Goltz nor Col. Hennbert is a great admirer of the exaggerated system of defense adopted by French strategists. Strong places are a shelter in time of disaster, and tend, perhaps, to give confidence to Generals, and impart a sense of security to their men; but these advantages are dearly purchased by the sacrifice of more manly qualities—dash, boldness and audacity—and by turning all their thoughts towards a defensive warfare, they exercise a pernicious influence over the head quarter staff and the Commander-in-Chief. The great wall of China did not keep out the Tartars, and not all the fortifications in the world can stop an army confident of its superiority, and conducted by a General who knows his business. But they must be willing to make sacrifices hardly less severe than would be inflicted by a disastrous defeat.

Remarkable Intelligence and Heroism of a Dog.

The large Newfoundland dog Heck, belonging to the St. Elmo Hotel in the oil town of Eldred, Pa., was known throughout the northern oil field for its great strength and almost human intelligence. The porter of the hotel, a kind hearted but intemperate person, was an especial favorite with the dog. The porter, a small man, slept in a little room back of the office. The dog slept in the office. On the night of Sept. 18 last, the porter was drunk when he went to bed, and soon fell into a heavy sleep. Some time in the night he was awakened by the loud barking of Heck, who was jumping frantically on the porter's bed and seizing the pillow with his teeth. The still drunken and drowsy porter tried to make the dog go away, but the animal persisted in his efforts, and it finally dawned on the befuddled mind of the porter that the house was on fire.

His room was full of smoke, and he could hear the crackling of the flames. He sprang from the bed, but he was still so drunk that he fell to the floor. The faithful dog at once seized him by the coat collar, the porter not having removed his clothing on going to bed, and dragged him out of the room and all the way to the outer door of the office, when the man succeeded in getting on his feet, and, unlooking the door, staggered into the street. The fire was rapidly spreading over the building, and the hotel was filled with guests, not one of whom had been aroused. The dog no sooner saw that his helpless friend was safe than he dashed back into the house and ran barking loudly upstairs.

He first stopped at the door of his master's room, where he howled and scratched at the door until the inmates was made aware of the danger and hurried out of the house, as there was no time to lose. The dog gave the alarm at every door, and in some instances conducted guests down stairs to the outer door, each one of these, however, being a stranger in the house, which fact the dog seemed to understand in looking out for their safety. All about the house seemed to have lost their heads in the excitement, and it is said that the hotel dog alone preserved complete control of himself, and alone took active measures to save the inmates of the house. In and out of the burning building he kept continually dashing, piloting some half-dressed man or woman down stairs, only to return at once in search of others. Once a lady with a child in her arms tripped on the stairs while hurring out, and fell to the bottom. The child was thrown on the floor of the hall some distance away. The woman regained her feet, and staggered in a dazed way out of the door leaving the child in the midst of the smoke that was pouring from the office door. The brave dog saw the mishap, and jumped in through the smoke, which was now becoming almost impassable, and seizing the child by its night clothes, carried it safely out.

Notwithstanding this rescue, the mishap that made it necessary, led to the death of the noble animal. The mother of the child on being restored by the fresh air first became aware that the child was not with her, and crying out wildly that "Anna was burning up in the house!" made a dash for the building, as if to rush through the flames to seek her child. Heck had already brought the little one out, but it had not yet been restored to its mother. The dog saw the frantic rush of the mother toward the burning building and heard her exclamation that some one was burning up in the house, and, although the building was now a mass of smoke and flames inside and out, the dog sprang forward and, as a dozen hands seized the woman and held her back from the insane attempt to enter the house, disappeared with a bound over the burning threshold. The faithful animal never appeared again. His remains were found in the ruins. There is no doubt in any one's mind that but for the intelligence and activity of Heck the fire in the hotel would not have been discovered in time for a single inmate to have escaped from the building with his life; and that the noble animal understood from the half-crazed movements of the child's mother that there was still another one in danger, and to rescue whom he gave his own life, is accepted as certain. The remains of Heck were given a fitting burial, and his loss is regretted as that of a useful citizen might be.

HOLLAND'S FIGHT WITH THE SEA.

A Corps of Engineers Always at Work.

After a delicious breakfast of coffee and thick cream, with rusks, scones, and different kinds of cheese, always indispensable in Dutch breakfasts, we took to the railroad again and crossed Zealand, which chiefly consists of four islands, Noordt, Beveland, Zuid Beveland, Schouwen, and Walcheren, and is less visited by the rest of the Netherlands than any other part of the country. The land is all cut up into vast polders, as the huge meadows are called, which are recovered from the sea and protected by embankments. Here, if human care was withdrawn for six months, the whole country would be under the sea again. A corps of engineers, called "Waterstaat," are continually employed to watch the waters and keep in repairs the dikes, which are formed of clay at the bottom, as that is more waterproof than anything else, and thatched with willows, which are here grown extensively for the purpose. If the sea passes a dike ruin is imminent, an alarm bell rings and the whole population rush to the rescue. The moment one dike is even menaced the people begin to build another inside it, and then rely upon the double defense while they fortify the old one. But all their care has not preserved the Islands of Zealand. Three centuries ago Schouwen was entirely submerged and every living creature drowned. Soon after Noordt Beveland was submerged and remained for several years entirely under water, only the points of the churchspires being visible. Zuid Beveland has been submerged in the fourteenth century. Walcheren was submerged as late as 1808, and Tholen even in 1825. It has been apply asserted that the sea to the inhabitants of Holland is what Vesuvious is to Torre del Greco. De Amicis says that the Dutch have three enemies—the sea, the lakes, and the rivers; they repel the sea, they dry the lakes, and they imprison the rivers, but with the sea it is a combat that never ceases.

A Weed Which Eats Fish.

Commander Alfred Carpenter, writing from Suakim, Red Sea, contributes this instance of a carnivorous plant preying upon vertebrata, observed by him in 1881, when he was surveying at the Parscel islands, in the South China sea: "The tide was low on the reef on which I was strolling and admiring the lovely forms, of coral existence. As I neared a pool out off by the tide from the sea I noticed among other submarine verdure a very ordinary looking flesh-colored weed about one foot high and of similar girth. My appearance alarmed numbers of tiny fish, which darted to the cover of overhanging ledges, but I noticed about half a dozen apparently seeking cover in the weed. Bending down closer I saw that they were lying helpless about the fronds, with very little life left in them. Putting my hand down to pick up one of the half dead fish I found my fingers sucked by the weed, the fronds of which closed tightly on them. The fish were not caught by the head especially, but held anywhere round the body. The death seemed to be slow and lingering, and where the fish had been held its skin was macerated. These captives may have ben caught some time, and were in different stages of exaustion. I regret being unable to name the plant or the young fish. They were from an inch to an inch and a half long. The plant had a dirty and rather slimy look about it."

Almost Eternal Springs.

Standing in the city of Lima, Peru, one looks to the west, on the broad expanse of the ocean, and to the east, on the ever snow capped peaks of the Andes. The mountains and the ocean play the game of battledor, continually throwing back gentle breezes night and morning. It has rained there but twice or three times within the memory of man, and the temperature varies but little from 60° to 90° Fahrenheit throughout the year. The climate is almost an eternal spring, with sunshine and deep blue unclouded skies. To add to its salubrity and freshness the river Rimac, cascades, descends from the snow of mountains through the heart of the With such a climate and such surro no wonder the Limanan makes proud boast that "their seni fairest of all the daughters respondence Chicago Car

A Crab That

In some of the pelago and neig nut is obtain enormous cra the fruit, them off. ing them beating huge from the an

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 23, 1884.

——THE Scott Act was carried to Simcoe county a couple of weeks ago by 1183 majority. Last week the united counties of Dundas, Stormont and Glengary passed the act in over 1500 majority. Voting in Peel takes place on the 23rd, and in Prince Edward, Bruce, Huron, and Dufferin in the 30th. For a certainty the temperance wave is spreading throughout the Dominion.

——SIX committees composed of influential citizens, of Montreal, have been appointed to make preparations for a demonstration in November next in honor of Sir John Macdonald's, fortieth anniversary of entering into public life. The banquet will be on a scale of magnificence never attempted before, and will have the characteristics of a national demonstration in which all, no matter what their party leaning, may join.

——The celebrated Tichborne claimant has just been released from prison in England, where he was sentenced on the 28th of February 1873, for 14 years, for perjury in connection with his claim to that estate. His term was reduced by good conduct. The claimant's name is Arthur Orton. The case is celebrated in history for the hard swearing that was done, and the length of time it was before the courts. The claimant's trial for the recovery of the estates lasted 103 days, and the trial against him for perjury lasted 188 days.

——DISPATCHES from the French forces in Tonquin, and on the coast of China show that they mow down the badly disciplined Chinese soldiers like blades of grass in a harvest field. Three or four thousand Chinese are reported killed in what would be between equal nations a petty skirmish, with slight loss of life, while but fifteen or twenty of the French forces bite the dust. This invasion of their territory by a French army will prove a marching massacre, for which France and the civilized world should blush in shame. It will be a just recompense if England or some other power takes France in hand and severely punishes her for this reckless destruction of human life among the peaceable inhabitants of the Celestial Empire. When England finds her commerce with China cut off or ruined by the conduct of her old enemy, China may suddenly find a powerful ally, and the tables turned on her invader.

FRANKFORD IN ASHES.

The business portion of the village of Frankford, a few miles below Stirling, was almost entirely swept away by fire on Tuesday morning. The fire started in Foster's bake shop, which was burned, together with Stephen's tailor shop, Dr. Stephenson's office, Scarlet's drug store, Ostram's drug store, Dr. Rothwell's surgery, Chapman's shoe store, the post office and telegraph office, Mrs. Paterson's millinery shop, Knapp's tin shop, VanNorman's harness shop, McCambridge's hotel, Turley's shop and dwelling, besides other houses and barns. The loss is heavy, insurance small.

REBELLIOUS WHISKEYHEADS.

THEY OBJECT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF PROHIBITION ON THE NORTH SHORE.

RAT PORTAGE, Oct. 16.—After all the disputing about the once-disputed territory has been settled, real fighting has commenced about another matter. The Dominion government has declared the Public Works act in force along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway on the north shore. Wherever that act is in force the sale of liquor is prohibited. At Michipicoten the liquor dealers armed a gang of thirty-five roughs, who marched on the C. P. R. headquarters, fired several hundred shots, wounding two constables, one in the hand and one in the They also posted notices threatening Mr. Alexander Macdonald, agent. Captain Burden, fired at while in bed. in the wall behind him. selves the new Molly nment has been forced to sup-

Kennedy Re- and Car-

DISTRICT DOINGS.

Compiled and Rolled Down from our Exchanges

Deer are reported plentiful along the K. & P. Railway.

Lady Macdonald arrived in Kingston on Saturday, and will remain there during Sir John's absence in England.

A lamb raised by Mr. John Hayes, of Glenburnie, was killed Friday and weighed when dressed 78 lbs. The pelt weighed 22 lbs. Pretty good for this year's raising.

Lumber firms have no difficulty in procuring all the shanty men they require at low wages. No doubt a large lot of logs and timber will be got out this season, in consequence.

There are now over 1,900 pupils on the rolls of the Kingston Public Schools. The number keeps increasing, but the accomodation is just the same as when the figures were 1,000.

A branch of the Dominion Alliance has been formed at Belleville for the purpose of furthering Scott Act work in the county of Hastings and City of Belleville. Dr. Coleman is president.

A well-known citizen, of Kingston, entered a saloon the other day and asked for a glass of whiskey, but as he had no money he was refused. Drawing his daughter's $12 necklace from his pocket, he offered to give it for one week's supply of whiskey.

A woman named Julia Ann Seeley was on Monday, at Kingston, charged with administering posion to her husband, Alfred Seeley, who is a hotel-keeper at Murvale. She is young and her husband is old. The woman has been committed for trial.

☞ Our stock of Carpets and Floor Oil Cloths is now complete. John Dale & Son.

It having been found that Mr. Hoggard of Belleville had lost the sight of his left eye through injuries inflicted in the assault upon him on August 18th, Dr. Willson deemed it advisable to remove it, in order to save the other eye. Accordingly on Saturday last the operation was preformed by Dr. Kyerson, oculist, of Toronto, assisted by Dr. Willson.

On Saturday a serious stabbing affray took place at Tamworth. A very respectable young man named Deltor was standing on the sidewalk with some ladies, when he was jostled by a man named Nale, from near Erinsville. An altercation ensued which ended in blows. Towards the end of the contest Nale drew a knife and stabbed Deltor in the neck. The knife just grazed the jugular vein and took off a portion of the ear, making an ugly wound. Nale escaped and has not yet been captured. The public is greatly incensed against the fellow. The unfortunate victim is recovering.

There is quite a boom in the timber trade in the neighborhood of Cloyne. Gilmore & Co. propose taking out some 200,000 pieces. The principal part of their operations will be performed by contractors, who are called jobbers. The McLaren firm have at time writing eight camps, 30 men each, to be followed immediately by three others. Their present intention is to have some fifteen in all, besides a number of jobbers. The Caldwell firm will operate quite extensively on their limits on the Mississippi waters, besides there are others on a smaller scale. Though the wages are moderate the lumber business will require a large number of men and teams in this vicinity.

☞ We are showing extra value in Dress Goods our 25c. line would be good value at 40c.
John Dale & Son.

LOOKS LIKE FOUL PLAY.

A PETERBORO' MAN LOSES HIS LIFE IN A DEER HUNT.—MURDER SUSPECTED.

PETERBORO' Oct. 16.—To-day the dead body of John Johnston, a resident of Weller street, was brought to town with a bullet hole in his right breast. He had been working in Irwin's timber limits in the townsnip of Anstruther, in this county, about 60 miles north of this town. Sunday, Oct 5th, a deer hunting expedition was planed by the shantymen. Johnston and O'Brine detailed to take the dogs and start the deer, while two others went out on Serpentine lake to watch for the deer the dogs might start. The canoemen waited till twelve o'clock but no deer appeared; they, however, heard the report of a gun in the direction in which Johnson was. They never again saw him alive. On his failure to return to camp a vigorous search was made for him, but without finding any trace. The search was kept up till last Monday. On Tuesday the men resumed work, when John Fraser came across the dead body of the missing man, which was brought to town to-day. The wound which produced death was made by a bullet that entered the right side, passed through the lungs and the heart and the left side, and was found in the outside of the left arm. The wound being apparently not accidental, Dr. Fife, coroner, instituted an inquest, which after the examination of two witnesses was adjourned for a week. Deceased was about 50 years of age and unmarried.

W. H. VANDERBILT has given the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons half a million dollars for a building fund.

MERIT PROVEN.

Dollar upon dollar is frequently spent on the faith of recommendations for articles entirely worthless. Not so with McGregor's Speedy Cure you are not asked to purchase it until its merits are proven. Call at Wilson's drug store and get a free trial bottle, and if not convinced it will cure you of the worst forms of Dyspepsia Liver Complaint, etc., no matter how long standing, it costs you nothing. Sold in 50c. and $1.00 bottles. See testimonials from persons in your own town.

Married.

DYER—MCLOCKIE.—On the 16th, inst., at the residence of Mr. T. Dyer by the Rev. W. C. Beer, Mr. Miles E. Dyer, to Miss Sarah J. McLockie, of Hinton.

MORTON—EMBURY.—On the 16th, inst., at the Methodist Parsonage, Madoc, by the Rev. W. C. Beer, William Morton, of the township of Limerick, to Mrs. Mary E. Embury, of the village of Madoc.

Died.

PEARD.—Passed peacefully away on Saturday, October 11th, at Toronto, Elizabeth Ann Norsworthy, the beloved wife of Mr. James Peard, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Norsworthy, of Belleville, aged 33 years.

REDMAN.—On Sunday, October 19th, at the residence of Mr. W. Moore, of Madoc, James Redman, aged 77 years.

FLUID LIGHTING.

There are but few that have never suffered alm at intolerable pain from Toothache, Neuralgia or like acute pains. To them such an instant relief as Fluid Lighting is an untold blessing in the time of trouble. No disgusting offensive medicine to be taken for days. One application of Fluid Lighting Cures. Sold by C. G. Wilson, Druggist.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Indigestion.—How much thought has been bestowed and what voluminous treatises have been written upon this universal and distressing disease, which is with certainty and safety dispelled without fear of relapse by a course of this purifying, soothing and tonic medicine! It acts directly on the stomach, liver and bowels—then indirectly, though on less effectively, on the brain, nerves, vessels, and glands, introducing such order throughout the entire system that harmony dwells between each organ and its functions. Dyspepsia need no longer be the bugbear of the public, since Holloway's Pills are fully competent to subdue the most chronic and distressing cases of impaired digestion, and to restore the miserable sufferer to health, strength, and cheerfulness.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. R. TRACY,

HAVING returned from Europe, is prepared to meet his patients as usual, at his residence, Hotel Street, Belleville. Consulting hours 9 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and after 6 p.m., daily.

TAXES. TAXES.

THE undersigned Collector of taxes for Madoc village, will be in the village for the accommodation of those who wish to pay their taxes, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays of each week, at John Robertson's store. All taxes must be paid in without delay.

J. H. DUNN,
Collector.

AN OLD HAND AT THE BELLOWS.

HAVING rented Stephen Reed's blacksmith shop, in Madoc village, I am now ready and willing to wait on all customers who may favor me with their patronage.

Horse Shoeing a specialty. All kinds of Locks repaired.

JOHN BROWN,
Blacksmith.

Madoc, October 18th, 1884.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

Known as the

"SHOREY HOMESTEAD FARM,"

North half of 11, in 4th Concession of the Township of Sidney containing

109 ACRES,

90 acres under cultivation, 12 miles from Belleville and 7 miles from Trenton. Church, school and cheese factory all within one mile.

GOOD ORCHARD,

and in good state of cultivation. Possession given immediately. Apply to

GEO. D. DICKSON,
Solicitor, Belleville.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to call and settle their accounts before November 1st, 1884.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, Oct. 2nd, 1884. 4t-387

STRAYED.

INTO the enclosure of the undersigned, lot 27, in the 5th concession of Madoc, on or about the 1st of September, a blue yearling bull, with a line back. The owner is requested to prove property, pay damages, and take the same away.

THOMAS SARGENT.

Bannockburn, Oct. 9th, 1884. 3t-389

Cash Business.

Having decided to give up the Credit system and do a Cash business in the future, I am closing up my books. All accounts owing me must be settled before the 15th of November, those remaining on my books after the above date will be placed in court for collection.

D. W. WRIGHT.

G. A. Rollins

DALE'S BLOCK,

MADOC, - ONT.

Stoves and Tinware,
Hardware,
Lamps and Lanterns,
Paints, Oils, Glass and Putty.

PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL.

New Dress Goods and Mantle Cloths.

Our stock in this department is now complete, and we offer what we consider the

HANDSOMEST, MOST STYLISH, AND CHEAPEST GOODS,

Ever offered to the people of Madoc and vicinity.

A look through will convince you we are selling these Goods at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Call Early and get a Good Choice, as they are going off rapidly.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

REMOVED! REMOVED!

John Robertson,

Has removed his Dry Goods Store to

G. A. ROLLINS' OLD STAND,

West side of Durham Street, one door north of REVIEW building, where he has opened out a complete stock of new and fresh goods in all departments, which he will sell at

BOTTOM PRICES, FOR CASH.

Hoping to meet all my old customers, and new ones who will find it to their interest to inspect my stock, in my new premises, and thanking all for their patronage in the past.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

HardwarE

WE HAVE

REMOVED

OUR ENTIRE

Hardware stock INTO OUR Dry Goods Store

One door south of old Hardware Store.

Parties in want of Hardware will save money by giving us a call, as we wish to clear the stock by spring.

N.B.—We are offering SCOTCH IRON at $2 per cwt. Horse Shoes $4.15 per Keg.

JOHN DALE & SON.

MADOC BAKERY

Fresh baked Cakes & Buns every day.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

LUNCHES, ICE CREAM AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

Latest Local News.

Eggs to the Dozen.

Mr. Geo. M. Simple last week left with us a half-dozen large hen's eggs, the largest measuring 6¼ by 7¼ inches. The whole were fine specimens.

Township Council.

The Council of the Township of Madoc will meet for the despatch of business, on Saturday next, 25th inst., in the Town Hall in this village, at 10 a.m.

The Rifle.

The Hastings Association and 49th Rifle matches will be held early next month, at Belleville. We hope to see representatives of No. 4 Company, at both matches, as good prizes will be offered.

Northern News.

There is always plenty of news items in the northern townships if our friends would only take the trouble to send them to us for publication. A short time ago Mr. John Henderson of Wollaston had a valuable horse killed by a tree falling on him. Then Mr. John Ray, while stopping at Bain's, at the railway crossing had a splendid rifle stolen from him. Also Mr. James Liddell, of Bass Lake, Tudor, lost a fine hound lately, supposed to have gone the same way.

Autumn Assizes.

The fall sittings of the High Court of Justice, Autumn Assizes, opened on Monday, at Belleville, before the Hon. Mr. Justice Galt. The following gentleman were sworn in as grand jurors:—Albert Chard, foreman, David Henry, Eugene Empey, Eunis Holt, John D. Harris, Jas. S. Hamilton, Benj. Henry, Martin Moorman, David Hoeit, Wellington Hurrison, John Goswell, Peter Milligan, Sobiskey Smith, Stephen Sine, Jos. McCormack, Robert Jones, Warham Tuller, Stephen Badgley and Adam Leslie. The civil docket comprises about ten cases and there three prisoners in jail awaiting trial, charged with burglary.

The County Gaol.

The number of prisoners committed during the year ending September 30th, were 151 males and 27 females. Total 178, of whom 10 males and 5 females were lunatics. There were 11 males sent to the Central Prison and 3 females to the Mercer Reformatory; to the penitentiary 4 males were sent and to the Boys' Reformatory 2. Of the prisoners 47 males and 19 females were temperate, and 104 males and 8 females intemperate. The gaol expenditure for the year, including clothing, food, fuel, salaries, &c., was $2096. The daily cost per prisoner for rations was 6½ cents, including hospital diet, or 7 cents not including hospital diet.

Gone to his Account.

Quite a noted character in the person of Jimmy Redman, shoemaker, died in this village on Sunday last. He had been a resident, off and on, of Madoc for many years, was apparently steady and always working hard, but strange to say, had not a sixpence to bury himself with when he died. This was performed by the Council and private subscription, he having no friends in the country. His age has been handed into us as 77, but to our knowledge he himself stated some years ago that he was over 80 years of age then, so that he must have been well on to 90. He worked at his trade with Mr. Moore up to within a few days of his death, and on the street was as smart looking and active as a boy of 16. A long life spent, and buried at last at the public expense!

Temperance Convention.

Since the publication of the circular by the Scott Act Committee, published in another column, calling for a convention in Madoc on the 28th, information comes to hand of a similar convention for Stirling on the 29th. Printed notices are sent throughout the county calling upon the the temperance people to rally to these points. We understand the Committee conclude to go on with both, as each was advertised without the knowledge of the other, and desire all who possibly can to attend both of them. A mass temperance meeting is to be held in the evening to be addressed by strangers. Rev. Mr. Sibbald, the Episcopalian temperance champion of Belleville, and J. Spencer, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance,—have been invited and are expected to speak. A public collection will be taken to defray expenses.

A $30 Biblical Prize.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for November, among which is the following:—

We will give $20.00 to the person telling us in how many languages the superscription was written on the cross over Jesus at the time he was crucified," by November 10th, 1884. Should two or more correct answers be received, the REWARD will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner November 15th, 1884. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answers, for which they will receive the December *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, PENN.

Fraternal Visit.

On Monday evening the members of Madoc Lodge of Oddfellows received a fraternal visit from about twenty of their Stirling brethren. During the business of the evening a candidate was in waiting, and the officers of the visiting lodge were invited and accepted the task of "putting him through," which they did in a highly creditable and satisfactory manner. After an interchange of friendly sentiments between the brethren, the Stirling members were entertained at supper, at Moon's Hotel, where another hour was pleasantly spent, about fifty brothers sitting down to the repast provided. Among the visiting brethren were Past Grands Dr. Parker and Dr. Butler, O. Hewat, N. G., T. Sine, V. G., and officers Micklejohn, Martin, Morton, Boyce, and others, all of whom highly complimented the Madoc brethren on the handsome appearance of their lodge room. The visitors drove home the same night, well pleased, Madoc "Odds" hope, with their trip.

Local Chit-Chat.

—Very little grain is coming in.

—Trade is picking up a little in this village.

—Our citizens are getting in their supply of coal.

—See O'Flynn & O'Hara's new advertisement in this issue.

—Mr. C. J. Pusey, of New York, was in this village last week.

—Hollow'een a week from to-morrow, but don't tell the small boys.

—Mr. John Brown, has opened a blacksmith shop in Reed's old stand.

—The temperance agitation is spreading throughout the whole county.

—Mr E. L. Weiss left on Monday afternoon for a business trip to Hamilton.

—Mr. S. E. Lennox, some years ago a resident of Madoc, has opened a dry goods store in Napanee.

—The buildings around Whytock's corner have been considerably improved in appearance by a coat of paint.

—Rev. F. B. Stratton's letter, promised last week, has been received too late for this issue, but will appear next week.

—Mr. D. A. Caldwell late with Mr. P. Sinclair, will open a new harness shop next to Whytocks old stand, next week.

—A public dinner and concert in aid of Rev. E. Scammel, will be held at Bancroft, on the 5th November. Dinner at 12:30. Concert at 6:30.

—A number of boys, named Moore, Geary, and Collinge were arrested this week for breaking a window in Davidson's shoe shop. The case against them was settled.

—Mr. Neil Todd has again taken up his residence in the village, having engaged as assistant to J. B. Church, who will assume Mrs. Wright business on the 1st. prox.

—Mr. G. A. Rollins, having lately removed his tin and hardware store to Dale's old stand has been enabled to greatly enlarge his business. See his advt. in this issue.

—The revival services in the Methodist Church still continue to grow in interest, the lecture room being filled—and a goodly number of seekers have professed faith in Christ.

—On Saturday night some parties, while under the influence of pretty strong drink, fell against the window in Miss Elliott's store, breaking one of the large lights of glass. They were known and paid the damage.

—We would direct the attention of our readers to the professional card of Dr. Tracy, of Belleville, which appears in this issue. The Dr. is one of the leading M. D's of that city, and his practice is rapidly extending in this direction as well.

—Mr. McCulloch, our late dentist, now hangs out his shingle in Perth. We understand Mr. Robertson, of Norwood, has decided not to come to this village, so that Madoc in the matter of dentistry is back again to the monthly visits by Mr. Walker, of Belleville.

—Mr. John Robertson has removed this week from Harper's block to G. A. Rollins' old stand, west side of Durham street. In his new premises which are larger and better adapted for the dry goods trade, Mr. R. will be able to enlarge his business considerably. See his new advertisement.

The Temperance Movement.

A General Convention for the County to be held in this Village.

In connection with the temperance movement so decisively inaugurated by the committee of our citizens lately appointed, the following circular has been sent out by the Secretary, Mr. E. D. O'Flynn, to the temperance people of the different municipalities throughout the County:—

DEAR SIR:—Impressed with the necessity for a temperance reform movement in this County, and stirred by the earnest efforts that were being put forth in the surrounding Counties to suppress the drink traffic, a meeting was called here, which took practical shape by passing a resolution to the effect that the time had come when the temperance people of the County of Hastings should take the necessary steps for securing the adoption of the Scott Act in this County, and appointing a committee to act in the matter, to secure the co-operation of other municipalities in the County.

Communications with leading men, from every part of the County, as to the advisability of submitting the Scott Act, brought such encouraging replies that the Committee felt warranted in calling a Convention, and hence the following resolution:—

Moved by Rev. D. Wishart, seconded by A. B. Ross, Esq., that a Convention for the County of Hastings be held at St. Peter's Church, Madoc village, on Tuesday, the 28th of October, at 2 p. m., that printed circulars, stating what had been done, be scattered over the County as speedily as possible, that all the newspapers be requested to bring the subject before their readers, and that notices be sent to all the Ministers to read to their people on the intervening Sabbaths.

A large attendance is hoped for, and the Committee will do all in their power to secure comfortable accommodation to the delegates during their stay.

E. D. O'FLYNN,
Secretary.

Madoc, October 14th, 1884.

Let this be a good one.

We would remind our readers of the free fair to be held in this village on Tuesday, November 4th. A special effort should be made to make this fair successful, as on it depends whether or not they will be continued.

WHAT TO DO.

If troubled with an unhealthy, slow-healing sore use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. You will find it invaluable for healing, cleansing and completely removing your trouble. If the Blood is out of order take with it a few doses of McGregor's Speedy Cure, from Wilson's Drug Store.

North Hastings Teachers' Association.

The semi-annual meeting of the North Hastings Teachers' Association was held in the Model School, Madoc, on the 9th and 10th October.

In the absence of the President and Vice-President, Mr. W. Clark, H. M. of the Model School, was appointed chairman until the election of the officers.

After the reading and adoption of the minutes of last meeting, the officers for the ensuing year were elected. They are:

President—Wm Mackintosh, I. P. S.
Vice-President—Miss McDermid.
Secretary—Mr. J. Wallis.
Treasurer—Mr. W. Clark.

Executive Committee—Misses Britton and Hopkins and Messrs, Morton, and Moore. Messrs. Adshead, Moore and Minchin were appointed auditors, and the Librarian, Messrs. Morton and Solmes and Miss Bellis a Committee to report on the state of the library.

The first subject discussed was "Some Expedients for Awakening Thought," introduced by Mr. Adshead. He believed the first necessity was to awaken the interest. He recommended that children be allowed to examine objects, to see their differences, similarities and beauties for themselves. Mr. Adshead gave some excellent hints for the preparation of simple apparatus for use in the illustration of geographical and other facts. Mr. Adshead's suggestions were warmly commended by Mr. Mackintosh, who regretted that children are so often required to do nothing and keep quiet at the same time.

Mr. Wallis then took up the subject of the "Teacher's Day's Work," dwelling on the necessity on the part of the teachers of preparing lessons.

Mr. Mackintosh addressed the Convention chiefly on the subject of reading, giving many valuable suggestions. Children should not be allowed to read anything they do not understand, and should know the words at sight. The only thorough test of reading is that which requires children to read at sight new combinations of previously learned words. As a rule special drills in pronunciation should be given, and the time assigned to reading should be assigned to it exclusively. Children should be shown how to prepare lessons and should be required to reproduce the substance of lessons. Teachers would do well to produce supplementary reading for their pupils.

After a brief intermission, the President introduced P. H. Bryce, M.A., M.D., Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, who spoke for some time on the subject of "School Room Ventilation." It was shown that, as a general thing, the amount of pure air supplied to school rooms is far from adequate, and that the consequences are very serious to health and study. The necessity for supplying moisture to the air was clearly shown. Dr. Bryce attributes the winter cough so common among children, to the dry air of the school room. Cold feet, often caused by drafts from under doors, are the cause of many school headaches. Statistics show that 50 per cent. of the sickness in the Hamilton schools was colds and headaches, and that during the winter months the sickness increased 100 per cent on that during the summer months, when the bad ventilation is not so much felt.

At 8 p. m., Dr. Bryce lectured to a fairly large audience assembled in the Town Hall, on the "Influence of our Schools on the Coming Race." The lecture was very instructive and interesting. A. F. Wood, Esq., M.P.P., occupied the chair. At the close a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Dr Bryce for his excellent lecture. A collection was taken up to defray expenses.

The Convention met on Friday at 9 p. m. The time for holding the next Promotion examination was changed to March and October.

The President read a communication from the Women's Christian Temperance Union on the subject of Temperance literature and text-books in the schools.

Mr. W. H. Jenkins dealt with the subject of Railways and Products of Ontario, going into minute details regarding the various railway systems and imparting much useful information.

The following resolution was then brought forward and moved by Mr. Morton, seconded by Mr. W. Clark, "That this association, being impressed with a sense of the terrible evils of traffic in alcoholic drinks and of the importance of giving the children of our country a correct adequate knowledge of the nature of alcohol and its effects upon the human system, and thus doing something to make the coming generation temperate, desires to express its conviction that regular scientific temperance instruction should be given in the public schools. They would recommend all teachers to procure a copy of Dr. Richardson's admirable treatise on alcohol, and to give from time to time, oral instruction to their pupils on this subject." Carried unanimously. Mr. Wood, M. P. P., Rev. F. B. Stratton, Mr. McAnley and Mr. Mackintosh supported the motion by appropriate remarks. The Sec'y was instructed to forward a copy to the Sec'y of the W. T. C. U., and one to the Hon. Minister of Education. The convention then adjourned till 1:30 p. m. The Committee on the library then reported 227 books on the catalogue, 28 in the hands of members of the Association, and 199 in the library.

Miss Powers then exhibited her method of teaching reading to beginners, a class of very small pupils having come from Marmora that an actual lesson might be given. The class showed an interest and acuteness quite surprising, and for forty-five minutes answered questions very nicely and seemed to forget to grow weary. An object was shown the class, its name elicited and the name written, not printed on the board. As soon as a very few names were thus learned combinations of them were formed. The method of teaching verbs, adjectives and prepositions and of reviewing words learned was very nicely shown and excited great interest.

Miss McDermid taught a lesson on Grammatical Analysis to a class from the Model School, dealing chiefly with enlargments of the subject. The lesson was well taught and many useful hints were given.

Mr. Clark took up the subject of "number." He would illustrate the meaning of numbers to young classes always by objects. Objects should be grouped in tens, hunderds, &c. Subtraction was very clearly explained. A lively discussion followed, in which Messrs. Adshead, Moore, Minchin and Mackintosh took part.

Mr. Mackintosh introduced the subject of "writing," which he believed was often neglected, that more time might be given to subjects that would count on an examination. Copy-books without head-lines were to be prepared. The discussion which followed showed the teachers were much interested in the subject.

Rev. Mr. Wishart then briefly addressed the teachers assembled, after which Mr. Morton spoke for a short time on "Our Library and how to Improve it." The subject was not discussed on account of want of time.

The Convention then adjourned to meet on the 8th and 9th of May, 1885.

We have a few Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves for sale, at cost. John Dale & Son.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour,	$4 75	to	0 00
Fall Wheat,	$0 00	to	0 00
Spring Wheat,	$0 85	to	0 00
Oats,	35 cents	to	00 cents
Rye,	50 "	to	50 "
Barley,	50 cents	to	60 cents
Peas,	60 cents	to	60 cents
Potatoes per bag,	40 cents	to	50 cents
Butter per pound,	18 cents		
Eggs per dozen,	to 12 cents.		
Tallow,	6 cents		
Lard,	10 "		
Calfskins,	35 cents	to	45 cents
Sheepskins,	25 cents	to	45 cents
Wool,	15 to 17cents		
Hay, per ton,	$ 00	to	$12 00
Hides, per cwt.,	$4 00	to	$6 00
Cheese,	10c	to	12c

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

FOR SALE.

THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.

H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

A GOOD GIRL.

CAN hear of a situation by applying at the REVIEW OFFICE, Madoc.

BUY YOUR

Boots and Shoes

FROM

T. ROBERTS,

Weiss Block, Madoc

Millinery,
Fancy Goods,
Dry Goods.

Miss ELLIOTT,

Has removed to Wilson's Block, and now shows a choice stock in the above departments.

Call and Inspect the Stock.

Miss L. ELLIOTT.

1862. WHITE'S 1884.

AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, ONT.

FARMERS

Look to your interests, and

BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,

and avoid all trouble about points, etc.

Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

J. & J. WHITE.

CITY

Art Gallery,

FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.

I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

I HAVE IN IT

TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

J. H. FORD,

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Mirrors, &c.

NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILL

AGRICULTURAL.

Management of Sheep in October.

The first part of the season, over nearly the whole country, was so wet as to produce a large growth of grasses, and pastures were everywhere flush. Still, in some places, it was observed that sheep did not lay on flesh as fast as when the growth of grass was more moderate, it was less watery and contained less substance. But September has been dry over a large extent of country, and pastures have become short. This will, in many sections, keep the condition of sheep lower than will be desirable for fall sales, and thinner than they should be for the most profitable winter feeding.

We do not believe that any feeder can afford to let his sheep get thin because his pasture is short—just as the policy of the man who remarked that he "always made his hay half cut whether his cattle did or not!" When an animal is not thriving all profit at once ceases, and loss begins.

The question then arises, what shall the sheep-feeder do to keep up a steady growth on young sheep, steady gain on fattening sheep, and a full, healthy condition in breeding sheep, when drought cuts off the supply of grass? If the Ensilage system has been fully enjoyed upon, then succulent clover and other grasses preserved in silo may be given to excellent effect; but this system is only yet on trial by the "one in a thousand," and won't apply to the general sheep-feeder. For breeding sheep one-half pound of wheat bran, fed in troughs in pasture, will probably make up the deficiency. A little extra food goes a long way in keeping up condition. For 3 months lambs and young growing sheep, a half pound of bran with one to two gills of corn, or one-half pound of oil meal, will keep them thriving. For fattening sheep to be sold in late fall or early winter, one pound of corn and a half pound of oil meal; this, with half pasture, will push them forward favorably.

These specific rations are not intended to be considered as adapted to all cases. The feeder's eye must take in the situation of each flock, and adapt the ration to each particular case. But we have seen the quantities named produce excellent results with the different classes of sheep mentioned.

There is another method which we have adopted on several occasions when pasture was cut off by drought. We took early cut and nicely cured clover and timothy hay, cut into very fine chaff in a power cutter, then moistened this chaff so that ground feed would adhere to it, and mixed the bran, oil meal, &c., with it. This mixture was placed in the troughs, and the sheep ate it all down. The cut hay was about twice the bulk of the ground feed. We found that the whole was more completely digested when cut hay was added.

This plan would only be followed by those who use a cutter, and then it does not add very materially to the labour. When oats are cheap, there is no better food for sheep on pasture.

The rule of profit must always be to full feed growing and fattening sheep. This brings them to maturity and market at the earliest period and commands the best profit. If sheep are allowed to stand still, without gain or growth, then the food eaten is utterly wasted. We have always found a little grain in the fall to pay even with fair pasture, because the fattening sheep can digest a little concentrated food besides all the grass they will eat; and this concentrated nutriment will all go to gain or profit. Every feeder should look carefully to his sheep and see that they have enough regardless of drought.—[Canadian Breeder.

Look after the Weeds.

One of the most thoughtless and unwise things a farmer can do, and yet a practice so common that a farmer's garden has become a synonym for a weed nursery, is to let weeds take possession of every place made vacant by the removal of any crop. This practice not only exhausts the fertility of the soil, but fills it so full of noxious seeds as to greatly multiply the labour of keeping a clean garden the following season. It is a very sensible question to so arrange the various plants that those maturing together, at different times, shall be grouped, so that as they mature and are removed, the vacant ground shall all come in one plot, gradually enlarging, as others mature and are removed. When so placed, a boy, horse and cultivator can go over the ground in a very short time, and, by repeating the operation at intervals of one or two weeks, the ground can be kept entirely clean. See to it now that all weeds grown in and about the garden are carefully cut or pulled, and all root or branch, placed in a pile and burned. The seeds are so fully matured that is is not safe to put them even in a compost heap, and it is better to sacrifice what little manurial value they contain than to scatter the seeds. By cutting or pulling them when damp, but few seeds will shell out, and by putting an armful of dry straw or brush at the bottom of the pile and leaving them till mid-day, they can be easily burned. Every day you now neglect this little "chore," the more weeds you will have to contend with next summer. Go for them at once!

General Rules for Breeding Light Horses.

Mr. H. Pratt, of Gawsworth, Co. Cork, one of the most successful breeders of light horses in Ireland, lays down the following rules for the breeding of hunters and saddle horses:

"1. Determine exactly what it is you really require to produce, and having done so never lose sight of it.

"2. Procure a young mother that has arrived at maturity and is healthy, roomy, well-shaped, round, large-sized, with good bone and good action, and remember the better bred the mare is that possesses those qualities the more valuable she will be.

"3. The dam, as a general rule, has more direct influence on her offspring as regards health and size than the sire has.

"4. The offspring bred from greatly dissimilar parents in either size or character should never be used for breeding purposes; their offspring will certainly prove to be mongrels of nondescript character. That the parents should be as similar as possible is a rule the neglect of which has led to more disappointment than almost any other rule I know of.

"5. A pure thoroughbred sire that has got good ones should be selected, and I do not believe a really good weight-carrying hunter will ever be bred from anything but a thoroughbred horse.

"6. The sire has more direct influence on the bone, heart, tendons, and nerves of the foal than the mare, consequently nothing but blood horses will produce stout and fast hunters.

"7. Breeding too early is quite incompatible with hardiness of constitution and lasting qualities. Hence I believe the mare should be at least four years old before she is put to the horse."

How to Save Corn Fodder.

Prof. Sanborn, of Missouri, says the complaint that stock will not eat corn fodder well, or over one-fourth to one-third of it, arises from our method, or lack of method, of securing it. Most of our corn is allowed to stand on it grew, and to have its nutrition washed out of it, and then it is fed where it grew to cattle roving through the field. The bleached stuff is little liked and little eaten. A few cut it and put it into large shocks, but not until after the corn is dead ripe. It should be cut while the stalks are yet quite green, the corn being in the latter stages of the dough state, or before the corn is too hard to crush easily in the fingers, and before it is dry throughout. It should be put into shocks made from four hills in place of the old 16 hills square, and bound round the top by rye straw, twine, or a green corn stalk. It is well to bend the tassel down, binding the tops under, thus turning the rain. In the course of two to four weeks, depending upon the weather, the small shocks may easily be husked out, and the corn cribbed. The band will not have to be removed or the shock taken down in husking. After husking, the hills of corn, around which the shock is made, as fast as the shock is wanted, may be cut, and the fodder of the shock may be quickly and easily, by one man, passed to the waggon for stacking, the band around the shock always remaining on. Thus treated, it will be tender, more palatable, and more nutritious, and when fed with clover, cotton seed meal, or middlings, will be nearly all eaten. It will also be handled from the start at less expense per acre than by the system of 16 hills square shocks.

A Little Hero.

A sad story of a French drummer boy is told at Heidelberg, in connection with the last siege of that city. The Austrians were in possession of the place, and the only means of attacking them was by crossing the old bridge over the river Neckar. But the defenders were well prepared for the attack; they planted their cannon in such a manner that it covered the bridge and its approaches. The French planted their cannon on the opposite side of the river, and kept up a terrible fire, but were utterly unable to dislodge the Austrians from their end of the bridge. The assailers were determined to take the city, but had no other means of doing so than by crossing the bridge, and that was swept by the guns their opponents. They made repeated charges from their side, but each time they advanced they were mowed down by the Austrian artillery, or repulsed at the point of the bayonet. The French band advanced as far as the centre of the bridge, exciting the soldiery with their martial strain, but were compelled to retreat with the retreating men. Again and again the musicians advanced and retreated, with their comrades, until at last a little drummer boy, disdaining flight, mounted on the parapet of the bridge, and, although his fellow-bandsmen fled with the soldiers, stood his ground manfully, beating a wild air to recall the men to the charge. On rushed the Austrians with fixed bayonets, whilst the little hero, still beating his drum defiantly, was run through the body by some brutal foe. As he fell over the bridge into the rapid rushing river below, the poor boy cried out, "Oh, my mother! my mother!" The last words of the little conscript were heard, both by friend and foe, and are yet remembered in Heidelberg. On wild nights, as the peasant crosses the bridge, in fancy he still sees the form of the little drummer boy beating the fierce alarm, and still, amid the rush of the waters, imagines that he hears his dying words, "O, my mother! my mother!"—[Exchange.

A Ghost Story from the Pacific.

A correspondent in Canton sends the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following story from the Marshall Islands: The end of last year an American ship the "Ranier" was wrecked on these Islands, and about 20 men found refuge on them. But their number being too large for their supply of provisions it was agreed that the party should separate. The captain caused a small twenty-ton schooner to be built of the remains of the wreck, and taking ten of the crew and a share of the provisions sailed away for another island of the group about 200 miles off. The rest of the crew was left in charge of the first mate—a son-in-law of the captain. The second mate was sent off to make his way to Saigon and appeal for aid. This he did, finally reaching Hong Kong, when the U.S. corvette "Essex" was despatched to the rescue, carrying the second mate as a guide. Meanwhile the king of the island on which the shipwrecked men were, who was kind and friendly to them, was full of forebodings as to the fate of the captain's party and the second mate; said they would never see them again and so on. But one day he came with different tidings. It seems he was in the habit of holding spiritual communion with his dead wife, by name Olivia. In one of the *seances* he had, I suppose, asked her if she could give him any tidings, any hopes, for his shipwrecked friends. She said that on a Sunday a sail would be seen, and they would be rescued. The king brought this news with great joy to the refugees, and with some curiosity they awaited the result. This must have been some four months after they were wrecked. Sure enough on the following Sunday a sail was seen, but in spite of their efforts to attract attention the ship passed on her course. But the Sunday after that the rescuing ship, the "Essex" appeared in sight, and eventually took them all off. This story was related by an officer of the "Essex" to a friend of mine, who at once told it to me. These Islands are in the North Pacific Ocean, to the S. W. of the Sandwitch Isles, and there is very little communication with them.

A Fast Life on a Slender Income.

"There goes a man who leads a fast life."

"Is he rich?"

"No, he only gets $75 a month."

"Then he must steal to lead a fast life on that income?"

"Oh, no; he's a railroad conductor."

AMERICAN FABLES.

A number of Sharks once Gathered in Convention to Discuss the Question: "Shall a Sailor be Eaten Head or Feet First." As they were about Equally Divided in the Discussion a Wrangle soon Resulted, and from angry Words they began to Battle with each other, and many hard Knocks were given and Received. A Whale finally made his Appearance and Commanded the Row to cease, and when order had been Restored, he said:

"Why Fight over how a Sailor should be Eaten when none of you have Sighted a Ship for the last six months?"

MORAL:

Steal your Melons before you draw lots for the Biggest.

THE JUG AND THE JAR.

A Jug and a Jar which found themselves on a shelf together began to plume themselves on their Merits.

"I cost thirty-eight cents," observed the Jug.

"And my owner walked ten miles to secure me," replied the Jar.

"I hold two gallons of water."

"And I am nearly always filled with milk."

"My master takes me to the hay-field and gives me the shadiest spot."

"And the women carry me in their arms up and down the cellar stairs."

They were still disputing when the Peasant's wife entered the room and said to herself:

"My husband having brought home a new tin pail, I can now throw the old Jug and Jar out of the back door."

MORAL:

Our merits are best known to ourselves; our faults to the world.

A QUEER QUARTETTE.

An Elephant was standing in all his majesty under the shade of a Banyan tree when a Hare, a Frog and a Sloth Approached him in Company, and the Hare Announced that they Desired to journey across the country with him in search of wisdom.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the old Colossal as he flapped his ears around, "that's too good. The Idea of such Insignificant Nonentities as you are thinking you can Teach *me* Wisdom. Well, well, but that's worth Bottling up."

The Hare stuck to her point so Persistently, however, that the elephant finally decided to humor the trio, and a start was made. They had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile when the Sloth asked for a slower pace. The Elephant sneered at this, but in the next ten minutes discovered that had he stuck to his swinging pace he would have run into a Band of Hunters crossing the Trail.

When the journey had lasted an hour the Hare suddenly called for a Halt, declaring that the notes of the Birds in the Branches above Batokened Strangers in the Forest.

"And what of it?" sneered the Elephant, but next moment the Hare pointed out several Natives stealing away from a Pitfall they had Constructed in the Path. A hundred feet further and the Colossus would have been Trapped.

The Quartette had scarcely circled the Dangerous place and struck the path again before the Frog began to Croak.

"And what's up now?" asked the Elephant.

"There is going to be a terrible storm. I, being a Swimmer, will remain here. The Sloth, being a climber, is safe in a tree. The Hare, being a Swift Runner, can distance the Flood. As for you, Sir Colossus, with all your size and strength, you must at once hurry to the Hills to save your Life."

"Poor, Silly Fools!" exclaimed the Elephant, as he looked down upon them in Contempt, "When such as you teach me wisdom I shall expect to see Hen's Feathers growing on the backs of Wolves."

Nevertheless the storm broke and raged fiercely for hours. Next day, when the Frog, the Sloth and the Hare met again, it was Beside the Dead Body of the Elephant, and the Hare answered:

MORAL:

"Many a great Statesman, feeling secure in place and power, has been humbled to the dust by degrading words of wisdom from a back county."

How to Judge a Horse.

An old horseman says if you want to buy a horse don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it. Your eye is your markes. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off but his halter, and lead him around. If he has a corn, or is stiff, or has any other fail ing, you can see it. Let him go by himself a way, and if he staves right into anything you know he is blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are, he can't see any more than a bat. Back him, too. Some horses show their weakness at tricks in that way when they don't in any other. But, be as smart as you can, you'll be caught sometimes. Even an expert gets stuck. A horse may look ever so nice, and go a great pace, and yet have fits. There isn't a man could tell it till something happens. Or he may have a weak back. Give him the whip and off he goes for a mile or two, then all of a sudden he stops in the road. After a rest he starts again, but he soon stops for good, and nothing but a derrick could move him. The weak points of a horse can be better discovered while standing than while moving. If he is sound he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs without moving any of them, the feet flatly upon the ground with legs plump and naturally poised; or if the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease may be suspected, or at least tenderness, which is a precursor of disease. If the horse stands with his feet spread apart, or straddles with his hind legs, there is a weakness in the loins and the kidneys are disordered. Heavy pulling bends the knees. Blemish, milky coat eyes in horses indicate moon blindness or something else. A bad-tempered horse keeps his ears thrown back. A kicking horse is apt to have scarred legs. A stumbling horse has blemished knees. When the skin is rough and harsh, and does not move easily to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater and digestion is bad. Never buy a horse whose breathing organs are at all impaired. Place your ear at the side of the heart, and if a wheezing sound is heard it is an indication of trouble.

Photographing a Bully.

The frontier town of Cayeare, Texas, had been pestered for some time by one of those swaggering bullies who delight in terrifying women and children, and inoffensive citizens. The desperado boasted that he could "clean out" the whole town single handed. He was accustomed to enter the stores, demand whatever caught his fancy, and threatening, to shoot the proprietor if the article was not forthcoming at once, emphasizing his threat by flourishing a horse pistol. One day, this "flower of the plains," as he facetiously called himself, sauntered into a photographer's studio. The artist, a young man from New York, had been in Cayenne but a short time.

"Well, tenderfoot," said the bully, as he dropped carelessly into a chair, "what do you charge for pictures?"

"I beg your pardon," answered the artist, replied his visitor, pulling out his pistol. "I asked you how much you charged for pictures?"

"I beg your pardon," answered the artist, quietly, "but I did not understand your first remark."

"No? I don't repeat remarks, young feller," replied the visitor, pulling out his pistol. "I asked you how much you charge for pictures?"

"Eight dollars a dozen, large size."

"As large as my size?" sneered the bully.

"I have taken them your size," answered the young man, coolly.

"Well, look here, you! I don't intend to pay any such price. My size is too big for this establishment. You are going to give me a sitting for nothing. Do you understand that, stranger?"

"I think I do."

"Then the quicker you mix the chemicals for the scenery of this view, the better. Step lively!"

The young artist looked black for a minute, and then, as if he thought the matter a good joke, burst into a laugh.

"You are sure you want to sit for a large size picture?" he asked, with a queer look on his face.

"Yes. And you want to be quick about it, too. No fooling. That won't go down with this son of the plains. Where are you going.

"I must get the materials for the picture from my other room."

"Oh, all right!" growled the bully. "Thought you were going to cut. But you don't fool this child!"

The artist went into his other room and came back with the prepared plate which he put into its place in the camera. Unobserved he also slipped something else into the box of the instrument over which she cloth was laid.

"Now then, sir," said he, still laughing. "How will you have the picture, sitting or standing?"

"Well, I'll have it the way I am," answered the desperado, throwing his pistol on a table and folding his arms across his breast in a defiant manner.

"Very well, sir," said the artist, quietly putting his head under the cloth. "Now, then, just fasten your eyes on that projection in the corner over there. Don't move. If you move an inch I'll defend my rights with *this*!"

And quick as lightning, the photographer threw off the cloth, and pulled out a revolver from the camera, where he had hidden it.

It was a scene for an artist. The bully looked along the barrel saw it was as steady as if it rested on a stone wall, and the sweat gathered in big drops on his forehead. Like most bullies he was a coward. The artist had him completely at his mercy. He coolly took out his watch with his left hand.

"For large pictures of this kind, I generally take three minutes. But to insure a good sitting in your case, I will make it a little longer. Steady, my dear sir! If this revolver should go off, in haste, it might damage the picture, and I don't wish to spoil my reputation as an artist. You will keep your eyes on that point, or be prepared for the consequences."

Still covering the trembling bully with his weapon, the young artist advanced to the table, took the desperado's pistol, and came back to the camera.

"Five minutes. There is a good impression on the plate by this time. Still, to make sure, seeing it is a large size, too big for this establishment, and all of you may not be taken yet, we will continue the sitting a few moments more."

At the end of another minute the bully's face was livid. The artist, still with a glittering eye on him, put the cap over the camera.

The bully departed and left the photographer master of the field. The picture was a wonderful likeness, and the artist hung it and the pistol on the wall together, where they served the double purpose of an advertisement and a warning. He has never been again troubled by that visitor. —[Youth's Companion.

That Give Milk and Water.

If a tree produces bread, so-called, wet should not be surprised to find one that gives milk; and such a one was discovered by Baron Von Humboldt in South America. It was called the palo de vaca by the natives, or "cow tree," and when the bark was pierced the sap that looked and tasted like milk ran out in a clear stream, forming a delicious and nutritious food.

The tree is a variety of evergreen very common in the higher regions of Venezuela, and the milk not only looks like that of the cow, but tastes like it, and the discovery was considered so valuable that attempts have been made to transplant it, though without success.

Equally remarkable is the Traveller's tree of Madagascar. It somewhat resembles the banana, but grows taller, the leaves extending upward, arranging themselves in a graceful fan-shape, the entire group resembling a gigantic fan forty feet in the air, formed of twenty-four or five leaves, each ten or twelve feet long.

It is called the Traveller's tree, as it takes the place of springs or wells, and in the dryest times, when all the pools and springs are exhausted, produces an abundant supply of clear pure water. This is obtained by cutting a hole or piercing the base of the leaf where it joins the tree, upon which a stream of water will flow that equals any spring—a welcome supply to the weary traveller.

It is also called the builder's tree, as houses are made of it, and water tight roofs from the leaves, the smaller ones of which are used as cloth and for various purposes. —[Golden Days.

Milwaukee has [illegible] named Devil, two named Satan, [illegible]. How any one can expect [illegible] from that town is a puzzle.

Not one person in official in fifty can rob the mails and escape detection and punishment, but every week or two someone decides to take the chances.

A Chicago druggist offers $25,000 reward for a sight of a traveling man who doesn't feel sure that his liver is out of order and needs about 69 different remedies.

A California farmer has had to pay a fine of $10 for knocking his hired man down with a bunch of grapes weighing ten pounds. It was cheaper than hunting around for a rock.

Wisconsin has a two-headed girl, a five-legged calf, the champion dude and a $2,000,000 tobacco crop. Some folks manage to gobble up about all the good things in the world.

The average time consumed by men in filling out a p. o. money order is five minutes, while the average woman takes twenty and then calls upon the clerk to tear it up and write a new one.

One issue of a New York daily contains sixty-four advertisements of "pianos for sale cheap because the family is going out of town." None of 'em want any music where they are going.

They are puzzled in India as to decide whether a boy caught stealing melons should be brained with a club or sent home with some good advice in his ear and half-a-dozen kicks in his pocket.

"There was no particular ceremony about it," says an Arkansas paper in referring to the lynching of three horse thieves. Less ceremony and more rope is just what the whole country is aching for this fall.

A laboring man in Syracuse drew $3,000 in a lottery, and his first move was to buy his wife a set of diamonds valued at $1,200. He said the poor thing should have comfort if the money didn't last even ten years.

A man who laid claim to half the land on which Buffalo is built relinquished all rights for $2 and a thumping big drink of whiskey. That's his regular rates for relinquishing, and he is taking the cities in rotation.

London has tested the squeezing powers of a boa boa constrictor twenty-five feet long, and is satisfied that he couldn't crush the ribs of a woman given to tight lacing if he was given every show a snake could ask for.

When Prof. Proctor predicts that all the water will disapear off the face of the earth in about 15,000,000 years more, it's just as good a prediction as John Smith could make and entitled to just as much credit.

They still stick to it in Minnesota that the tornado of last fall carried farm houses half a mile and set them down so softly that not a bit of plaster was loosened. That's very fair but there should have been cellars scooped out for 'em.

The run-off-with-father's-conchman mania seems to have had its day, and after a few beatings and two or three weeks' diet of cold potatoes the various brides will spear at the front door with tears in their eyes and a case of divorce in their pockets.

London restaurants are advertising "American pie" as a draw for customers. If there is an American who can tell what an American hotel or restaurant pie is lots of folks would like to see him and feel of his head. The English imitation must kill on sight.

For fourteen long years the people of Dubuque allowed Martin Jackson to run the town because it was believed that he was a dangerous man to provoke. The other day a woman half killed him in a row, and now every Dubuquer stops to give Martin a kick.

A Joke on a Musician.

Handel had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before he arrived at the theatre. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from Handel's irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra, on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present, and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning, *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double-bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced boldly headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing fire and fury, but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat until the Prince went in person, and with much difficulty appeased his wrath.

Made a Call.

Life, in a Florida cabin is occasionally not wanting in excitement. If the following story of adventure, told by the Palatka *Herald*, is true:

While a settler on Cook's Bayou was in the back yard, the other day, assisting his wife in hanging a kettle, preparatory to washing, he was startled by the screams of a child left sitting near the open front door. Hurrying into the house he found a ten-foot alligator lying in the door-way, half of his body being in the house, and his open mouth within six inches of the child's face.

As soon as he entered, the alligator took fright and wheeled into the water. But for his prompt appearance the child would have been carried away.

The Richest Young Woman in America.

Miss Mary Garrett, the daughter of the late John W. Garrett of Baltimore, is now said to be the richest unmarried lady in America. The estimates of her father's wealth runs from $15 000,000 to $50 000,000, and of this she has a third. Miss Garrett receives as her share of the property the elegant and costly residence at the corner of Monument and Cathedral streets, with all the plate, furniture and pictures it contains. She will also be the owner of Montebello and of the beautiful Garrett cottage at Deer Park, where her father died. In addition to this property, Miss Garrett will also come in for her third of the personal estate of the testator. Miss Garrart is 28 years old.

Scenes at Naples.

A correspondent at Naples sends an account of the [illegible] cholera:

The [illegible] dirty and the [illegible] and poor quarters [illegible]. We see one part of the [illegible] to the advice of [illegible] profession and endeavoring to cover the streets and houses, and Chiaja, Chiatamone, Santa Catterina, La Villa, San Ferdinando appear in a state of extraordinary cleanliness. At Pendina, the Mercato, and the Porto, on the contrary, in the little streets that twine and cross each other, where the Neapolitan fishermen and lazzaroni's live, the scavengers leave no trace behind them. There, in middle of the narrow, ill-paved street, runs a tiny stream of black and evil-smelling water. On either side the doors stand wide open, but it is very difficult to see clearly into these dark rooms, or rather dens, guarded as they are by gossiping females and romping children, the latter in semi or complete nakedness. When we do succeed in getting a glimpse into the interior we find a miserable bed almost worn to pieces, with here and there a heap of rags, a rickety chair, a table, and madonnas dressed up in gilt paper, all of which a sickly lamp that is never extinguished illuminates in a half-hearted manner. There is mud and refuse which emits a vile smell, but no one dare unless it be to buy a watermelon, upon which, as the Neapolitans say,

Si mangia, si beve,
E si lava la feccia.

Progression is not always easy outside, for the route is often impeded by other handbarrows and bearers waiting for their burden, so that in the wide or little narrow streets there is frequently a perfect blockade. It is the duty of the guard to open a passage. At times the patient becomes restless on the litter, and pushing away the cloth which covers him, he exposes a face with a deathly pallor upon it. On other occasions—which are only too numerous—the porters stop to drink, become weak in the legs and stumble. Sometimes, moreover, the sick person is upset and projected upon the passers by, who move about calmly, paying little heed to the cholera patients. There is a long procession of hand-barrows in the streets around the hospitals of Cannochia and Piedigrotta. The bearers meet at the street corners, and silently form in single file. When tired they calmly stop to rest, and even sit down on their barrows, and then the parents, who frequently follow the bearers as far as the door of the hospital, take advantage of these stoppages to encourage the sick ones. The spectacles seen on the way are generally of a terrible character. The patients see funeral processions, terribly simple, with a hearse drawn by a pair of miserable jades, which the driver is obliged to lash unmercifully to make them move a little quicker.

The day before yesterday there was a crowd around the mairie in the Foria quarter. Some asked for doctors, others demanded porters or hearses. The cholera had been doing its fell work during the night, and the number of cases increased continually. As there was not sufficient employes to deal with the difficulty, the more impatient portion of the crowd began to shout, when the sound of a clarinet and other instruments was heard playing a spirited waltz. The musicians approached, and succeeded in making their way through the crowd, followed by a young couple in their Sunday best, who were come to be married before the mayor. The lady objected somewhat when she was obliged to go into the disinfecting room like any ordinary person. She feared for her white dress, which would be spoiled by the chlorine, and the gentleman complained as to his gloves, which were of a somewhat uncertain color. At soon, however, as they entered the apartment where the ceremony took place their gayety returned. A few minutes later they reappeared with smiling faces, and the musicians resumed their waltz air, and the doctors went to attend the dying.

Measuring Genius.

The great mass of what we call moral and useful men, practical men, and men of common sense are very useful men; they are the warp and woof of society, but they are not capable of understanding the heroic. Now and then it appears in a life, and we don't know where it came from. His father wasn't like that; his mother wasn't like that, but here comes a heroic nature that is careless of matter or physical comfort, or even of society and its proprieties and its penurious reward, but who has a sense of beauty. It burns in him to develop it. For the sake of giving expression to that he is willing to waste his whole life. He has the artist's impulse to color, form, construct; it is in him, and for the sake of it he bears poverty, for the sake of it he says: "What though I am not known, I am working on the higher sense. Why should I expect the lower and vulgar crowd to understand me?" And they did not. If a man paints pictures and gets money, Oa! they can understand that, but not a man that paints portraits because it is in him, and he must do it without any relation to profit or any lower life whatever. Men who sing or sell their poems, we all understand them: They are on the market. Not that it is a discredit to them, but we interpret them because they are manufacturing things that bring money. But men that sing as old Homer sung, as Dante sung, as blind Milton sung, how we pity them! We look back and say: 'Oh, that they should have lived in such a dark age; they never got anything for it.' They got themselves. They answered the highest and noblest impulses. We are all the time measuring men of genius by the lower standards of what are called practical common sense men, who are like machines turning out fodder for themselves and other animals.—[Henry Ward Beecher.

How They Make Putty.

The process of making putty is a very simple one. The principal ingredients are raw linseed oil and whiting. Marble dust is mixed with the whiting, and as it is much cheaper it reduces the cost of the putty. Paraffine oils are used to a great extent instead of linseed, and as the former is the cheaper and inferior oil of the two the result is to make an inferior article. To knead it, it is put in a chaser—an annular shaped trough from the centre of which rises a vertical shaft. From this shaft, two arms extend, on the ends of which are heavy iron wheels that rest in the trough. When the shaft revolves the wheels chase each other around the trough. The wholesale price of putty is about two cents a pound.

Impressive Scene Among Alaska Glaciers.

A vast ice field, the accumulation of ages, stretched back as far as the eye could reach, or rose still like seemingly limitless walls they met the horizon. Icebergs whose wondrous colorings and and grotesque formations exceeded our wildest imaginings, surrounded us on all sides. A huge blue pyramid growing fainter towards the apex where rested a mass of snowy whiteness, sailed slowly by to be followed by another, black at the waterline, growing bottle-green, lighter olive, and then by some inexplicable transformation becoming tipped with a delicate turquoise. Pinnacles, arches and domes in turn drifted by, till the speed of the Ancon was checked, and we found ourselves ready to drop anchor, while before rose a vertical ice-wall 500 feet in height and with a frontage of three and one-half miles. Not daring to attempt a pen-picture, I quote the words of Muir, the State Geologist of California: "The whole front and brow of this majestic glacier is dashed and sculptured into a mass of yawning chasms and crevices, and a bewildering variety of strang architectural forms appalling to the strongest nerves, but novel and beautiful beyond description. Clusters of glittering, lance-tipped spires, gables and obelisks, bold out-standing bastions, and plain mural cliffs adorned along the top with fretted cornice and battlement, while every gorge and crevasse, chasm and hollow were filled with light shimmering and pulsing in pale blue tones of ineffable tenderness and loveliness." When at the firing of a cannon huge masses of ice became detached and plunged into the water with a force that threw the spray hundreds of feet in the air, and even at the distance we were, caused our steamer to sway violently, the excitement culminated, and the cheers of our party mingled with the echoes of the fall as the distant crags sent them back to us. We were landed on shore and after almost the entire afternoon spent climbing the side morraine, looking back at our ship, an atom in the distance, we returned feeling the half had not been told us.—[Correspondence Providence Journal.

Guides for Ghosts.

The Chinese hill-tribes believe that man has only three souls, and these are most satisfactorily disposed of. One appropriately and conveniently remains in the grave, another takes up his position at the ancestral board, and the third roams about unrestrained in the spirit world, not necessarily upon earth. Many of the women are food, as in India, of giving their dead child a dog, or,—by dint of prayers and supplications—the departed soul of an old and experienced person as guide, that the infant wanderer may not miss its way on the path to the spirit world. For this reason it was that the Mongolians sent slaves to accompany their dead princes. The Chinese, however, have a more humane idea. They believe that, since it is likely that the dead man will be unable to find his way safely to the land of spirits, and may as probably as not stray from the right path, the kings of the under-world would furnish him with a little devil to act the part of guide and servant to the newly disembodied spirit on its journey. The Poles used to have a notion of a similar kind, though they, like the Chinese, did not display it in such an unpleasant way for survivors. It was their custom to lay bears claws in the grave, to serve the dead man as hooks, with the help of which he might climb the great glass mountain. According to the common notion among the Karenes, the dead renew as "pin-pho" in the world of Pin, under sovereignty of the great King Keetay, or Taeado, the occupations which they had followed while as yet mortals upon earth—a most curious hint at the caste system of the Hindoos, which has no place with the Karens while they are alive.—*English Paper.*

Destruction of a Swiss Glacier with Dynamite.

One of the youngest, as well as one of the most beautiful, glaciers in the country is that which gives birth to the river Rhone, and the grandest sight in connection with the Rhone glacier is the supurb seracs or pinnacles of ice, which prove a source of unending attraction to travellers by the Furka pass. As is well known, the second and third bends of the road almost hang over the glacier, and afford a wonderful view of the stupendous ice fall, which, descending from precipitous rocks, is broken and twisted into fantastic pyramids. This sight, writes our Geneva correspondent, is certainly unique in that part of the Alps, but unless active steps are taken to stop the destruction now going on, it will soon be so no longer. It appears that some people have obtained permission—from whom it is not clear—to destroy these pinnacles by means of dynamite, in order that the huge blocks thus easily detached may be put on the St. Gothard railway, and so transported to Bale, where they are to be stored in immense wells for summer use. Should the destruction of the glacier be allowed to continue the authorities will find to their cost that they have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, for the chief attration of that desolate region is the supurb ice pinnacles of the great glacier, and when they have disappeared travellers will turn their steps in other directions.—[London News.

The Spanish American.

The Spanish American is an inveterate gamester, while many who have studied the social economy of Mexico have held that the financial embarrassments of that fine country have been due no less to "pronunciamentos" than to the game of "monte." The Cuban, again, is one of the most determined and the best mannered of punters. Whether he gains or loses at card playing or cock-fighting, he rarely moves a muscle, and pockets handsful of gold doubloons, or sees the auriferous "cart wheels" swept away from him, with equal imperturbability. Every steamship that leaves Liverpool for an American port has among her passengers a portion of gentlemen who would smile and shrug their shoulders in contempt, or open their eyes wide with amazement, were they told that gaming was an offense against public morality, and was in the highest degree detrimental to the maintenance of good discipline on board ship. The Spanish American begins to gamble when he is a boy, and continues to gamble his whole life long; and a baccarat table on board a steamship would be by him regarded as a sweet boon, not only from its presenting a chance of winning a comfortable pile of dollars, but for its alleviation of the tedium of a sea voyage.—[London News.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Love, like fear, makes us believe everything.

There can be no friendship where there is no freedom.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

It is good discretion not to make much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.

To wish to do without our fellows and to be under obligation to no one is a sure sign of a soul void of sensibility.

True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. "It is the gold on the spire, the sun-light on the corn-field."

An old proverb says, "An unkind word falls easily from the tongue, but a coach and six horses cannot bring it back."

When a misfortune happens to a friend look forward and endeavor to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.

Life, according to an Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever convenience they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness.

We are linked both to the past and the future, and our duty to the former, well fulfilled, will best fit us to discharge our duty to the latter.

He that does not know those things which are of use, and necessary for him to know, but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighboring plants—forgetting that it, too, like them, has its roots in the dirt.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another, and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease; many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock.

Conversation should be pleasant, without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, and novel without falsehood.

If you are willing so be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you will have the happiest home in the world.

Friendship without benefaction degenerates into a weak and worthless sentiment; benefaction without the spirit of friendship becomes a mechanical and lifeless routine.

A generous, a brave, a noble deed performed by an adversary, commands our approbation; while in its consequences it may be acknowledged prejudicial to our particular interests.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for so doing; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and the admiration of fools.

Sarcasm always leaves its doubt and its depression. Human nature avenges itself by suspicion. There comes the internal and unerring whisper, "As others have been used so shall we."

A man should never put a fence of words around his ideas, because many who would otherwise give him a fair hearing, lack sufficient resolution to climb over such a rugged enclosure.

The Loss of the "Wasp."

When the British gunboat was lost with all save six on board she was bound for Lough Foyle to take the Sheriff and bailiffs to Instrahull to evict the inhabitants. The total rental of this spook in the ocean is £18. It is a small island on the seaboard of Donegal, and it is well known as the scene of the wreck of the Iris some few years back, when the hardy islanders, at great risk of life and limb, succeeded in rescuing the passengers and crew of the ill-fated steamer. The extreme length of the islet is three miles and the breadth one and a half miles. It is distant from the mainland about nine miles, and of all the desolate spooks of land it is the most uninviting. Sixteen families with the lighthouse keeper make up the entire population. There is no arable land, and the surface of the ground is formed of rocks. Some of the tenants have never paid any rent, and others are from ten to fifteen years in arrears. A precarious livelihood is earned at fishing during the summer months, but, owing to the stormy and dangerous nature of the coast in the winter, the islanders go to the mainland until the spring, as there is no fuel to be obtained on the islet. There is only one landing place, and it requires skill and care to run into it in safety. So the attempt to collect $90; has cost the British navy thousands of pounds and fifty-two lives.

A Pen and Ink Portrait.

A man of refined courtesy and pleasantness, who can make a flattering speech when needful, and yield to non-essentials with grace, there is in Lord Dufferin, as in all successful Irishmen—in the Wellesleys, and the Lawrences, and the Wolseleys—an element of granite hardness and impenetrability, rising sometimes into pitilessness, indispensable to the man who is to govern, and not merely seem to govern, under Indian conditions. The sceptre which guides and controls a fifth of the human race must be of hard metal, and the man who cannot bear to punish may ruin provinces. Lord Dufferin can hang if needful, as he showed in Syria, or frighten opponents, as he showed on one great day in Constantinople, and is by no means, when pushed to the wall, the sweetly-soothing politician of which his career in Canada left in some minds an impression.

How Doth the Busy Little Moth.

It is astonishing what an appetite a moth has, and how many square inches of a $60 overcoat he can get away with in one short summer. They don't make any noise about it, but as soon as spring opens, and it becomes warm, their appetite reminds them that they have been lying quiet for some time, and so they go to work to eat enough to last all winter. When fall comes again and you take your overcoat off the hook, it looks as though it had been chewed by a buzz saw.

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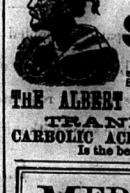
Toronto, Oct. 11 | Vancouver, Nov. 1
Oregon, Oct. 18 | Sarnia | Nov. 8
Montreal, Oct. 25 | Brooklyn Nov. 15
Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $60, $70, $80, $90. Return, $90, $105, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $35, Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & Co.,
General Agents, Montreal.



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Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for the north of Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax to Liverpool, and from New York to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow every week, and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow once a week, and Liverpool every week.
For freights, &c., apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shaw & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Allan, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

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High Arm Machine is now recognized as the
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It is Light and Easy to run
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It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.
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GRAND DUCHESS, COAL AND WOOD RANGE.
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FOR SALE BY STOVE DEALERS HERE.

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VALUABLE FARM,

In the Township of Marmora, in the County of Hastings.

There will be sold, on

FRIDAY, 7th day of NOVEMBER,

1884, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at

McWilliams' Hotel,

Village of Marmora.

BY virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the Sale, the following Properties:

Under Mortgage of Edmund Robson.

North-west ½ Lot No. 8, in the 1st Concession of the Township of Marmora, County of Hastings, containing 50 acres more or less.

The following improvements are said to be on the premises: 40 acres cleared, an Orchard of about 100 Fruit Trees, good Frame House and Barn.

TERMS—One-tenth of the purchase money to be paid down on the day of sale. For balance, terms will be made known at the sale.

For further particulars apply to

JONES BROS., & MACKENZIE,
Or to Solicitors, Masonic Hall, Toronto.
W. PHILLIPS, Esq., Malone.

Toronto, Oct, 9th, 1884. 389

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as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

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which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

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RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

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MRS. J. WRIGHT,

Having sold out her business to Mr. J. B. Church, and being obliged to give up possession of her premises on the 1st of November next, now offers the balance of her stock to the public

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Call and see the Bargains offered.

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Our Fall Stock of new and fresh

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

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They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

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Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

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And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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